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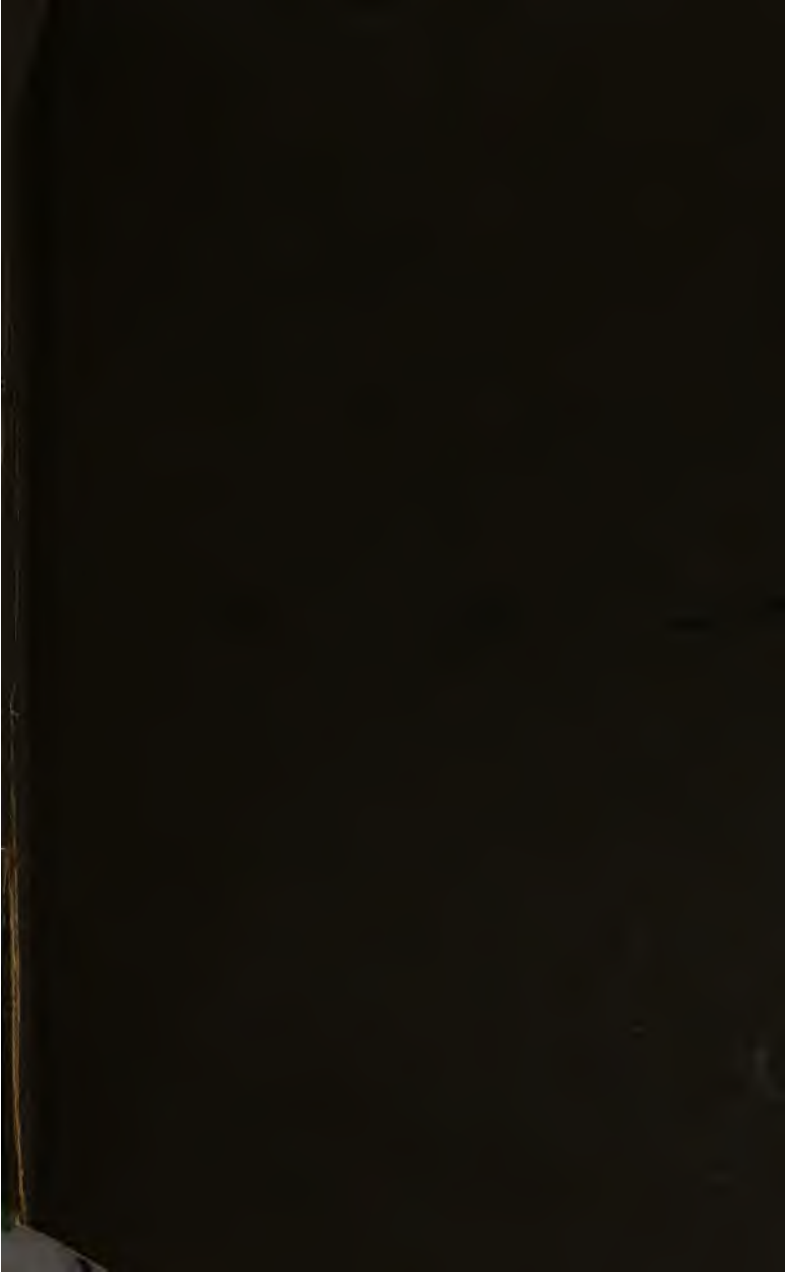
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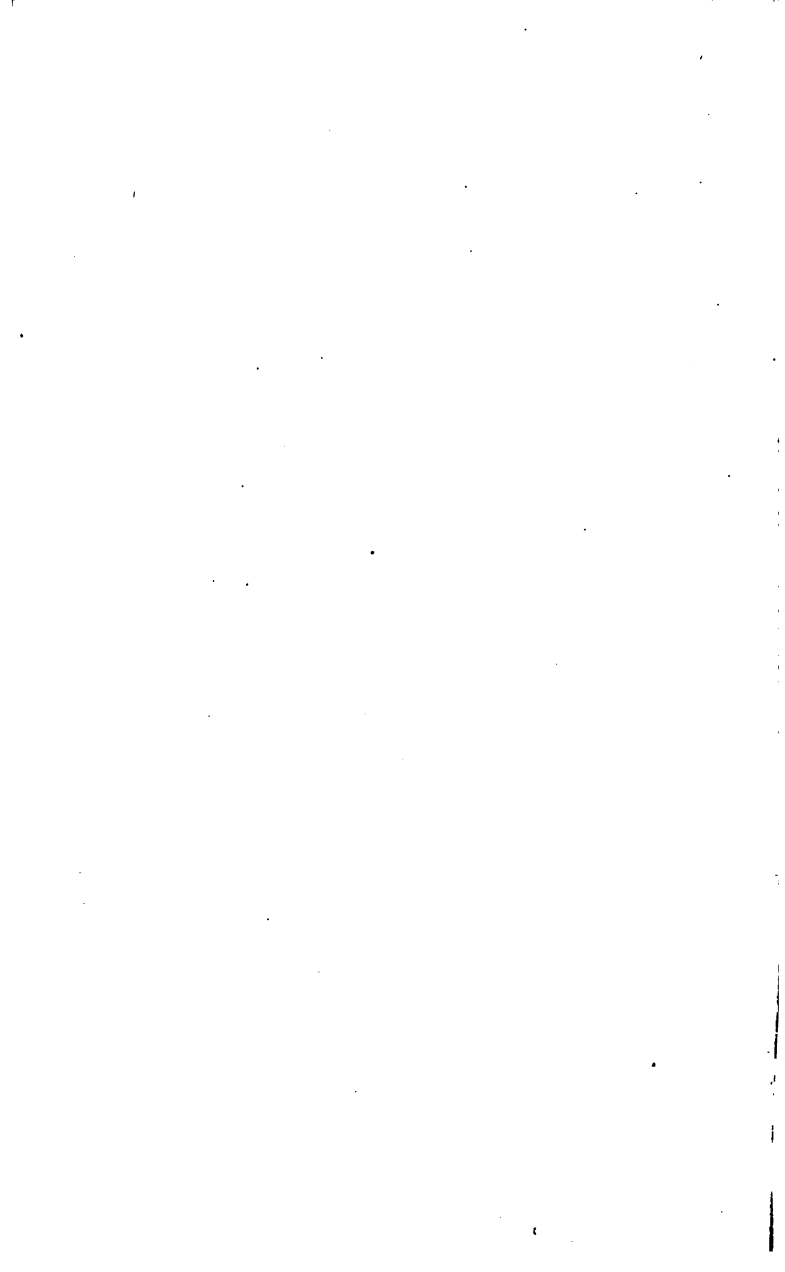
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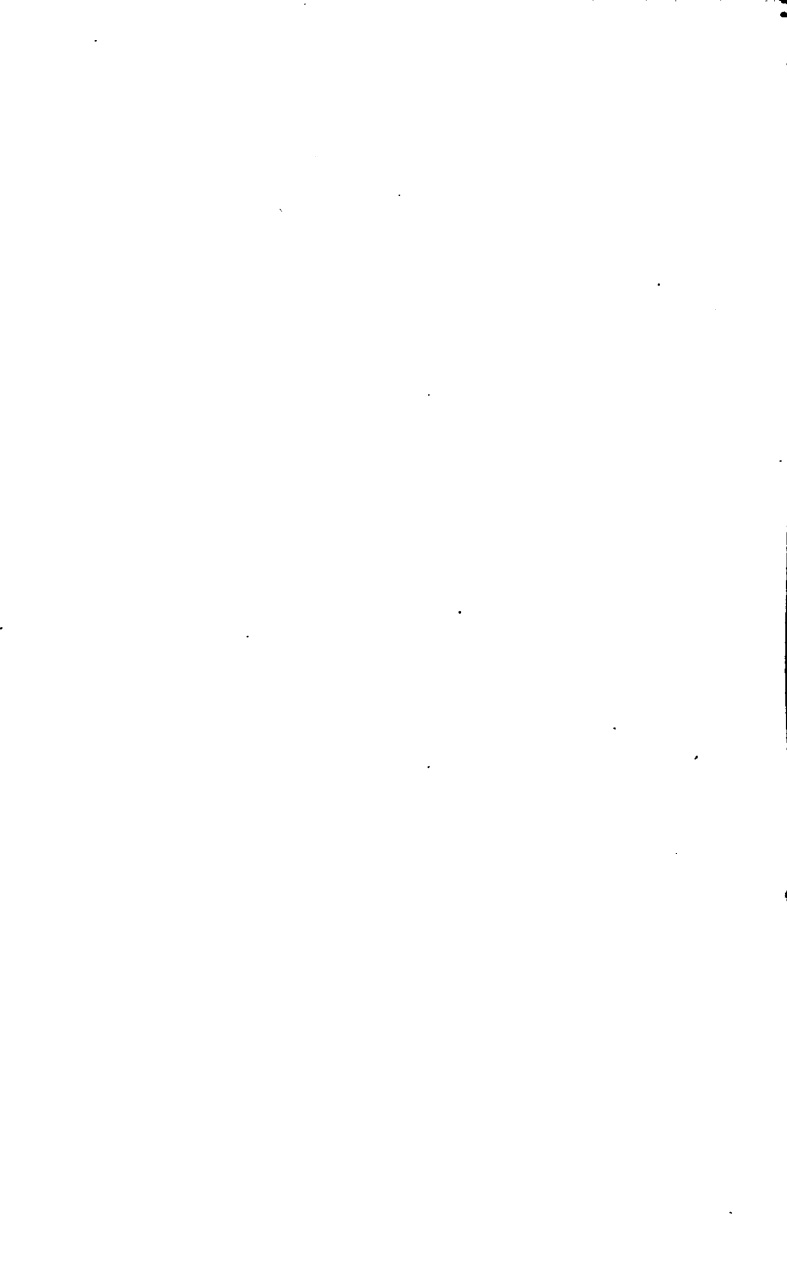
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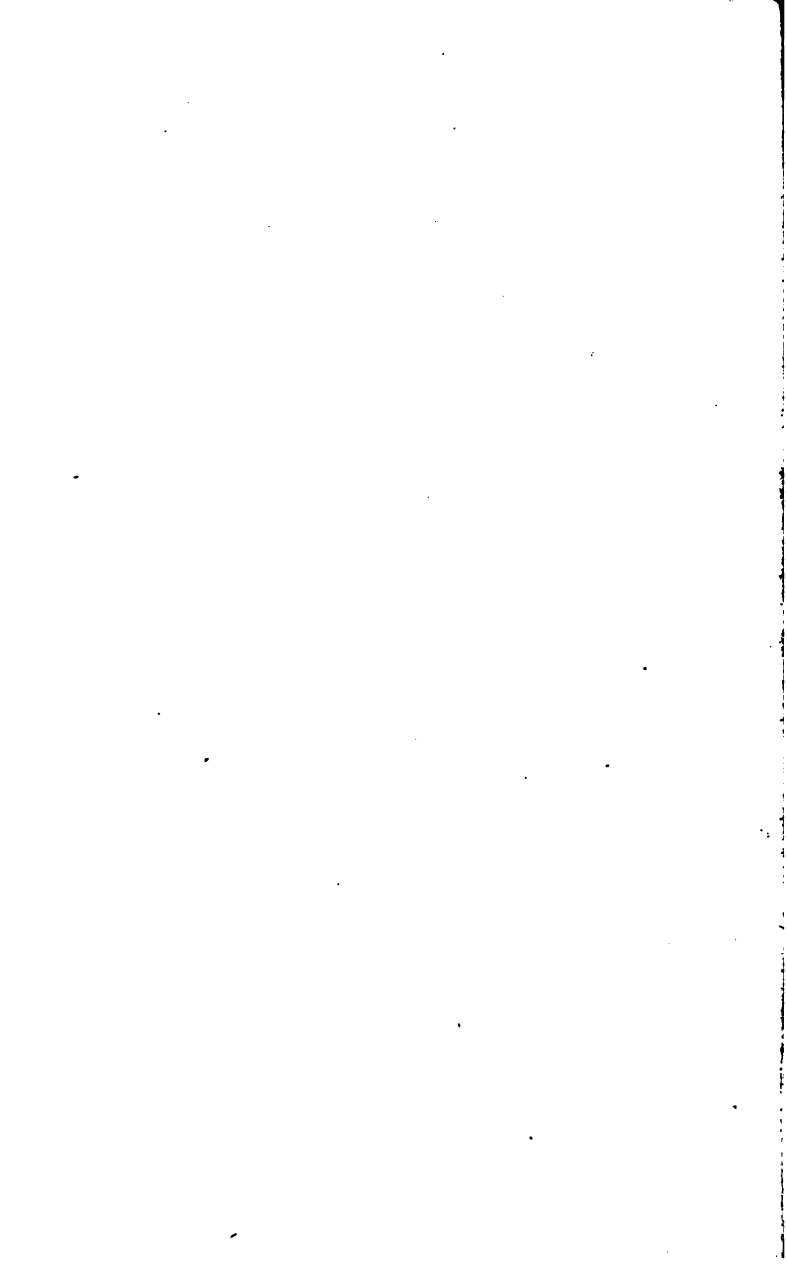
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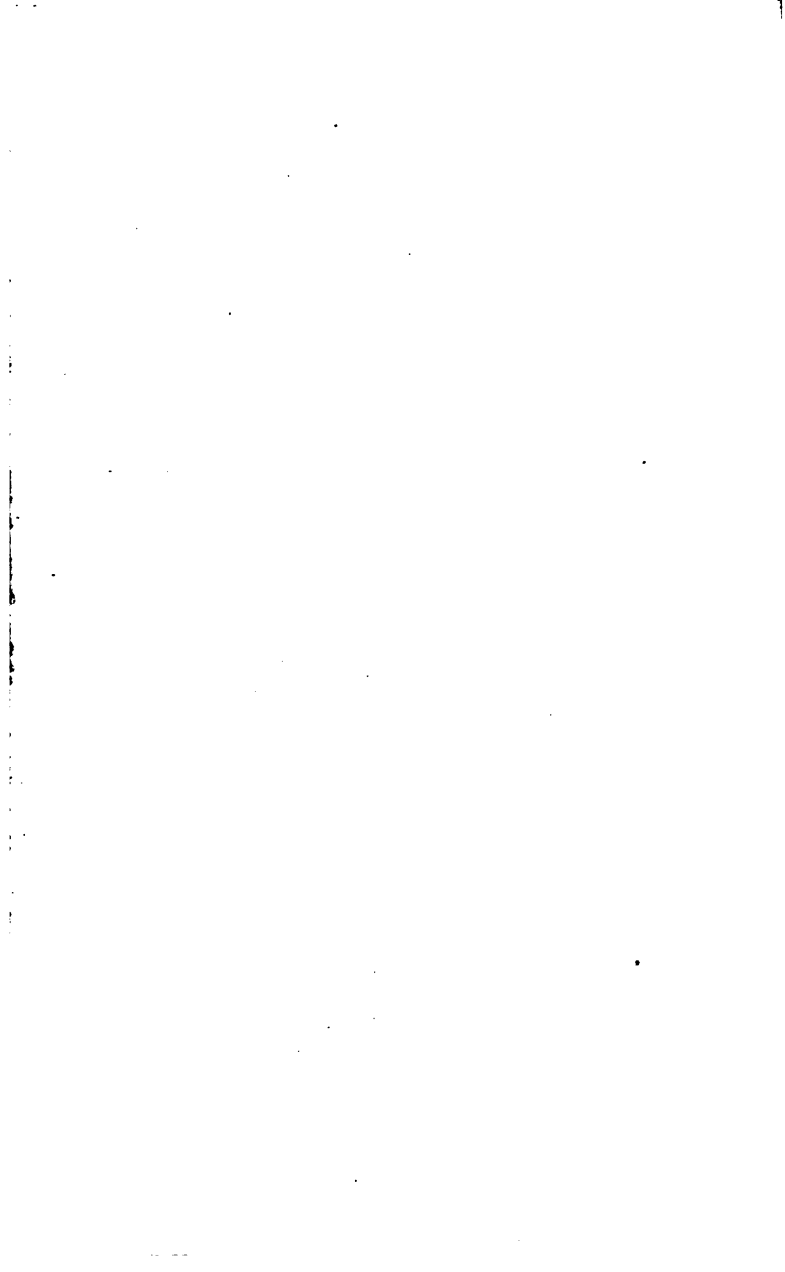
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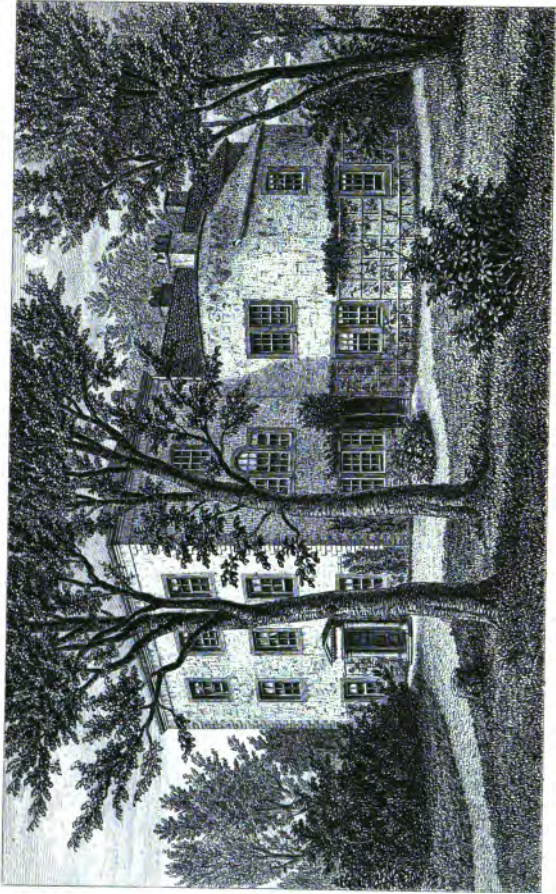


THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
SAMUEL TAYLOR  
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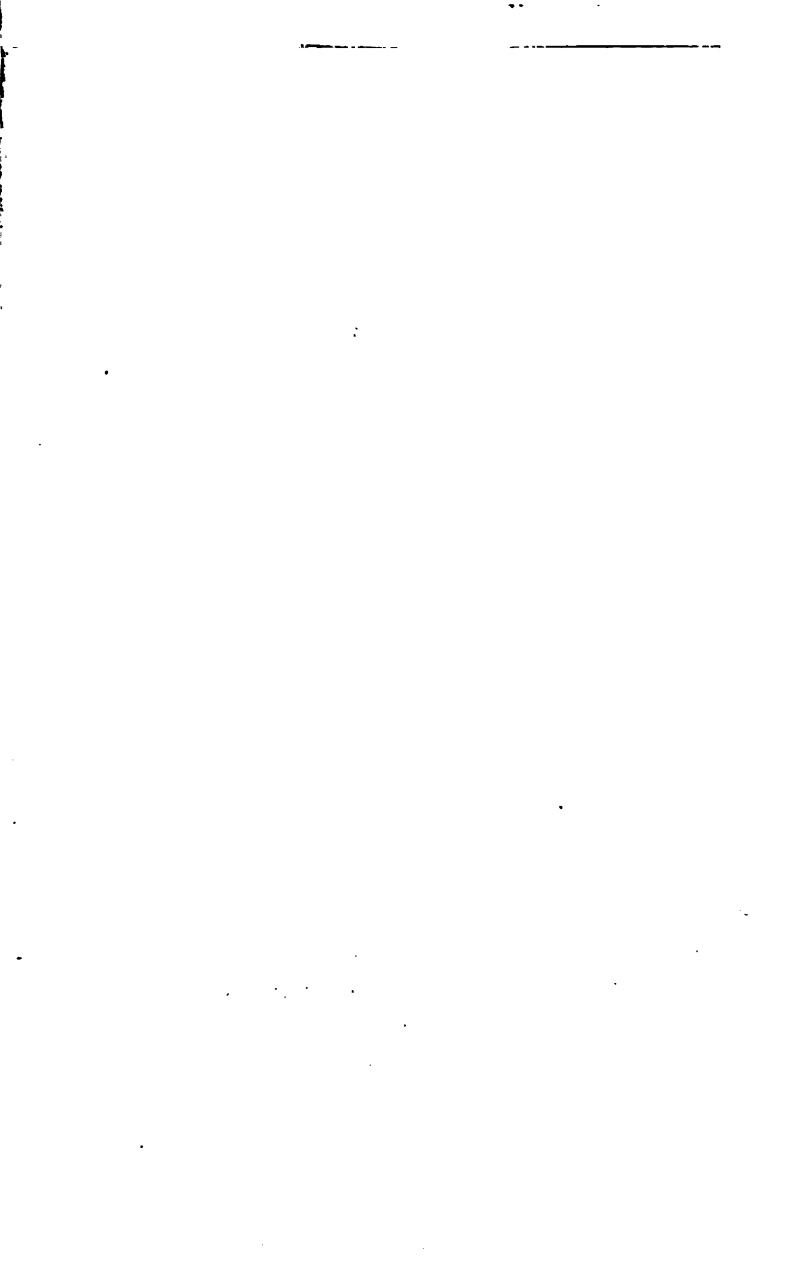


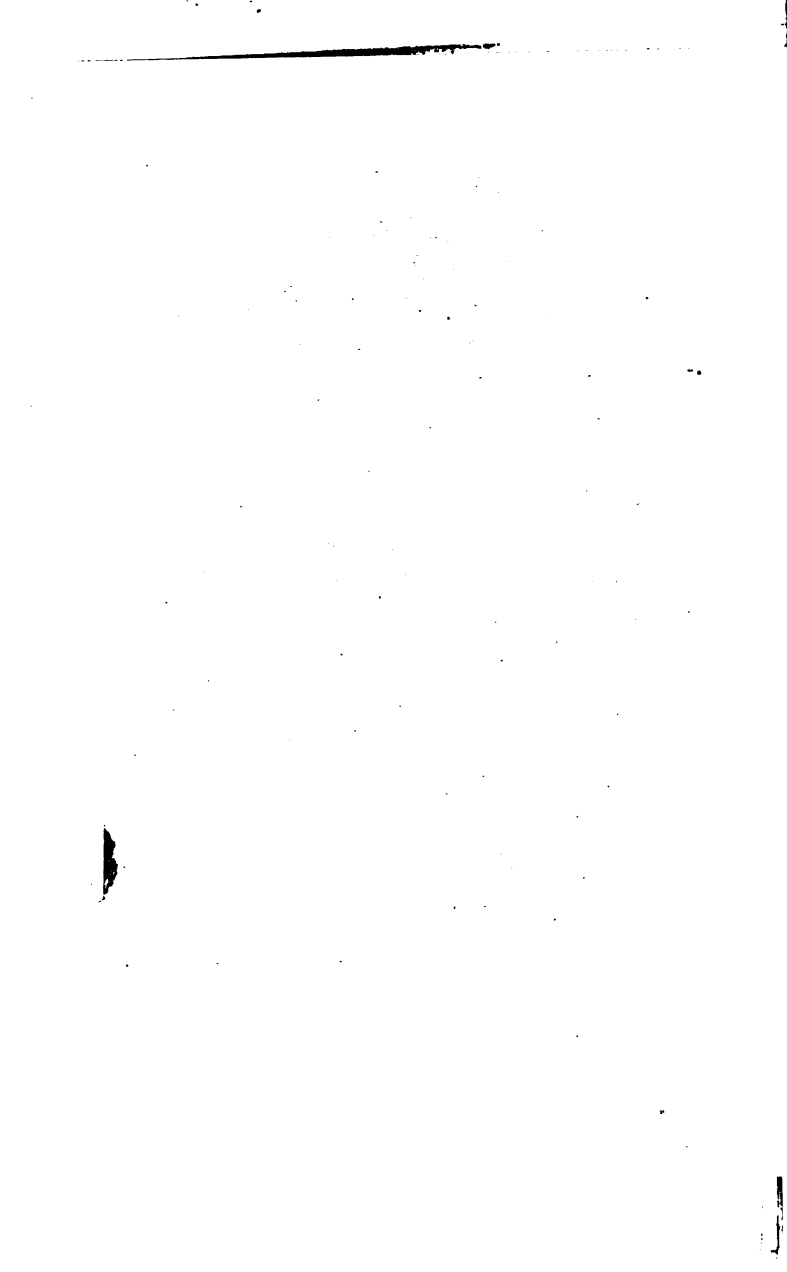






*Greeta Hall.*





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THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
SAMUEL TAYLOR  
COLERIDGE



EDITED  
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY T. ASHE, B.A.

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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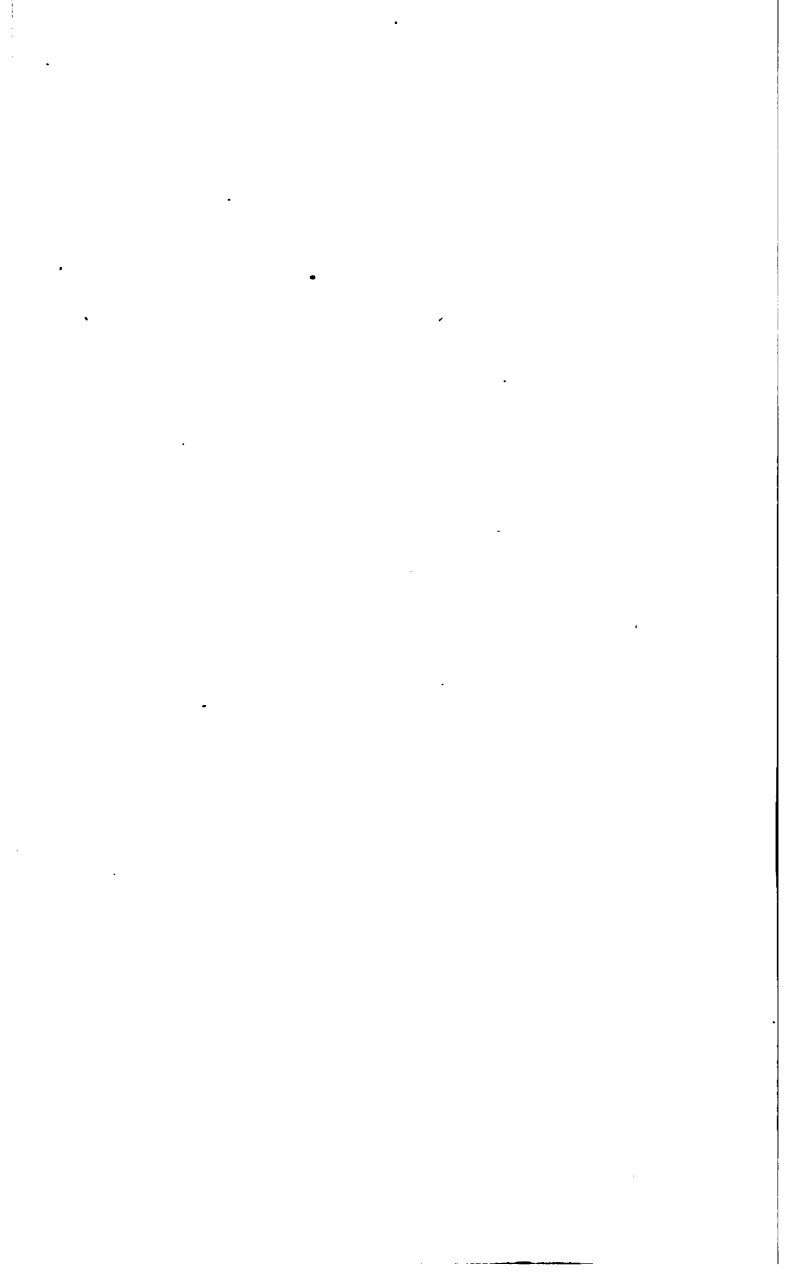
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\* *The Poems marked with an asterisk in the Table of Contents do not appear in the Edition of 1834.*



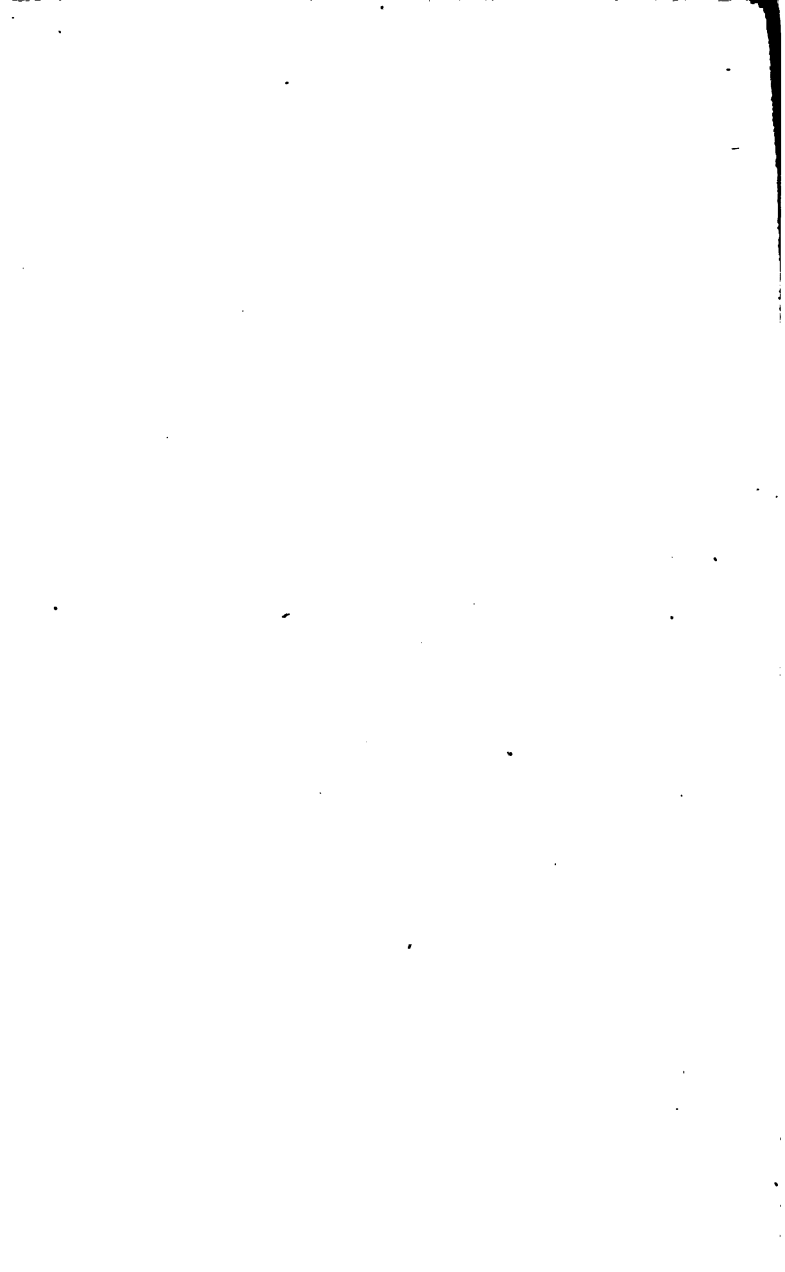






SIBYLLINE LEAVES.







I. POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS OR FEELINGS  
CONNECTED WITH THEM.

“ WHEN <sup>1</sup> I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my country! Am I to be blamed?  
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled:  
What wonder if a poet, now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

WORDSWORTH.

<sup>1</sup> *When, &c.*] We have silently substituted Wordsworth's latest emendations of this sonnet. They are unimportant.

## ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.\*

Ἴου, ἰού, ὦ ὦ κακά.  
 Ὑπ' αὐ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνοσ  
 Στροβεῖ, ταράσσωσ φορομίοισ ἐφημίοισ.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Τὸ μέλλον ἤξει. Καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει παρῶν  
 Ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτεῖρασ ἐρεῖσ.

ÆSCHYL. *Agam.* 1225.

## ARGUMENT.

The Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, &c., as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

STROPHE I.<sup>1</sup>

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild harp  
 of Time!

It is most hard, with an un-  
 troubled ear

Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!

\* This Ode was composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796; and was first published on the last day of that year.—C. See Introduction, § 3.

<sup>1</sup> *Strophe.*] The names of the various divisions of the Ode are omitted in the editions of 1828 and 1834, which renders the *Argument* unintelligible to the ordinary reader.

Yet, mine eye fix'd on Heaven's unchanging  
 clime,  
 Long had I listen'd, free from mortal fear,  
 With inward stillness, and a bowed mind;<sup>1</sup>  
 When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,  
 I saw the train of the Departing Year!  
 Starting from my silent sadness  
 Then with no unholy madness,  
 Ere yet the enter'd cloud foreclosed my sight,  
 I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized  
 his flight.

## STROPHE II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,  
 From the prison's direr gloom,  
 From distemper's midnight anguish;  
 And thence, where poverty doth waste and  
 languish;  
 Or where, his two bright torches blending,  
 Love illumines manhood's maze;  
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending  
 Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze;  
 Hither, in perplexed dance,  
 Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!

By Time's wild harp, and by the hand  
 Whose indefatigable sweep

<sup>1</sup> *A bowed mind.*] In the first draft of his inscription of *Endymion* to Chatterton (1818), Keats writes,—“Inscribed with every feeling of pride and regret, and with ‘a bowed mind,’ to &c. &c.”

The edition of 1828 reads “and *submitted* mind,” which the edition of 1834 should probably have followed.

Raises its fateful strings from sleep,<sup>1</sup>  
 I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !  
 From every private bower,  
 And each domestic hearth,  
 Haste for one solemn hour ;  
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,  
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,  
 Weep and rejoice !  
 Still echoes the dread Name, that o'er the  
 earth  
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell :  
 And now advance in saintly jubilee  
 Justice and Truth ! They too have heard thy  
 spell,  
 They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

## EPODE I.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array !  
 I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—  
 “ Ah ! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress  
 stay ?  
 Groans not her chariot on its onward way ? ”  
 Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !  
 Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace,  
 No more on Murder's lurid face  
 The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !  
 Manes of the unnumber'd slain !  
 Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain !  
 Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,  
 When human ruin choked the streams,

<sup>1</sup> *Raises, &c.*] “ Forbids its fateful strings to sleep.”—1796.

Fell in conquest's glutton hour,  
 'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams !<sup>1</sup>  
 Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,  
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,  
 Oft, at night, in misty train,  
 Rush around her narrow dwelling !  
 The exterminating fiend is fled—  
 (Foul her life, and dark her doom) ;  
 Mighty armies of the dead  
 Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb !  
 Then with prophetic song relate,  
 Each some tyrant-murderer's fate !

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Departing Year ! 'twas on no earthly shore  
 My soul beheld thy vision !<sup>2</sup> Where alone,  
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy  
 throne,  
 Aye Memory sits : thy robe inscribed with gore,  
 With many an unimaginable groan  
 Thou storied'st thy sad hours ! Silence en-  
 sued,  
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,  
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with  
 glories shone.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Women's shrieks, &c.*] Thirty thousand human beings, men, women, and children, murdered in cold blood, for no other crime than that their garrison had defended the place with perseverance and bravery.—C. 1796.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy vision.*] The apparition of thee. See *Songs of the Pixies*, and note on the word "visionary."

<sup>3</sup> *Whose locks, &c.*] This line was originally written—  
 " Whose purple locks with snow-white glories shone."  
 For "purple" were successively substituted "golden" and

Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,  
 From the choired gods advancing,  
 The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,  
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Throughout the blissful throng,  
 Hushed were harp and song:  
 Till, wheeling round the throne the Lampads  
 seven,  
 (The mystic Words of Heaven)  
 Permissive signal make ;  
 The fervent Spirit bow'd, then spread his wings  
 and spake !  
 "Thou in stormy blackness throning  
 Love and uncreated Light,  
 By the Earth's unsoled groaning,  
 Seize thy terrors, Arm of might !  
 By peace, with proffer'd insult scared,  
 Masked hate and envying scorn !  
 By years of havoc yet unborn !  
 And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds  
 bared !  
 But chief by Afric's wrongs,  
 Strange, horrible, and foul !  
 By what deep guilt belongs  
 To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies !'  
 By wealth's insensate laugh ! by torture's howl !  
 Avenger, rise !  
 For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,  
 Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow ?

"wreathed," in consequence of Lamb's objections.—See Talfourd's *Letters of Charles Lamb*.



Speak ! from thy storm-black Heaven O speak  
aloud !

And on the darkling foe  
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain  
cloud !

O dart the flash ! O rise and deal the blow !  
The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries !

Hark ! how wide Nature joins her groans  
below !

Rise, God of Nature ! rise."<sup>1</sup>

## EPODE II.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled ;  
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.

And ever, when the dream of night  
Renews the phantom to my sight,  
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs ;

My ears throb hot ; my eye-balls start ;

My brain with horrid tumult swims ;

Wild is the tempest of my heart ;

And my thick and struggling breath  
Imitates the toil of death !<sup>2</sup>

No stranger agony confounds

The soldier on the war-field spread,

<sup>1</sup> *Rise, &c.*] The second antistrophe ended, in the first edition, with a fine line :—

“ Rise, God of Nature, rise ! why sleep thy bolts un-  
hur'd ? ”

<sup>2</sup> *Cold sweat-drops . . . death !*] A close imitation of Sappho's song, which Catullus attempted to translate, relinquishing the attempt in disgust:—*Otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est.*

When all foredone with toil and wounds,  
 Death-like he doses among heaps of dead!  
 (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,  
 And the night-wind clamours hoarse!  
 See! the starting wretch's head  
 Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,  
 O Albion! O my mother Isle!  
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,  
 Glitter green with sunny showers;  
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells  
 Echo to the bleat of flocks;  
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells  
 Proudly ramparted with rocks,)  
 And Ocean 'mid his uproar wild  
 Speaks safety to his island-child!  
 Hence, for many a fearless age,  
 Has social quiet loved thy shore;  
 Nor ever proud invader's rage  
 Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with  
 gore.

Abandon'd<sup>1</sup> of Heaven! mad avarice thy guide,  
 At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride,  
 'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou  
 hast stood,  
 And join'd the wild yelling of famine and  
 blood!

<sup>1</sup> *Abandon'd, &c.*] The poet, from having considered the peculiar advantages which this country has enjoyed, passes in rapid transition to the uses which we have made of these advantages.—C. 1796.

The nations curse thee! They with eager  
wondering  
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!  
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many  
a dream  
Of central fires through nether seas upthunder-  
ing  
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies  
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,  
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,  
O Albion! thy predestined ruins rise,  
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,  
Muttering distemper'd triumph in her charmed  
sleep.

Away, my soul, away!

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing!  
And hark! I hear the famish'd brood of prey  
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!

Away, my soul, away!

I, unpartaking of the evil thing,  
With daily prayer and daily toil  
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,  
Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.  
Now I recentre my immortal mind  
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;  
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim  
God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

## FRANCE.\*

AN ODE.

I.



YE Clouds! that far above me float  
and pause,  
Whose pathless march no mortal  
may control!

Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,  
Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds'  
singing,

Midway the smooth and perilous slope re-  
clined,

Save when your own imperious branches  
swinging,

Have made a solemn music of the wind!

Where, like a man beloved of God,  
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,  
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,

My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I  
wound,

Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,

By each rude shape and wild unconquerable  
sound!

O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!

\* Published in 4to, in 1798, together with *Fears in Solitude* and *Frost at Midnight*. It had previously appeared in *The Morning Post*, in April of the same year.

And O ye Clouds that far above me soar'd!  
 Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!  
 Yea, every thing that is and will be free!  
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
 With what deep worship I have still adored  
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

## II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs up-  
 rear'd,  
 And with that oath, which smote air, earth  
 and sea,  
 Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would  
 be free,  
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and fear'd!  
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation  
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:  
 And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,  
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,  
 The Monarchs march'd in evil day,  
 And Britain join'd the dire array;  
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,  
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves,  
 Had swoln the patriot emotion,  
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and  
 groves;  
 Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat  
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,  
 And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!  
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim  
 I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;  
 But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd France,  
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

## III.

“And what,” I said, “though Blasphemy’s  
loud scream

With that sweet music of deliverance strove ?  
Though all the fierce and drunken passions  
wove

A dance more wild than e’er was maniac’s  
dream ?

Ye storms, that round the dawning east as-  
sembled,

The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light !”

And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped  
and trembled,

The dissonance ceased, and all seem’d calm and  
bright ;

When France her front, deep-scarr’d and  
gory,

Conceal’d with clustering wreaths of glory ;

When, insupportably <sup>1</sup> advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior’s  
ramp ; <sup>2</sup>

While, timid looks of fury glancing,

Domestic treason, crush’d beneath her fatal  
stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore ;

Then I reproach’d my fears that would not  
flee ;

<sup>1</sup> *Insupportably, &c.*]

“ When insupportably his foot advanced.”

*Samson Agonistes.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ramp.*] “ Tramp,” in editions of 1828 and 1834.  
We are indebted to Macmillan’s edition (1880) for the re-  
stitution of the correct reading.

“And soon,” I said, “shall Wisdom teach her  
lore

In the low huts of them that toil and groan !

And, conquering by her happiness alone,

Shall France compel the nations to be free,  
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the  
earth their own.”

## IV.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd  
streams !

Heroes, that for your peaceful country  
perish'd,

And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows

With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I  
cherish'd

One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes !

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,

Where Peace her jealous home had built ;

A patriot-race to disinherit

Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;

And with inexpiable spirit

To taint the bloodless freedom of the moun-  
taineer—

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous,  
blind,

And patriot only in pernicious toils,

Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind ?

To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,

Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous  
prey ;

To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ?

## v.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad  
game

They burst their manacles and wear the name  
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !

O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour  
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor  
ever

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,  
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)

Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,  
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of  
the waves !

And there I felt thee !—on that sea-cliff's verge,  
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze  
above,

Had made one murmur with the distant surge !  
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,  
Possessing all things with intensest love,  
O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

February, 1798.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1798.] This would seem to be the correct date. The editions of 1828 and 1834,—the one, doubtless, following the other,—have 1797.



## FEARS IN SOLITUDE.\*

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN  
INVASION.



GREEN and silent spot, amid the  
hills,  
A small and silent dell ! O'er stiller  
place

No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.  
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,  
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,  
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,  
Which now blooms most profusely; but the  
dell,

Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate  
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,  
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at  
eve,

The level sunshine glimmers with green light.<sup>1</sup>

Oh ! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook,  
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly  
he,

The humble man, who, in his youthful years,  
Knew<sup>2</sup> just so much of folly, as had made

\* See note to *France : an Ode*.

<sup>1</sup> *Green light.*] Compare *Dejection : an Ode* :—

“ And its peculiar tint of yellow green.”

<sup>2</sup> *Knew, &c.*] These three lines are surely autobiographical.

His early manhood more securely wise!  
 Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath,  
 While from the singing-lark (that sings un-  
 seen—<sup>1</sup>

The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)  
 And from the sun, and from the breezy air,  
 Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;  
 And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,  
 Made up a meditative joy, and found  
 Religious meanings in the forms of nature!  
 And so, his senses gradually wrapt  
 In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,  
 And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,  
 That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing  
 For such a man, who would full fain preserve  
 His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel  
 For all his human brethren—O my God!  
 It weighs<sup>2</sup> upon the heart, that he must think  
 What uproar and what strife may now be stir-  
 ring.

This way or that way o'er these silent hills—  
 Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,  
 And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,  
 And undetermined conflict—even now,  
 Even now, perchance, and in his native isle:  
 Carnage and groans beneath this blessed sun!

<sup>1</sup> *Unseen.*] We insert a hyphen here, though we have no authority for so doing.

<sup>2</sup> *And weighs.*] Coleridge's exquisite delicacy of ear is well illustrated by the change here, from

“It is indeed a melancholy thing,  
 And weighs.”—1798.

We have offended, oh! my countrymen!  
We have offended very grievously,  
And been most tyrannous. From east to west  
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!  
The wretched plead against us; multitudes  
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,  
Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,  
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,  
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth  
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,  
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint  
With slow perdition murders the whole man,  
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,  
All individual dignity and power  
Engulf'd in courts, committees, institutions,  
Associations and societies,  
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting  
guild,  
One benefit-club for mutual flattery,  
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,  
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;  
Contemtuons of all honourable rule,  
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life  
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words  
Of Christian promise, words that even yet  
Might stem destruction, were they wisely  
preach'd,  
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones pro-  
claim  
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:  
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent  
To deem them falsehoods or to know their  
truth.  
Oh! blasphemous! the Book of Life is made

A superstitious instrument, on which  
 We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break ;  
 For all must swear—all and in every place,  
 College and wharf, council and justice-court ;  
 All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,  
 Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,  
 The rich, the poor, the old man and the young ;  
 All, all make up one scheme of perjury,  
 That faith doth reel ; the very name of God  
 Sounds like a juggler's charm ; and, bold with  
                   joy,  
 Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,  
 (Portentous sight !) the owlet Atheism,  
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,  
 Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them  
                   close,  
 And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,  
 Cries out, " Where is it ? "

  Thankless too for peace,  
 (Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous  
                   seas,)

Secure from actual warfare, we have loved  
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war !  
 Alas ! for ages ignorant of all  
 Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,  
 Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry  
                   snows,)

We, this whole people, have been clamorous  
 For war and bloodshed ; animating sports,  
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,  
 Spectators and not combatants ! No guess  
 Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,

No speculation on <sup>1</sup> contingency,  
 However dim and vague, too vague and dim  
 To yield a justifying cause; and forth,  
 (Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,  
 And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)  
 We send our mandates for the certain death  
 Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and  
 girls,

And women, that would groan to see a child  
 Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,  
 The best amusement for our morning meal!  
 The poor wretch, who has learnt his only  
 prayers

From curses, who knows scarcely words enough  
 To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,  
 Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute  
 And technical in victories and defeats,  
 And all our dainty terms for fratricide;  
 Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our  
 tongues

Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which  
 We join no feeling and attach no form!  
 As if the soldier died without a wound;  
 As if the fibres of this godlike frame  
 Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,  
 Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,  
 Pass'd off to Heaven, translated and not  
 kill'd;

As though he had no wife to pine for him,  
 No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days  
 Are coming on us, O my countrymen!

<sup>1</sup> *On.*] "Or," in editions of 1828 and 1834. The genuine reading is restored in Macmillan's edition, 1880.

And what if all-avenging Providence,  
 Strong and retributive, should make us know  
 The meaning of our words, force us to feel  
 The desolation and the agony  
 Of our fierce doings ?

Spare us yet awhile,  
 Father and God ! Oh ! spare us yet awhile !  
 Oh ! let not English women drag their flight  
 Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,  
 Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday  
 Laugh'd at the breast ! Sons, brothers, hus-  
     bands, all  
 Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms  
 Which grew up with you round the same fire-  
     side,  
 And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells  
 Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves  
     pure !  
 Stand forth ! be men ! repel an impious foe,  
 Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,  
 Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth  
 With deeds of murder ; and still promising  
 Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,  
 Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart  
 Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes  
 And all that lifts the spirit ! Stand we forth ;  
 Render them back upon the insulted ocean,  
 And let them toss as idly on its waves  
 As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-  
     blast  
 Swept from our shores ! And oh ! may we re-  
     turn  
 Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,

Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung  
So fierce a foe to frenzy !

I have told,  
O Britons ! O my brethren ! I have told  
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.  
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-timed ;  
For never can true courage dwell with them,  
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not  
look

At their own vices. We have been too long  
Dupes of a deep delusion ! Some, belike,  
Groaning with restless enmity, expect  
All change from change of constituted power ;  
As if a Government had been a robe,  
On which our vice and wretchedness were  
tagg'd

Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe  
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach  
A radical causation to a few  
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,  
Who borrow all their hues and qualities  
From our own folly and rank wickedness,  
Which gave them birth and nursed them.

Others, meanwhile,  
Dote with a mad idolatry ; and all  
Who will not fall before their images,  
And yield them worship, they are enemies  
Even of their country !

Such have I been deem'd—  
But, O dear Britain ! O my Mother Isle !  
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and  
holy

To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,  
 A husband, and a father ! who revere  
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all  
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.  
 O native Britain ! O my Mother Isle !  
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear  
                   and holy

To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,  
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,  
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,  
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
 All adoration of the God in nature,  
 All lovely and all honourable things,  
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
 The joy and greatness of its future being ?  
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul  
 Unborrow'd from my country. O divine  
 And beauteous island ! thou hast been my sole  
 And most magnificent temple, in the which  
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,  
 Loving the God that made me !

May my fears,  
 My filial fears, be vain ! and may the vaunts  
 And menace of the vengeful enemy  
 Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away  
 In the distant tree ; which heard, and only  
                   heard,  
 In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad  
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze :  
 The light has left the summit of the hill,  
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,




Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,  
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!  
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,  
Homeward I wind my way; and, lo! recall'd  
From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me,  
I find myself upon the brow, and pause  
Startled! And after lonely sojourning  
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,  
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,  
Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty  
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich  
And elmy fields, seems like society—  
Conversing with the mind, and giving it  
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!  
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold  
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge  
elms  
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my  
friend;  
And close behind them, hidden from my view,  
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe  
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With  
light  
And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend,  
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!  
And grateful, that by nature's quietness  
And solitary musings, all my heart  
Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge  
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human  
kind.

Nether Stowey,  
April 28th, 1798.

## RECANTATION.\*

ILLUSTRATED IN THE STORY OF THE MAD OX.

## I.

N Ox, long fed with musty hay,  
 And work'd with yoke and chain,  
 Was turn'd out on an April day,  
 When fields are in their best array,  
 And growing grasses sparkle gay  
 At once with sun and rain.

## II.

The grass was fine, the sun was bright :  
 With truth I may aver it ;  
 The Ox was glad, as well he might,  
 Thought a green meadow no bad sight,  
 And frisk'd, to show his huge delight,  
 Much like a beast of spirit.

## III.

“Stop, neighbours ! stop ! why these alarms ?  
 The Ox is only glad !”  
 But still they pour from cots and farms—  
 Halloo ! the parish is up in arms,  
 (A hoaxing-hunt has always charms,)  
 Halloo ! the Ox is mad.

\* First printed in *The Morning Post*, July, 1798.

## IV.

The frightened beast scamper'd about ;  
 Plunge ! through the hedge he drove !  
 The mob pursue with hideous rout ;  
 A bull-dog fastens on his snout ;  
 He gores the dog, his tongue hangs out !  
 He's mad ! he's mad, by Jove !

## V.

" Stop, neighbours, stop ! " aloud did call  
 A sage of sober hue.  
 But all, at once, on him they fall,  
 And women squeak and children squall,  
 " What ! would you have him toss us all ?  
 And damme ! who are you ? "

## VI.

Oh ! hapless sage, his ears they stun,  
 And curse him o'er and o'er !  
 " You bloody-minded dog ! " cries one,  
 " To slit your windpipe were good fun ;  
 'Od blast you for an *impious*<sup>1</sup> son  
 Of a presbyterian whore ! "

## VII.

" You'd have him gore the parish-priest,  
 And run against the altar—  
 You fiend ! " The sage his warnings ceased,  
 And north and south, and west and east,

<sup>1</sup> One of the many fine words which the most uneducated had about this time a constant opportunity of acquiring, from the sermons in the pulpit and the proclamations in the — corners.—C.

Halloo! they follow the poor beast,  
 Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob, and Walter.

## VIII.

Old Lewis, ('twas his evil day)  
 Stood trembling in his shoes ;  
 The Ox was his—what could he say ?  
 His legs were stiffen'd with dismay,  
 The Ox ran o'er him 'mid the fray,  
 And gave him his death's bruise.

## IX.

The frightened beast ran on—but here,  
 (No tale, though in print, more true is,)  
 My muse stops short in mid career—  
 Nay, gentle reader! do not sneer!  
 I cannot choose but drop a tear,  
 A tear for good old Lewis!

## X.

The frightened beast ran through the town;  
 All follow'd, boy and dad,  
 Bull-dog, parson,<sup>1</sup> shopman, clown:  
 The publicans rush'd from the Crown,  
 "Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!"  
 They drove the poor Ox mad.

## XI.

Should you a rat to madness tease,  
 Why even a rat may plague you;  
 There's no philosopher but sees

<sup>1</sup> *Bull-dog, parson.*] The comma, we suspect, has been (lazily) substituted for "and", to avoid offence.

That rage and fear are one disease—  
 Though that may burn and this may freeze,  
 They're both alike the ague.

## XII.

And so this Ox, in frantic mood,  
 Faced round like any bull :  
 The mob turn'd tail, and he pursued,  
 Till they with heat and fright were stew'd,  
 And not a chick of all this brood  
 But had his belly full.

## XIII.

Old Nick's astride the beast, 'tis clear—  
 Old Nicholas, to a tittle !  
 But all agree, he'd disappear,  
 Would but the parson venture near,  
 And through his teeth,<sup>1</sup> right o'er the steer,  
 Squirt out some fasting spittle.

## XIV.

Achilles was a warrior fleet,  
 The Trojans he could worry :  
 Our parson too was swift of feet,  
 But show'd it chiefly in retreat ;  
 The victor Ox scour'd down the street,  
 The mob fled hurry-scurry.

<sup>1</sup> According to the superstition of the West-Countries, if you meet the Devil, you may either cut him in half with a straw, or force him to disappear by spitting over his horns.—C.

## XV.

Through gardens, lanes, and fields new  
plough'd,

Through his hedge, and through her hedge,  
He plunged and toss'd and bellow'd loud,  
Till in his madness he grew proud,  
To see this helter-skelter crowd,  
That had more wrath than courage.

## XVI.

Alas! to mend the breaches wide  
He made for these poor ninnies,  
They all must work, whate'er betide,  
Both days and months, and pay beside,  
(Sad news for avarice and for pride,  
A sight of golden guineas!

## XVII.

But here once more to view did pop  
The man that kept his senses ;  
And now he cried—"Stop, neighbours! stop;  
The Ox is mad! I would not swop,  
No! not a school-boy's farthing-top,  
For all the parish-fences.

## XVIII.

"The Ox is mad! Ho! Dick, Bob, Mat!  
What means this coward fuss?  
Ho! stretch this rope across the plat!  
'Twill trip him up: or if not that,  
Why, damme! we must lay him flat:—  
See, here's my blunderbuss."

## XIX.

“A lying dog! just now he said  
 The Ox was only glad!  
 Let’s break his presbyterian head!”  
 “Hush!” quoth the sage, “you’ve been  
 misled;  
 No quarrels now—let’s all make head:—  
 You drove the poor Ox mad.”

## XX.

As thus I sat, in careless chat,  
 With the morning’s wet newspaper,  
 In eager haste, without his hat,  
 As blind and blundering as a bat,  
 In came that fierce aristocrat,  
 Our pursy woollen-draper.

## XXI.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit;  
 And in he rush’d and panted:—  
 “Well, have you heard?” No, not a whit.  
 “What, ha’nt you heard?” Come, out with it!—  
 “That Tierney votes for Mister Pitt,  
 And Sheridan’s recanted!”

## PARLIAMENTARY OSCILLATORS.



ALMOST awake? Why what is this,  
 and whence,  
 O ye right loyal men, all unde-  
 filed?

Sure, ’tis not possible that common sense  
 Has hitch’d her pulleys to each heavy eye-lid?

Yet wherefore else that start, which discomposes  
 The drowsy waters lingering in your eye ?  
 And are you really able to descry  
 That precipice three yards beyond your noses ?

Yet flatter you I cannot, that your wit  
 Is much improved by this long loyal dosing ;  
 And I admire, no more than Mr. Pitt,  
 Your jumps and starts of patriotic prosing—

Now clattering to the Treasury cluck, like  
 chicken,  
 Now with small beaks the ravenous *bill* op-  
 posing ;  
 With serpent-tongue now stinging, and now  
 licking,  
 Now semi-sibilant, now smoothly glozing—

Now having faith implicit that he can't err,  
 Hoping his hopes, alarm'd with his alarms ;  
 And now believing him a sly enchanter,  
 Yet still afraid to break his brittle charms,

Lest some mad devil suddenly unhampering,  
 Slap-dash ! the imp should fly off with the  
 steeple,  
 On revolutionary broom-stick scampering.—  
 O ye soft-headed and soft-hearted people,

If you can stay so long from slumber free,  
 My muse shall make an effort to salute 'e :  
 For lo ! a very dainty simile  
 Flash'd sudden through my brain, and 'twill  
 just suit 'e !



You know that water-fowl that cries, quack !  
quack ! ?

Full often have I seen a waggish crew  
Fasten the bird of wisdom on its back,  
The ivy-haunting bird, that cries tu-who !

Both plunged together in the deep mill-stream,  
(Mill-stream, or farm-yard pond, or moun-  
tain-lake,)

Shrill as a Church and Constitution scream,  
Tu-who ! quoth Broad-face, and down dives  
the drake !

The green-neck'd drake once 'more pops up to  
view,

Stares round, cries quack ! and makes an  
angry pother ;

Then shriller screams the bird with eye-lids  
blue,

The broad-faced bird ! and deeper dives the  
other.

Ye *quacking* statesmen ! 'tis even so with you—  
One peascod is not liker to another.

Even so on loyalty's decoy-pond, each  
Pops up his head, as fired with British blood,  
Hears once again the ministerial screech,  
And once more seeks the bottom's blackest  
mud !

1794.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1794.] We decidedly suspect this date, but can throw  
no light on it.

## FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.\*

## A WAR ECLOGUE.

*The Scene, a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE  
is discovered lying on the ground; to her  
enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.*

## FAMINE.



SISTERS! sisters! who sent you  
here?

SLAUGHTER (*to Fire*).

I will whisper it in her ear.

\* Coleridge prefixed to this poem an "apologetic preface" of some twenty pages, which wanders away into a comparison between Milton and Jeremy Taylor. It may suffice to give the mottoes of it:—

"Me dolor incautum, me lubrica duxerit ætas,  
Me tumor impulerit, me devius egerit ardor:  
Te tamen haud decuit paribus concurrere telis.  
En adsum: veniam, confessus crimina, posco."

CLAUD. *Epist. ad Had.*

"There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?"—*Ecclesiasticus*: xix. 16.

We add one extract. A longer one will be found in the Introduction, § 3.

"It was written some years ago.<sup>1</sup> I do not attempt

<sup>1</sup> *Some years ago.*] Coleridge appends the date of 1796. The English, in fact, aided the insurrection in La Vendée in 1795-6. The poem was first printed in January, 1798, in *The Morning Post*.

## FIRE.

No! no! no!

Spirits hear what spirits tell:  
'Twill make a holiday in Hell.

No! no! no!

Myself, I named him once below,  
And all the souls, that damned be,  
Leap'd up at once in anarchy,  
Clapp'd their hands and danced for glee.  
They no longer heeded me;  
But laugh'd to hear Hell's burning rafters  
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!

No! no! no!

Spirits hear what spirits tell:  
'Twill make a holiday in Hell!

## FAMINE.

Whisper it, sister! so and so!  
In a dark hint, soft and slow.

## SLAUGHTER.

Letters four do form his name—  
And who sent you?

to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's<sup>1</sup> person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own."

<sup>1</sup> Pitt.] "Letters four do form his name." Compare the sonnet to "Pitt", in *Earlier Poems*.

*Both.*

The same ! the same !

SLAUGHTER.

He came by stealth, and unlock'd my den,  
And I have drunk the blood since then  
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

*Both.*

Who bade you do 't ?

SLAUGHTER.

The same ! the same !

Letters four do form his name.  
He let me loose, and cried, Halloo !  
To him alone the praise is due.

FAMINE.

Thanks, sisters, thanks ! the men have bled,  
Their wives and their children faint for bread.  
I stood in a swampy field of battle ;  
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,  
To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow  
And the homeless dog—but they would not go.  
So off I flew : for how could I bear  
To see them gorge their dainty fare ?  
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,  
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—  
Can you guess what I saw there ?

*Both.*

Whisper it, sister ! in our ear.

## FAMINE.

A baby beat its dying mother :  
I had starved the one and was starving the  
other !

*Both.*

Who bade you do 't ?

## FAMINE.

The same ! the same !  
Letters four do form his name.  
He let me loose, and cried, Halloo !  
To him alone the praise is due.

## FIRE.

Sisters ! I from Ireland came !  
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,  
I triumph'd o'er the setting sun !  
And all the while the work was done,  
On as I strode with my huge strides,  
I flung back my head and I held my sides,  
It was so rare a piece of fun  
To see the swelter'd cattle run  
With uncouth gallop through the night,  
Scared by the red and noisy light !  
By the light of his own blazing cot  
Was many a naked rebel shot :  
The house-stream met the flame and hiss'd,  
While, crash ! fell in the roof, I wist,  
On some of those old bed-rid nurses,  
That deal in discontent and curses.

*Both.*

Who bade you do 't ?

## FIRE.

The same! the same!  
 Letters four do form his name.  
 He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!  
 To him alone the praise is due.

*All.*

He let us loose, and cried, Halloo!  
 How shall we yield him honour due?

## FAMINE.

Wisdom comes with lack of food.  
 I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,  
 Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:  
 They shall seize him and his brood—

## SLAUGHTER.

They shall tear him limb from limb!

## FIRE.

O thankless beldames and untrue!  
 And is this all that you can do  
 For him, who did so much for you?  
 Ninety<sup>1</sup> months he, by my troth!  
 Hath richly cater'd for you both;  
 And in an hour would you repay  
 An eight years' work?—Away! away!  
 I alone am faithful! I  
 Cling to him everlastingly.

1796.

<sup>1</sup> *Ninety.*] This puts us back to the breaking out of the French Revolution.



## II. LOVE POEMS.

“ Quas <sup>1</sup> humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo,  
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod phœretratus acutâ  
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.  
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,  
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.  
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor :  
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,  
Voxque aliud sonat—  
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,  
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus  
Mens horret, relegensque alium putat ista locutum.”  
PETRARCH.

### LOVE.\*



ALL thoughts, all passions, all de-  
lights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,

<sup>1</sup> *Quas, &c.*] The quotation is worth conning over.

\* A fragment of *The Ballad of the Dark Ladie*. For others, see “Miscellaneous Poems and Fragments.” First published in *The Morning Post*, in 1799, and afterwards in the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, in 1800.

When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine,<sup>1</sup> stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve !

She lean'd against the armed man,  
The statue of the armed knight ;  
She stood and listen'd to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

<sup>1</sup> *The moonshine, &c.*] The idea occurs in Coleridge's description of his ascent of the Brocken, written, like the poem, immediately upon his return from Germany:—  
“The moon above us blending with the evening light.”—  
Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*.



I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
And that for ten long years he woo'd  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn,  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and look'd him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees ;  
And how she tended him in vain ;  
And ever strove to expiate  
    The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
    A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reach'd  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
    Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
    The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes, long subdued,  
    Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame ;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
    I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside ;  
As conscious of my look she stept ;  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
    She fled to mè and wept.


She half inclosed me with her arms,  
 She press'd me with a meek embrace ;  
 And bending back her head, look'd up,  
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
 That I might rather feel, than see,  
 The swelling of her heart.<sup>1</sup>

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
 And told her love with virgin pride ;  
 And so I won my Genevieve,  
 My bright and beauteous Bride.

## LEWTI,

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT.

T midnight by the stream I roved,  
 To forget the form I loved.  
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind  
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

<sup>1</sup> *That I might, &c.*] See the last verse but two of *Lines written at Shurton Bars*. A similar naivety of expression creeps out in the concluding paragraphs of *Lewti*,—which Lamb angrily described as “detestable,”—and elsewhere. Moreover, before the verse, “Her bosom heaved . . . &c.”, originally stood the following:—

“ I saw her bosom heave and swell,  
 Heave and swell with inward sighs :  
 I could not choose but love to see  
 Her gentle bosom rise.”

We wish the verse our note is on had also been omitted. It is a blot on the poem,—as false to nature, as it is indelicate.

The moon was high, the moonlight gleam,  
 And the shadow of a star,  
 Heaved upon Tamaha's stream ;  
 But the rock shone brighter far,  
 The rock half shelter'd from my view  
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew.  
 So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,  
 Gleaming through her sable hair.  
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind  
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.<sup>1</sup>

I saw a cloud of palest hue,—  
 Onward to the moon it pass'd :  
 Still brighter and more bright it grew,  
 With floating colours not a few,  
 Till it reach'd the moon at last ;  
 Then the cloud was wholly bright,  
 With a rich and amber light !

<sup>1</sup> *Kind.*] We cannot but subjoin the curious paragraph which originally followed here, though evidently wisely omitted for its bad taste :—

“ I saw the white waves, o'er and o'er,  
 Break against the distant shore.  
 All at once upon the sight,  
 All at once they broke in light :  
 I heard no murmur of their roar,  
 Nor ever I beheld them flowing,  
 Neither coming, neither going ;  
 But only saw them, o'er and o'er,  
 Break against the curved shore ;  
 Now disappearing from the sight,  
 Now twinkling regular and white ;  
 And Lewti's smiling mouth can show  
 As white and regular a row.  
 Nay, treacherous image ! from my mind  
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.”

And so with many a hope I seek,  
And with such joy I find my Lewti ;  
And even so my pale wan cheek  
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !  
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind,  
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,  
Away it goes ; away so soon ?  
Alas ! it has no power to stay :  
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—  
Away it passes from the moon !  
How mournfully it seems to fly,  
Ever fading more and more,  
To joyless regions of the sky—  
And now 'tis whiter than before !  
As white as my poor cheek will be,  
When, Lewti ! on my couch I lie,  
A dying man for love of thee.  
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—  
And yet, thou did'st not look unkind.

I saw a vapour in the sky,  
Thin, and white, and very high :  
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud.  
Perhaps the breezes, that can fly  
Now below and now above,  
Have snatch'd aloft the lawny shroud  
Of lady fair—that died for love.  
For maids, as well as youths, have perish'd  
From fruitless love too fondly cherish'd.  
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—  
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under  
 Slip the crumbling banks for ever:  
 Like echoes to a distant thunder,  
 They plunge into the gentle river.  
 The river-swans have heard my tread,  
 And startle from their reedy bed.  
 O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure  
 Your movements to some heavenly tune!  
 O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure  
 To see you move beneath the moon,  
 I would it were your true delight  
 To sleep<sup>o</sup> by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,  
 When silent night has closed her eyes;  
 It is a breezy jasmine-bower,  
 The nightingale sings o'er her head:  
 Voice of the night, had I the power<sup>1</sup>  
 That leafy labyrinth to thread,  
 And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,  
 I then might view her bosom white  
 Heaving lovely to my sight,  
 As these two swans<sup>2</sup> together heave  
 On the gently swelling wave.

<sup>1</sup> *Voice of, &c.*] In the *Annual Anthology*, 1800, this line stood—

“Had I the enviable power.”

“The epithet *enviable*,” wrote Lamb, “would dash the finest poem,” and the line was altered.

<sup>2</sup> *Swans.*] We have had this idea before in the early poem of *Genevieve*. See Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Monsieur Thomas*, act i. sc. 1:—

“How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears  
 Her silver breasts.”

This play was a favourite with Coleridge.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,  
 And dreamt that I had died for care!  
 All pale and wasted I would seem,  
 Yet fair withal, as spirits are!  
 I'd die indeed, if I might see  
 Her bosom heave, and heave for me!  
 Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!  
 To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

*From The Morning Post, 1798.<sup>1</sup>*

## THE PICTURE,

OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.\*



THROUGH weeds and thorns, and  
 matted underwood,  
 I force my way; now climb, and  
 now descend  
 O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild<sup>2</sup> foot  
 Crushing the purple whorts;<sup>3</sup> while oft un-  
 seen,

<sup>1</sup> 1798.] Corrected from 1795,—an evident misprint, though the editions of 1828 and 1834 adopt it. So does Sara Coleridge, in 1852: she is right, however, in arranging *Lewti* before *Love*, for it was written earlier.

\* First printed in *The Morning Post*, in 1802.

<sup>2</sup> *Wild.*] "Blind": 1802. An unhappy alteration,—the earlier reading expressing much more exactly the uncertainty with which your foot steps under the circumstances described.

<sup>3</sup> *Whorts.*] *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, known by the different names of whorts, whortle berries, bilberries; and in the North of England, blea-berries and bloom-berries.—C. 1802.

Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,  
 The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,  
 I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,  
 Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,  
 And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,  
 Beckons me on, or follows from behind,  
 Playmate, or guide! The master-passion  
 quell'd,

I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark  
 The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,  
 Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake  
 Soar up, and form a melancholy vault  
 High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.  
 Here Wisdom might resort, and here Re-  
 morse;

Here too the love-lorn man who, sick in soul,  
 And of this busy human heart aweary,  
 Worships the spirit of unconscious life  
 In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle lunatic!  
 If so he might not wholly cease to be,  
 He would far rather not be that he is;  
 But would be something that he knows not of,  
 In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not con-  
 tagion here!

No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves  
 Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood  
 He should stray hither, the low stumps shall  
 gore

His dainty feet, the briar and the thorn  
 Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded  
 bird

Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,



Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades !  
 And you, ye Earth-winds ! you that make at  
 morn

The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs !  
 You, O ye wingless Airs ! that creep between  
 The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,  
 Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,  
 The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—  
 Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless damp,<sup>1</sup>  
 Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.  
 Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin  
 Gnomes !

With prickles sharper than his darts bemock  
 His little Godship, making him perforce  
 Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's  
 back.

This is my hour of triumph ! I can now  
 With my own fancies play the merry fool,  
 And laugh away worse folly, being free.  
 Here will I seat myself, beside this old,  
 Hollow and weedy oak, which ivy-twine  
 Clothes as with net-work : here will<sup>2</sup> couch  
 my limbs,

Close by this river, in this silent shade,  
 As safe and sacred from the step of man  
 As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,

<sup>1</sup> *Dropless damp.*] With this too realistic expression,  
 compare *Christabel* :—

“To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.”

<sup>2</sup> *Here will.*] “Here will I” :—Edition 1834, which we  
 have made bold for once to alter, as the reading seems to be  
 a misprint. Yet we are by no means sure.

And listening only to the pebbly brook,  
 That murmurs with a dead,<sup>1</sup> yet tinkling sound ;  
 Or to the bees, that in the neighbouring trunk  
 Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits  
 me,

Was never Love's accomplice, never raised  
 The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,  
 And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek ;  
 Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half disclosed  
 The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence  
 Eye-poisons for some love-distemper'd youth,  
 Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove  
 Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart  
 Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze ! thou only, if I guess aright,  
 Lifest the feathers of the robin's breast,  
 That swells its little breast, so full of song,  
 Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.  
 And thou too, desert stream ! no pool of thine,  
 Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,  
 Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,  
 The face, the form divine, the downcast look  
 Contemplative ! Behold ! her open palm  
 Presses her cheek and brow ! her elbow rests  
 On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,  
 That leans towards its mirror ! who erewhile  
 Had from her countenance turn'd, or look'd by  
 stealth,

<sup>1</sup> *A dead, &c.*] The edition of 1828 still retained the early reading—

“ A dead, yet bell-like sound,  
 Tinkling, or bees, &c.”

(For fear is true love's cruel nurse,) he now,  
 With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,  
 Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes  
 Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,  
 E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,  
 But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,  
 The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks  
 The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,  
 Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells;  
 And suddenly, as one that toys with time,  
 Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm  
 Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair  
 Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
 And each mis-shape<sup>1</sup> the other. Stay awhile,  
 Poor youth, who scarcely dar'st lift up thine  
 eyes!

The stream will soon renew its smoothness,  
 soon

The visions will return! And lo! he stays:  
 And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
 Come trembling back, unite, and now once  
 more

The pool becomes a mirror; and behold  
 Each wildflower on the marge inverted there,  
 And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,  
 O where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd  
 On its bare branch? He turns, and she is  
 gone!

Homeward she steals through many a wood-  
 land maze,

Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!  
 Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime

<sup>1</sup> *Mis-shape.*] Read "mis-shapes."

In mad love-yearning by the vacant brook,  
 Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and  
     thou  
 Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,  
 The Naiad of the mirror !

Not to thee,  
 O wild and desert stream ! belongs this tale :  
 Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs  
 Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy  
     bed,  
 Making thee doleful as a cavern-well :  
 Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest  
 On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild  
     stream !

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate  
 From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,  
 I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,  
 Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.  
 Lo ! stealing through the canopy of firs,  
 How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,  
 Isle of the river, whose parted waters  
 Dart off asunder with an angry sound,  
 How soon to re-unite ! And see ! they meet,  
 Each in the other lost and found : and see,  
 Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun  
 Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye !  
 With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds,  
 The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,  
 Dimness o'erswum with lustre !—Such the  
     hour  
 Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief  
     feuds !

And hark, the noise of a near waterfall !  
I pass forth into light—I find myself  
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful  
Of forest-trees, the lady of the woods),  
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock,  
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts  
The landscape on my sight ! Two crescent hills  
Fold in behind each other, and so make  
A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,  
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cot-  
tages,

Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,  
The whortle-berries are bedew'd with spray,  
Dash'd upwards by the furious waterfall.

How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass  
Swings in its winnow ! All the air is calm.  
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with  
light,

Rises in columns : from this house alone,  
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,  
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is  
this ?

That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,  
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,  
His dear head pillow'd on a sleeping dog—  
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand  
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,  
Unfilleted, and of unequal lengths.

A curious picture, with a master's haste  
Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin,  
Peel'd from the birchen bark ! Divinest maid !  
Yon bark her canvas, and those purple berries  
Her pencil ! See, the juice is scarcely dried  
On the fine skin ! She has been newly here ;

And lo! yon patch of heath has been her  
couch—

The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!  
For this may'st thou flower early, and the sun,  
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long  
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!

Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!  
More beautiful than whom Alcæus woo'd,  
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!

O child of genius! stately, beautiful,  
And full of love to all, save only me,  
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,  
Why beats it thus? Through yondem coppice-  
wood

Needs must the pathway turn, that leads  
straightway

On to her father's house. She is alone!  
The night draws on—such ways are hard to  
hit—

And fit it is I should restore this sketch,  
Dropt unawares, no doubt. Why should I  
yearn

To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed  
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste!  
The picture in my hand which she has left;  
She cannot blame me that I follow'd her:  
And I may be her guide the long wood through.

## THE NIGHT-SCENE.\*

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SANDOVAL.



YOU loved the daughter of Don Man-  
rique ?

EARL HENRY.

Loved ?

SANDOVAL.

Did you not say you woo'd her ?

EARL HENRY.

Once I loved

Her whom I dared not woo !

SANDOVAL.

And woo'd, perchance,  
One whom you loved not !

EARL HENRY.

Oh ! I were most base,  
Not loving Oropeza. True, I woo'd her,  
Hoping to heal a deeper wound ; but she

\* Sara Coleridge places the composition of this fragment in the Nether Stowey period, 1797-8. The suggestion is plausible enough, but her dates are so tentative. It was first printed in 1817.

Met my advances with impassion'd pride,  
 That kindled love with love. And when her  
     sire,  
 Who in his dream of hope already grasp'd  
 The golden circlet in his hand, rejected  
 My suit with insult, and in memory  
 Of ancient feuds, pour'd curses on my head,  
 Her blessings overtook and baffled them !  
 But thou art stern, and with unkindly counte-  
     nance  
 Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

## SANDOVAL.

Anxiously, Henry ! reasoning anxiously.  
 But Oropeza—

## EARL HENRY.

Blessings gather round her !  
 Within this wood there winds a secret passage,  
 Beneath the walls, which opens out at length  
 Into the gloomiest covert of the garden.  
 The night ere my departure to the army,  
 She, nothing trembling, led me through that  
     gloom,  
 And to that covert by a silent stream,  
 Which, with one star reflected near its marge,  
 Was the sole object visible around me.  
 No leaflet stirr'd ; the air was almost sultry ;  
 So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us !  
 No leaflet stirr'd ;—yet pleasure hung upon  
 The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.  
 A little further on an arbour stood,



Fragrant with flowering trees,—I well re-  
 member  
 What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness  
 Their snow-white blossoms made. Thither she  
 led me,—  
 To that sweet bower. Then Oropeza trem-  
 bled :—  
 I heard her heart beat,—if 'twere not my own.

## SANDOVAL.

A rude and scaring note, my friend !

## EARL HENRY.

Oh ! no !

I have small memory of aught but pleasure.  
 The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams,  
 Still flowing, still were lost in those of love :  
 So love grew mightier from the fear, and Na-  
 ture,  
 Fleeing from pain, shelter'd herself in joy.  
 The stars above our heads were dim and  
 steady,  
 Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was  
 in us :  
 We were all life, each atom of our frames  
 A living soul—I vow'd to die for her :  
 With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,  
 Relapses into blessedness, I vow'd it :  
 That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,  
 A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.  
 Oh ! there is joy above the name of pleasure,  
 Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

SANDOVAL (*with a sarcastic smile*).

No other than as eastern sages paint,  
 The god, who floats upon a lotos leaf,  
 Dreams for a thousand ages; then, awaking,  
 Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,  
 Relapses into bliss.

## EARL HENRY.

Ah! was that bliss  
 Fear'd as an alien, and too vast for man?  
 For suddenly, impatient of its silence,  
 Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.  
 I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on  
 them.

Through the dark bower she sent a hollow  
 voice,—

“Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?”  
 I swore, and with an inward thought, that  
 seem'd

The purpose and the substance of my being,  
 I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,  
 I would exchange my unblench'd state with  
 hers.

Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower  
 I now will go:—all objects there will teach me  
 Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.

Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her.  
 Say nothing of me,—I myself will seek her.

Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the tor-  
 ment

And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—

[EARL HENRY *retires into the wood.*

SANDOVAL (*alone*).

O Henry! always strivest thou to be great  
 By thine own act! yet art thou never great,  
 But by the inspiration of great passion.  
 The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up  
 And shape themselves: from earth to heaven  
 they stand,  
 As though they were the pillars of a temple,  
 Built by Omnipotence in its own honour:  
 But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit  
 Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,  
 And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

## THE FOSTER-MOTHER'S TALE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.\*

## FOSTER-MOTHER.



NEVER<sup>1</sup> saw the man whom you describe.

## MARIA.

'Tis strange! he spake of you familiarly,

\* A scene omitted from "Osorio" or "Remorse," and first printed in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. It has passed through many phases. We print it as it appeared in 1817, in *Sibylline Leaves*, where the names of the earlier play are still retained. In the editions of 1828 and 1834 it is given as an Appendix to "Remorse"; and for "Foster-Mother," "Maria," "Albert," "Leoni," and "Valez," we have "Teresa," "Selma," "Alvar," "Sesina," and "Valdez".

<sup>1</sup> *I never, &c.*] In the later editions the first line is omitted, and the poem begins—

"'Tis said, he, &c."

As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,  
That join'd your names with mine! O my  
sweet lady!

As often as I think of those dear times,  
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,  
On each side of my chair, and make me learn  
All you had learnt in the day, and how to talk  
In gentle phrase, then bid me sing to you—  
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has  
been.

MARIA.

O my<sup>1</sup> dear mother! this strange man has  
left me  
Troubled with wilder fancies than the moon  
Breeds in the love-sick maid who gazes at it,  
Till lost in inward vision, with wet eye  
She gazes idly.—But that entrance, mother!—

FOSTER-MOTHER.

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

MARIA.

No one!

FOSTER-MOTHER.

My husband's father told it me,

<sup>1</sup> *O my . . . mother.*] Later we have only, for these five lines,—

“But that entrance, Selma!”

Poor old Leoni : angels, rest his soul !  
 He was a woodman, and could fell and saw  
 With lusty arm. You know that huge round  
     beam,  
 Which props the hanging wall of the old  
     chapel ?  
 Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,  
 He found a baby, wrapt in mosses, lined  
 With thistle-beards, and such small locks of  
     wool  
 As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him  
     home,  
 And rear'd him at the then Lord Valez' cost.  
 And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,—  
 A pretty boy, but most unteachable,—  
 And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead ;  
 But knew the names of birds, and mock'd their  
     notes,  
 And whistled, as he were a bird himself.  
 And all the autumn 'twas his only play  
 To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant  
     them  
 With earth and water on the stumps of trees.  
 A friar, who oft cull'd <sup>1</sup> simples in the wood,—  
 A grey-hair'd man,—he loved this little boy :  
 The boy loved him,—and, when the friar taught  
     him,  
 He soon could write with the pen ; and from  
     that time  
 Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.  
 So he became a very <sup>2</sup> learned youth.

<sup>1</sup> *Oft cull'd.*] "Gather'd": 1828 and 1834.

<sup>2</sup> *Very.*] "Rare and": 1828 and 1834.

But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and  
read,

Till his brain turn'd; and ere his twentieth  
year

He had unlawful thoughts of many things:  
And though he pray'd, he never loved to pray  
With holy men, nor in a holy place.

But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,  
The late Lord Valez ne'er was wearied with  
him;

And once, as by the north side of the chapel  
They stood together, chain'd in deep discourse,  
The earth heaved under them with such a  
groan,

That the wall totter'd, and had well nigh fall'n  
Right on their heads. My lord was sorely  
frighten'd;

A fever seized him, and he made confession  
Of all the heretical and lawless talk  
Which brought this judgment. So the youth  
was seized,

And cast into that hole. My husband's father  
Sobb'd like a child—it almost broke his heart;

And once, as he was working in the cellar,<sup>1</sup>

He heard a voice distinctly;—'twas the youth's,  
Who sung a doleful song about green fields;

How sweet it were on lake or wild savannah

To hunt for food, and be a naked man,

And wander up and down at liberty.

He always doted on the youth, and now

His love grew desperate; and defying death,

<sup>1</sup> *In the cellar.*] "Near this dungeon": 1828 and 1834.

He made that cunning entrance I described ;  
And the young man escaped.

MARIA.

'Tis a sweet tale:  
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,  
His rosy face besoil'd with unwiped tears.  
And what became of him ?

FOSTER-MOTHER.

He went on ship-board,  
With those bold voyagers who made discovery  
Of golden lands. Leoni's youngest <sup>1</sup> brother  
Went likewise ; and when he return'd to Spain,  
He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,  
Soon after they arrived in that new world,  
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,  
And, all alone, set sail by silent moonlight  
Up a great river, great as any sea,  
And ne'er was heard of more ; but 'tis sup-  
posed,  
He lived and died among the savage men.

<sup>1</sup> *Youngest.*] " Younger " : 1828 and 1834.

## TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF  
HER INNOCENCE.\*

**M**YRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped,  
Pinest in the gladsome ray,  
Soil'd beneath the common tread,  
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the partridge o'er the sheaf  
Whirr'd along the yellow vale,  
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!  
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!  
Heave and flutter to his sighs,  
While the flatterer, on his wing,  
Woo'd and whisper'd thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk  
Wert thou danced and wafted high;  
Soon on this unshelter'd walk  
Flung to fade, to rot and die.

\* In the edition of 1797. It follows the next poem, in the original manuscript sent to Cottle, and is there headed "Allegorical lines on the same subject."



## TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

AT THE THEATRE.\*



M AIDEN, that with sullen brow  
 Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,  
 Like a scorch'd and mildew'd bough,  
 Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

Him who lured thee and forsook,  
 Oft I watch'd with angry gaze,  
 Fearful saw his pleading look,  
 Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth,  
 Soft his speech, and soft his sigh!  
 But no sound like simple truth,  
 But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,  
 Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!

\* First printed, in an earlier form, in the *Annual Anthology*, in 1800. Cottle received it, along with the last, for insertion in the edition of 1797, but he sent it back, with some suggestions, and it did not appear in that edition.

It would seem, from Cottle, to have been written before the poem last given.

Seek thy weeping mother's cot,  
With a wiser innocence.<sup>1</sup>

Thou hast known deceit and folly,  
Thou hast felt that vice is woe:  
With a musing melancholy  
Inly arm'd, go, Maiden! go.

Mother sage of self-dominion,  
Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!  
The strongest plume in wisdom's piniön  
Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark<sup>2</sup> and forlorn,  
While she moults the firstling plumes,  
That had skimm'd the tender corn,  
Or the bean-field's odorous blooms,

Soon with renovated wing  
Shall she dare a loftier flight,  
Upward to the day-star spring,  
And embathe in heavenly light.

<sup>1</sup> *Wiser innocence.*] Her innocence was *foolish* in the first instance.

<sup>2</sup> *Sky-lark.*] "Lavrac":—1800. The change to the text was suggested by Cottle in 1797. We are not sure we prefer it;—at least, the music of the line suffers by the change.

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-  
ROOM.\*



NOR cold, nor stern, my soul, yet I de-  
test  
These scented rooms ; where, to a  
gaudy throng,  
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast,  
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not music's genuine power, nor deign  
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint ;  
But when the long-breathed singer's uptrill'd  
strain  
Bursts in a squall, they gape for wonder  
ment.

Hark ! the deep buzz of vanity and hate !  
Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing  
sneer,  
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,  
While the pert captain, or the primmer  
priest,  
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene released,  
To hear our old musician, blind and grey,  
(Whom, stretching from my nurse's arms, I  
kiss'd,)

\* Printed in *The Morning Post*, September, 1799. It would seem to have been written in Germany.

His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,  
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,  
The while I dance amid the tedded hay  
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay  
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide  
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,  
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,  
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at  
ease,  
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,  
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and  
slow,  
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind  
careers,  
And the gust, pelting on the out-house shed,  
Makes the cock shrilly in the rain-storm  
crow,  
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,  
Ballad of ship-wreck'd sailor floating dead,  
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!  
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re-measures  
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures  
The things of Nature utter; birds or trees,  
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,  
Or where the stiff grass 'mid the heath-plant  
waves,  
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

## THE KEEPSAKE.\*



HE tedded hay, the first-fruits of the  
 soil,  
 The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in  
 one field,  
 Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove  
 tall  
 Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,  
 Or when it bends beneath the up-springing  
 lark,  
 Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose  
 (In vain the darling of successful love)  
 Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,  
 The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.  
 Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk,  
 By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,  
 That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,  
 Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!<sup>1</sup>  
 So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline  
 With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk  
 Has work'd, (the flowers which most she knew  
 I loved,)  
 And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

\* Printed in 1802.

<sup>1</sup> *Forget-me-not.*] One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*) and, I believe, in Denmark and Sweden.—C.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked  
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,  
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,  
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,  
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning  
breeze,

Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,  
Making a quiet image of disquiet  
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.  
There, in that bower where first she own'd her  
love,

And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy  
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and  
stretch'd

The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name  
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not,—  
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair !  
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,  
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,  
Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood  
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)  
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss  
With which she promised, that when spring re-  
turn'd,

She would resign one half of that dear name,  
And own thenceforth no other name but mine !

## TO A LADY.

WITH FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."



H! not by Cam or Isis, famous  
 streams,  
 In arched groves, the youthful  
 poet's choice ;  
 Nor while half-listening, 'mid delicious dreams,  
 To harp and song from lady's hand and voice :  
 Nor yet while gazing, in sublimer mood,  
 On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell ;  
 Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed  
 strew'd,  
 Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell ;  
 Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he  
 sings,  
 And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark,  
 Pity, hark !  
 Now mounts, now totters on the tempest's  
 wings,  
 Now groans, and shivers, the replunging  
 bark !  
 "Cling to the shrouds!" In vain! The  
 breakers roar—  
 Death shrieks ! With two alone of all his clan,  
 Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,  
 No classic roamer, but a ship-wreck'd man !  
 Say then, what Muse inspired these genial  
 strains,  
 And lit his spirit to so bright a flame ?

The elevating thought of suffer'd pains,  
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief,  
the name

Of gratitude! remembrances of friend,  
Or absent or no more! shades of the Past,  
Which love makes substance! Hence to thee I  
send,—  
O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send, with deep regards of heart and head,  
Sweet maid, for friendship form'd, this work  
to thee:  
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but  
shed  
A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me!

### TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.\*

**W**HY need I say, Louisa dear!  
How glad I am to see you here,  
A lovely convalescent;  
Risen from the bed of pain and fear,  
And feverish heat incessant.<sup>1</sup>

\* Stated in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800, where the signature "Laberius" is attached to it, to have been "written in the Spring, 1799." It must have been written in Germany. It was printed in *The Morning Post*, immediately after Coleridge's return.

The lady is called Ophelia in *The Annual Anthology*. There are also many variations in the text.

<sup>1</sup> *Incessant.*] For such an ear, and the like, as Cole-



The sunny showers, the dappled sky,  
 The little birds that warble high,  
 Their vernal loves commencing,  
 Will better welcome you than I,  
 With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,  
 Your danger taught us all to pray :  
 You made us grow devouter !  
 Each eye look'd up and seem'd to say,  
 How can we do without her ?

Besides, what vex'd us worse, we knew,  
 They have no need of such as you  
 In the place where you were going :  
 This world has angels all too few,  
 And Heaven is overflowing !

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY  
 NATURAL.\*

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.



I F I had but two little wings,  
 And were a little feathery bird,  
 To you I'd fly, my dear !  
 But thoughts like these are idle  
 things,  
 And I stay here.

ridge professed to have, could anything be more pitiful ? And what can we say for "warble high", and "influencing", in the second verse ? See note to *Recollections of Love*.

\* First printed in 1800, in *The Annual Anthology*, as also the following poem, both with the signature "Cor-

But in my sleep to you I fly :  
 I'm always with you in my sleep ;  
 The world is all one's own.  
 But then one wakes, and where am I ?  
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :  
 So I love to wake ere break of day :  
 For though my sleep be gone,  
 Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,  
 And still dreams on.

domi." Coleridge in the flesh was in Germany, but his heart at home.

No editor seems to have noticed that this little poem is a translation. It is the song Gretchen sang to herself, thinking of Faust, according to Mephistopheles. We find it in Herder's *Volkslieder*; also in the notes to Hayward's translation of *Faust*,—a book with which Coleridge was familiar (see *Table Talk*, Feb. 16, 1833), but which was not printed before 1833.

We subjoin the original poem, to show Coleridge at work :—

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär,  
 Und auch zwei Flügeln hätt,  
 Flög ich zu dir ;  
 Weils aber nicht kann seyn,  
 Bleib ich all hier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,  
 Bin ich doch im Schaf bei dir,  
 Und red mit dir ;  
 Wenn ich erwachen thu,  
 Bin ich allein.

Es vergeht keine Stund in der Nacht,  
 Da mein Herze nicht erwacht,  
 Und an dich gedenkt,  
 Dass du mir viel tausendmal  
 Dein Herze geschenkt.

## HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.\*



IS sweet to him, who all the week  
 Through city-crowds must push  
 his way,  
 To stroll alone through fields and  
 woods,  
 And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,  
 Sincere, affectionate and gay,  
 One's own dear children feasting round,  
 To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,  
 Who having long been doom'd to roam,  
 Throws off the bundle from his back,  
 Before the door of his own home ?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang ;  
 This feel I hourly more and more :  
 There's healing only in thy wings,  
 Thou breeze that play'st on Albion's shore !

\* First printed in 1800. Coleridge was in Germany from September, 1798, to August, 1799. We suspect that "written in Germany" is a euphemism for "A Translation from the German."

The first two verses of this poem are thoroughly German. The third paraphrases Catullus :—

O quid solutis est beatius curis,  
 Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto !

## ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.\*

**D**O you ask what the birds say? The  
 sparrow, the dove,  
 The linnet and thrush say, "I love  
 and I love!"

In the winter they're silent—the wind is so  
 strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud  
 song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny  
 warm weather,

And singing, and loving—all come back to-  
 gether.

But<sup>1</sup> the lark is so brimful of gladness and  
 love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
 That he sings, and he sings; and for ever  
 sings he—


"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

\* First printed in 1802.

<sup>1</sup> *But.*] The awkwardness of this "but" arises from the omission of two lines:—

"I love, and I love," almost all the birds say,  
 From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!"

THE VISIONARY<sup>1</sup> HOPE.\*

 AD lot, to have no hope! Though  
 lowly kneeling,  
 He fain would frame a prayer within  
 his breast,  
 Would fain intreat for some sweet breath of  
 healing,  
 That his sick body might have ease and rest;  
 He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his  
 chest<sup>2</sup>  
 Against his will the stifling load revealing,  
 Though Nature forced; though like some cap-  
 tive guest,  
 Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,  
 An alien's restless mood but half concealing,  
 The sternness on his gentle brow confess'd

\* "I wrote a few stanzas three-and-twenty years ago, soon after my eyes had been opened to the true nature of the habit into which I had been ignorantly deluded by the seeming magic effects of opium," etc.—C. *April*, 1826.

<sup>1</sup> *Visionary*.] Phantom-like, or seen in a vision. See note to *Songs of the Pixies*. Compare Wordsworth:—

"Silent the *visionary* warriors go;"

or,

"Thence did I drink the *visionary* power."

The sense of the word in line 24 is different.

Hazlitt writes,—“The province of the imagination is principally *visionary*, the unknown and undefined.”

<sup>2</sup> *Chest*.] We have had already this eccentric rhyme of “breast” and “chest” in *Christabel*, and shall meet with it yet again in *The Garden of Boccaccio*.

Sickness within and miserable feeling :  
 Though obscure pangs made curses of his  
     dreams,  
 And dreaded sleep,<sup>1</sup> each night repell'd in vain,  
 Each night was scatter'd by its own loud  
     screams :  
 Yet never could his heart command, though  
     fain,  
 One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That Hope, which was his inward bliss and  
     boast,  
 Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,  
 Though changed in nature, wander where he  
     would—  
 For Love's despair is but Hope's pining ghost !  
 For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,  
 He wishes and can wish for this alone !  
 Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its  
     gleams  
 (So the love-stricken visionary deems)  
 Disease would vanish, like a summer-shower,  
 Whose dews fling sunshine from the noontide  
     bower !  
 Or let it stay ! yet this one Hope should give  
 Such strength that he would bless his pains  
     and live.

<sup>1</sup> See the poem, *The Pains of Sleep*.

## THE HAPPY HUSBAND.\*



FT, oft, methinks, the while with Thee  
 I breathe, as from my heart, thy  
 dear  
 And dedicated name, I hear  
 A promise and a mystery,  
 A pledge of more than passing life,  
 Yea, in that very name of Wife !

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep !  
 A feeling that upbraids the heart  
 With happiness beyond desert,  
 That gladness half requests to weep !  
 Nor bless I not the keener sense  
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting  
 From jealous fears, or coy denying ;  
 But born beneath Love's brooding wing,  
 And into tenderness soon dying,  
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
 Resign the soul to love again :—

\* The edition of 1834 omits the words " A Fragment," originally appended to the title.

This poem was probably written in 1803, as we judge was also *Recollections of Love*,—the two, written in the same mood, love-songs addressed to his wife,—a priceless rarity of literature. We should have liked to add, as a third, *A Day Dream*.

A more precipitated vein  
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
 And leave their sweeter understrain  
 Its own sweet self—a love of Thee  
 That seems, yet cannot greater be!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

### I.



OW warm this woodland wild recess!

Love surely hath been breathing here;

And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!  
 Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,  
 As if to have you yet more near.

### II.

Eight springs have flown,<sup>1</sup> since last I lay,  
 On seaward Quantock's heathy hills,  
 Where quiet sounds from hidden rills  
 Float here and there, like things astray,  
 And high o'er-head the sky-lark shrills.

<sup>1</sup> *Eight springs, &c.—No voice, &c.—O Greta!*] Coleridge left Nether Stowey in 1798. Sara Coleridge boldly adds 8 to this, and fixes the date as 1806. She forgets that Coleridge was married in 1795.

Should it be—"since *first* I lay?" Does "seaward" conceal the solution? Coleridge was introduced to Sara in August of 1794. The spring of 1795 would bring us to 1803,—a likely date.



## III.

No voice as yet had made the air  
 Be music with your name : yet why  
 That asking look ? That yearning sigh ?  
 That sense of promise everywhere ?  
 Beloved ! flew your spirit by ?

## IV.

As when a mother doth explore  
 The rose-mark on her long lost child,  
 I met, I loved you, maiden mild !  
 As whom I long had loved before ;—  
 So deeply had I been beguiled.

## V.

You stood before me like a thought,  
 A dream remember'd in a dream.  
 But when those meek eyes first did seem  
 To tell me, Love within you wrought,—  
 O Greta, dear domestic stream !

## VI.

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,  
 Has not Love's whisper evermore,  
 Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar ?  
 Sole voice, when other voices sleep,  
 Dear under-song in clamour's hour.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Roar . . . hour.*] If, as Coleridge says in the *Table Talk*, then and again made no rhyme to his ear, how could he spoil this exquisitely-finished poem by such a rhyme as *roar* and *hour* ?

However, it is not his worst. In one of the stanzas of *Kubla Khan*, for instance, we have *dulcimer*, *saw*, and *Abora*,—the three words, doubtless, intended to rhyme. In *The Ancient Mariner*, *gusht* rhymes with *dust*.

## ON RE-VISITING THE SEA-SHORE,

AFTER LONG ABSENCE, UNDER STRONG

MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION

NOT TO BATHE.\*



OD be with thee, gladsome Ocean !  
 How gladly greet I thee once  
 more !  
 Ships and waves, and ceaseless mo-  
 tion,

And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild physician,  
 "Those briny waves for thee are death !"  
 But my soul fulfill'd her mission,  
 And lo ! I breathe untroubled breath !

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,  
 That seek the crowd they seem to fly,  
 Trembling, they approach thy waters ;  
 And what cares Nature, if they die ?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,  
 A thousand recollections bland,  
 Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,  
 Revisit on thy echoing strand :

\* Printed in 1801. It appears more clearly from the original title, that the writer *did* bathe :—"Ode after bathing in the sea, contrary to medical advice." We are inclined to conclude, after reading the poem, that the physician was right.

Dreams, (the soul herself forsaking,  
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth ;  
Silent adorations, making  
A blessed shadow of this Earth !

O ye hopes, that stir within me,  
Health comes with you from above !  
God is with me, God is in me !  
I cannot die, if Life be Love.





### III. MEDITATIVE POEMS IN BLANK VERSE.

“Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,  
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life  
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead :  
Nought sinks into the bosom’s silent depth.  
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure  
Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul  
Warmeth the inner frame.”—SCHILLER.

#### HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.\*

Besides the rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; and within a few paces of the glaciers, the *gentiana major* grows in immense numbers, with its “flowers of loveliest blue.”



HAST thou a charm to stay the morn-  
ing-star  
In his steep course? So long he  
seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base

\* So the heading is arranged in the edition of 1834. The poem was first printed in 1802. Compare with it

Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently ! Around thee and above  
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,  
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity !  
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed<sup>1</sup> upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in  
 prayer  
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my  
 thought,

Shelley's poem, dated June, 1816,—“*Mont Blanc. Lines written in the Vale of Chamouni.*” Shelley was staying, with his first wife, at Keswick, in the winter of 1811-12, and called, more than once, at Greta Hall ; but he only found Southey. Coleridge was gone, never to return.

<sup>1</sup> *I gazed, &c.*] “He never was at Chamouni, or near it, in his life,” says Wordsworth, in 1844.—*Prose Works*, iii. 442. Wordsworth himself was equally a deceiver, who tells he made up his friend Matthew out of a dozen different persons. Listen to Coleridge's original note :—“If any of my readers have visited this vale in their journeys among the Alps, I am confident that they will not find the sentiments and feelings expressed, or attempted to be expressed,”—a subtle touch!—“in the following poem, extravagant.”

The poem, in fact, as De Quincey tells us, is “an expansion of a short poem in stanzas upon the same subject by Frederica Brun, a female poet of Germany, previously known to the world under her maiden name of Münter.”

We append a literal rendering of the German poem,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there  
 As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart,  
                   awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale !  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,

originally inserted by H. N. Coleridge in his preface to the  
 "Table Talk."

## CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

### TO KLOPSTOCK.

#### I.

Out of the deep shade of the silent fir-grove trembling I  
 survey thee, mountain head of eternity, dazzling (blinding)  
 summit, from whose height my dimly-perceiving spirit  
 floats into the everlasting (or hovers, is suspended in  
 the everlasting).

#### II.

Who sank the pillar deep into the lap of earth, which  
 for centuries past props (or sustains) thy mass ? Who  
 upreared (*thürmte*, up-towered) high in the vault of ether  
 mighty and bold thy beaming countenance (*umstrahltes*,  
 beamed around) ?

#### III.

Who poured you from on high out of eternal winter's  
 realm, O jagged streams (*Zacken Ströme*) downward with

Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :  
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?  
 Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter  
 death,  
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shatter'd and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,

thunder noise ? and who commanded loud, with voice of  
 Omnipotence, " Here shall the stiffening billows rest ? "

## IV.

Who marks out there the path of the morning star ?  
 Who wreathes with blossoms the edge (skirt, border)  
 of eternal frost ? To whom, wild Arveiron, does thy wave-  
 commotion (or wave-dizziness, hurly-burly, or tumult of  
 waves, *Wogentümmel*) sound in terrible harmonies ?

## V.

Jehovah ! Jehovah ! crashes in the bursting ice ; ava-  
 lanche thunders roll it down the chasm (cleft, ravine).  
 Jehovah ! rustles (or murmurs) in the bright tree-tops ;  
 it whispers in the purling silver brooks.

Wordsworth, Coleridge tells us, " condemned the hymn  
 in toto, as a specimen of the mock sublime ; " whereas, as  
 he informs Allsop, Haydon, after reading it, wrote to him,  
 — " From this moment you are immortal. " Wordsworth  
 is certainly the nearer to the truth. The German original  
 is much superior to the paraphrase.

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your  
 joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's  
 brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the  
 sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living  
 flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your  
 feet?—

God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome  
 voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
 sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!



Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-point-  
 ing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure  
 serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with  
 tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !  
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE  
 HARTZ FOREST.\*



STOOD on Brocken's<sup>1</sup> sovran height,  
 and saw  
 Woods crowding upon woods, hills  
 over hills,

<sup>1</sup> *Brocken.*] The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.—C.

\* May 13, 1799. The poem has been somewhat altered

A surging scene, and only limited  
 By the blue distance. Heavily my way  
 Downward I dragg'd<sup>1</sup> through fir groves ever-  
 more,  
 Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral  
 forms  
 Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,  
 The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;  
 And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,  
 Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct  
 From many a note of many a waterfall,  
 And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet  
 stones  
 The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell  
 Leap'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat  
 Sate, his white beard slow waving. I moved on  
 In low and languid mood:<sup>2</sup> for I had found  
 That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive  
 Their finer influence from the life within:  
 Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import vague  
 Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds

since that date. It presents a singular contrast to the last one, and we can imagine that Coleridge placed them side by side designedly. It is by far the more genuine production of the two,—note especially “the dingy kidling”,—though it must have puzzled the landlord of the inn.

<sup>1</sup> *Dragg'd.*] “This dragging gait” was an earlier reading of the poem *Youth and Age*,—which see.

<sup>2</sup> *In low, &c.*]

“When I have gazed  
 From some high eminence on goodly vales  
 And cots and villages embower'd below,  
 The thought would rise that all to me was strange  
 Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot  
 Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.”  
 SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates*.—C.

History or prophecy of friend, or child,  
 Or gentle maid, our first and early love,  
 Or father, or the venerable name  
 Of our adored country ! O thou Queen,  
 Thou delegated deity of earth,  
 O dear, dear England ! how my longing eye  
 Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds  
 Thy sands and high white cliffs !

My native land !

Fill'd with the thought of thee this heart was  
 proud,  
 Yea, mine eye swam with tears : that all the  
 view

From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,  
 Floated away, like a departing dream,  
 Feeble and dim ! Stranger, these impulses  
 Blame thou not lightly ; nor will I profane,  
 With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,  
 That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel  
 That God is everywhere ! the God who framed  
 Mankind to be one mighty family,  
 Himself our Father, and the world our home.

## ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM

ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.\*



WEET Flower ! that peeping from  
 thy russet stem  
 Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange  
 sort

\* Written near Sheffield. Coleridge was on the tour undertaken to collect subscribers for *The Watchman*. See

This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering  
month

Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon  
thee

With blue voluptuous eye,) alas, poor Flower!

These are but flatteries of the faithless year.

Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,

E'en now the keen North-East is on its way.

Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee

To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth,

Nipp'd by consumption mid untimely charms?

Or to Bristowa's Bard,<sup>1</sup> the wondrous boy!

An amaranth, which earth scarce seem'd to own,

Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong

Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief

Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,

Bright flower of hope kill'd in the opening bud?

Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine

And mock my boding! Dim similitudes<sup>2</sup>

Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour

From anxious self, Life's cruel task-master!

And the warm wooings of this sunny day

Tremble along my frame, and harmonize

The attemper'd organ, that even saddest

thoughts

Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh

tunes

Play'd deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

*Biographia Literaria*, chap. x.: also the poem *To a Primrose, the First seen in the Season*.

<sup>1</sup> *Bristowa's Bard*.] Chatterton.—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Similitudes*.] These similitudes, to-day, may seem forced; but the world was much occupied with Chatterton and with Poland in 1796.

## THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON,\* SOMERSETSHIRE.



MY pensive Sara! thy soft cheek re-  
 clined  
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing-  
 sweet it is

To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown  
 With white-flower'd jasmin, and the broad-  
 leaved myrtle,

(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)  
 And watch the clouds, that late were rich with  
 light,

Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve  
 Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)  
 Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents  
 Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world  
 so hush'd!

The stilly murmur of the distant sea  
 Tells us of silence.

And that simplest lute,  
 Placed length-ways in the clasping casement,  
 hark!

How by the desultory breeze caress'd,  
 Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,

\* Coleridge, on his marriage, in October, 1795, took a cottage at Clevedon, where he resided only some months. See Introduction, § 1, and next poem.

It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs  
 Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its  
 strings

Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes <sup>1</sup>  
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,  
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound  
 As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve  
 Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,  
 Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,  
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,  
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed  
 wing!

O! the one life within us and abroad,  
 Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,  
 A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,  
 Rhythm in all thought, and joyance every-  
 where!

Methinks, it should have been impossible  
 Not to love all things in a world so fill'd,  
 Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still  
 air

Is Music slumbering on her instrument!

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope  
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,  
 Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I be-  
 hold

The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the  
 main,

And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;  
 Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Boldlier . . . sequacious . . .*] See poem *On a ruined house in a Romantic Country*.

And many idle fitting phantasies,  
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,  
As wild and various as the random gales  
That swell and flutter on this subject lute !

And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic harps diversly framed,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the Soul of each, and God of all ?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof  
Darts, O beloved woman ! nor <sup>1</sup> such thoughts  
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,  
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.  
Meek daughter in the family of Christ !  
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised  
These shapings of the unregenerate mind ;  
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break  
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.  
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,  
The Incomprehensible ! save when with awe  
I praise Him, and with faith that inly feels ;  
Who with His saving mercies healed me,  
A sinful and most miserable man,  
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess  
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honour'd  
Maid !

<sup>1</sup> *Nor . . . not.*] This double negative, Coleridge is so fond of,—Wordsworth, too, makes frequent use of it,—is sometimes an elegance, but here it is an intrusion.

## REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.\*

"Sermoni propiora."—HOR.

**N**OW was our pretty cot<sup>1</sup>: our tallest  
 rose  
 Peep'd at the chamber-window.  
 We could hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air  
 Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch  
 Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape  
 round

Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.  
 It was a spot which you might aptly call  
 The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw  
 (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)  
 A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,  
 Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd  
 His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse  
 With wiser feelings; for he paused, and look'd  
 With a pleas'd sadness, and gazed all around,  
 Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round again,  
 And sigh'd, and said, it was a Blessed Place.  
 And we *were* blessed. Oft, with patient ear  
 Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note,

\* See last poem. Written in 1796.

<sup>1</sup> *Low, &c.*] In fact, as Cottle tells us, it was only of one storey.



(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen  
 Gleaming on sunny wings,) in whisper'd tones  
 I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!  
 The inobtrusive song of happiness,  
 Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard  
 When the soul seeks to hear; when all is  
     hush'd,  
 And the heart listens!"

But the time, when first  
 From that low dell, steep up the stony mount  
 I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,  
 Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak  
     mount,  
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with  
     sheep;  
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny  
     fields:  
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,  
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;  
 And seats, and lawns, the Abbey, and the wood,  
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire:  
 The channel there, the islands and white sails,  
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless  
     Ocean—  
 It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,  
 Had built Him there a temple: the whole world  
 Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference;  
 No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.  
 Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and mount sub-  
     lime!  
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,  
 II. H

While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,  
That I should dream away the entrusted hours  
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart  
With feelings all too delicate for use ?

Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye  
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth :  
And he that works me good with unmoved face,  
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,  
My benefactor, not my brother man !

Yet even this, this cold beneficence,  
Praise, praise it, O my soul! oft as thou  
scann'st

The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !  
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the  
wretched,

Nursing in some delicious solitude  
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !  
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,  
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight  
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honourable toil  
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to  
dream,

My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot !  
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,  
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.  
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !  
Ah!—had none greater! And that all had  
such !

It might be so—but the time is not yet.  
Speed it, O Father ; Let Thy kingdom come !

## TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE,\*

OF OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON.

WITH SOME POEMS.

"Notus in fratres animi paterni."

HOR. *Carm.* lib. i. 2.

BLESSED lot hath he, who having  
 pass'd  
 His youth and early manhood in the  
 stir

And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,  
 With cares that move, not agitate the heart,  
 To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;<sup>1</sup>  
 And haply views his tottering little ones  
 Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,  
 On which first kneeling his own infancy  
 Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest  
 Friend!

Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.  
 At distance did ye climb life's upland road,  
 Yet cheer'd and cheering: now fraternal love  
 Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days  
 Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

\* Prefixed to the edition of 1797, and dated "Nether-Stowey, Somerset, May 26, 1797."

<sup>1</sup> *To the same, &c.*] This brother of Coleridge succeeded, ultimately, the father, in his double office of vicar and school-master.

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed  
 A different fortune and more different mind—  
 Me from the spot where first I sprang to light  
 Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd  
 Its first domestic loves ; and hence through life  
 Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief  
 while

Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills ;  
 But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,  
 If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze  
 Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once  
 Dropp'd the collected shower ; and some most  
 false,

False and fair-foliaged as the Manchineel,  
 Have tempted me to slumber in their shade  
 E'en mid the storm ; then breathing subtlest  
 damps,

Mix'd their own venom with the rain from  
 Heaven,

That I woke poison'd ! But, all praise to Him  
 Who gives us all things, more have yielded me  
 Permanent shelter ; and beside one friend,<sup>1</sup>  
 Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,  
 I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names  
 Of husband and of father ; not unhearing  
 Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,  
 Which from my childhood to maturer years  
 Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,  
 Bright with no fading colours !

Yet at times

My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through life

<sup>1</sup> *One friend.* T. Poole. See Introduction, § 1.

Still most a stranger, most with naked heart  
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly  
then,

When I remember thee, my earliest Friend!  
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my  
youth;

Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye;  
And boding evil yet still hoping good,  
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes  
Sorrow'd in silence! He who counts alone  
The beatings of the solitary heart,

That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever,  
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!

Oh! 'tis to me an ever new delight  
To talk of thee and thine; or when the blast  
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,  
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;  
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,  
We in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot  
Sit on the tree crook'd earth-ward; whose old  
boughs,

That hang above us in an arborous roof,  
Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May,  
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our  
heads!

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall those  
hours,

When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear  
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song  
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem  
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,  
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,  
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various strains,  
Which I have framed in many a various mood,  
Accept, my brother! and (for some perchance  
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)  
If aught of error or intemperate truth  
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age  
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

## INSCRIPTION

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.\*



THIS Sycamore, oft musical with  
bees,—  
Such tents<sup>1</sup> the Patriarchs loved!  
O long unharm'd  
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy  
The small round basin, which this jutting stone<sup>2</sup>

\* Printed in 1802. An exquisite imitation of the Greek epigrams. Compare the following one, literally rendered:—

“Rest here, beneath the shelter of this rock,  
Your tired limbs, stranger. Here the murmuring  
breeze  
Plays softly, mid green leaves, and you may drink  
Cool water from the spring:—to wayfarers  
A sweet relief, in sultry summer's heat.”

<sup>1</sup> *Tents.*] As in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, vii. 622-3:—

“That sycamore which annually holds  
Within its shade, as in a stately tent, . . .”

<sup>2</sup> *Stone.*] The original title was “Inscription on a jutting stone over a spring.”

Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the  
Spring,

Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,  
Send up cold waters to the traveller  
With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease  
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,  
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,  
As merry and no taller, dances still,  
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.  
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,  
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.  
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.  
Drink, Pilgrim, here ! Here rest ! and if thy  
heart

Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh  
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,  
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees !<sup>1</sup>

#### A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.\*



IS true, Idoloclastes Satyrane !  
(So call him, for so mingling blame  
with praise,  
And smiles with anxious looks, his  
earliest friends,

<sup>1</sup> *Bees.*] Clashes unhappily with the ending of the first line.

\* Coleridge printed this poem in *The Friend*, in 1809, where he tells us it is imitated from Chiabrera. Wordsworth wrote an article on epitaphs for *The Friend*. He also translated several epitaphs of Chiabrera. Coleridge was residing with him at the time *The Friend* was issued.

Masking his birth-name, wont to character  
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,)  
'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,  
And honouring with religious love the Great  
Of elder times, he hated to excess,  
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,  
The hollow puppets of a hollow age,  
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever  
Its worthless Idols ! learning, power, and time,  
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war  
Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,  
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,  
Even to the gates and inlets of his life !  
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,  
And with a natural gladness, he maintain'd  
The citadel unconquer'd, and in joy  
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.  
For not a hidden path, that to the shades  
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,  
Lurk'd undiscover'd by him ; not a rill  
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,  
But he had traced it upward to its source,  
Through open glade, dark glen, and secret  
dell,—  
Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and  
cull'd  
Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,  
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,  
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,  
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls  
Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame  
Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.  
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts !  
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth !



Philosopher ! contemning wealth and death,  
 Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love !  
 Here, rather than on monumental stone,  
 This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,  
 Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

### THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

In the June of 1797, some long-expected friends<sup>1</sup> paid a visit to the author's cottage ; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the garden-bower.



WELL, they are gone, and here must I  
 remain,  
 This lime-tree bower my prison ! I  
 have lost

Beauties and feelings, such as would have been  
 Most sweet to my remembrance, even when age  
 Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness ! They,  
 meanwhile,  
 Friends, whom I never more may meet again,  
 On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,  
 Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,  
 To that still roaring dell, of which I told ;  
 The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,  
 And only speckled by the mid-day sun ;

<sup>1</sup> *Friends.*] Charles and Mary Lamb.

Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock  
Flings arching like a bridge ;—that branchless  
ash,

Unsun'd and damp, whose few poor yellow  
leaves

Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,  
Fann'd by the water-fall ! and there my friends  
Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds,<sup>1</sup>  
That all at once (a most fantastic sight !)  
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge  
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge  
Beneath the wide wide Heaven, and view  
again

The many-steeped track magnificent  
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,  
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light  
up

The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles  
Of purple shadow ! Yes ! they wander on  
In gladness all ; but thou, methinks, most glad,  
My gentle-hearted<sup>2</sup> Charles ! for thou hast  
pined

And hunger'd after Nature, many a year,  
In the great city pent, winning thy way  
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain  
And strange calamity ! Ah ! slowly sink

<sup>1</sup> *Of long lank weeds.*] The *Asplenium Scolopendrium*, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's Tongue : but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the *Ophioglossum* only.—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Gentle-hearted.*] Lamb raised some humorously expressed objections to this epithet, and considered it as "equivocal at best."

Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun!  
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,  
 Ye purple heath-flowers! richer burn, ye  
 clouds!

Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!  
 And kindle, thou blue ocean! So my friend  
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,  
 Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round  
 On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem  
 Less gross than bodily; and of such hues  
 As veil the Almighty Spirit, when He makes  
 Spirits perceive His presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad  
 As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,  
 This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd  
 Much that hath soothed me. Pale beneath the  
 blaze

Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd  
 Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see  
 The shadow of the leaf and stem above  
 Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut-tree  
 Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay  
 Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps  
 Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest  
 mass

Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue  
 Through the late twilight: and though now  
 the bat

Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,  
 Yet still the solitary humble bee  
 Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall  
 know

That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure ;  
 No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,  
 No waste so vacant, but may well employ  
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart  
 Awake to love and beauty ! and sometimes  
 'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,  
 That we may lift the soul, and contemplate  
 With lively joy the joys we cannot share.  
 My gentle-hearted Charles ! when the last rook  
 Beat its straight path along the dusky air  
 Homewards, I blest it ! deeming its black wing  
 (Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light,)  
 Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated glory,  
 While thou stood'st gazing ; or when all was  
     still,  
 Flew creaking <sup>1</sup> o'er thy head, and had a charm  
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom  
 No sound is dissonant which tells of life.

<sup>1</sup> *Flew creaking.*] Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to observe that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savanna Crane. "When these birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate and regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, we plainly hear the quill feathers; their shafts and webs upon one another creak as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea."—C.

## TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING

NO MORE POETRY.



DEAR Charles !<sup>1</sup> whilst yet thou wert  
 a babe, I ween  
 That Genius plunged thee in that  
 wizard fount  
 Hight Castalie ; and (sureties of thy faith)  
 That Pity and Simplicity stood by,  
 And promised for thee, that thou shouldst re-  
 nounce  
 The world's low cares and lying vanities,  
 Stedfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,  
 And washed and sanctified to Poesy.  
 Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful  
 hand  
 Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son:  
 And with those recreant unbaptized heels

<sup>1</sup> *Charles.*] Charles Lloyd, Cottle says, but we agree with H. N. Coleridge in considering it to have been Lamb. Lamb's favourite poet at Christ's Hospital was Burns. "Burns was the god of my idolatry, as Bowles of yours."—Lamb to Coleridge, Dec. 1796. Burns died in July of this year.

The poem was printed in a Bristol paper, to aid a subscription for Burns's family, which Cottle,—that large-hearted busybody,—wished Bristol to contribute to. It might have been more judiciously worded.

Thou'rt flying from thy bounden ministries,—  
 So sore it seems and burthensome a task  
 To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou  
 heed!

For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed<sup>1</sup> boy,  
 And I have arrows<sup>2</sup> mystically dipt,  
 Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns  
 dead?

And shall he die unwept,<sup>3</sup> and sink to earth  
 “Without the meed of one melodious tear?”  
 Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved bard,  
 Who to the “Illustrious<sup>4</sup> of his native Land  
 So properly did look for patronage.”  
 Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!  
 They snatch'd him from the sickle and the  
 plough—  
 To gauge ale-firkins.<sup>5</sup>

Oh! for shame return!  
 On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian mount,

<sup>1</sup> *Wild-eyed.*] The expression is curious. It may be childish,—but we cannot help recalling that Lamb's eyes differed in colour.

<sup>2</sup> *Arrows, &c.*] *Vide* Pind. Olym. ii. l. 150.—C.

<sup>3</sup> *Unwept.*] Had Lamb also been requested to supply a poem?

<sup>4</sup> *Illustrious, &c.*] Verbatim from Burns's dedication of his Poem to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.—C.

<sup>5</sup> *Ale-firkins.*] We never could see the force of this oft-made reproach against Burns's well-meaning patrons; yet we sympathize with Hazlitt, when he speaks, in his *Lectures on the English Poets*, of “the incompatibility between the Muses and the Excise, which never agreed well together, or met in one seat, till they were unaccountably reconciled on Rydal Mount.” Does not Hazlitt forget that one peak of Parnassus was sacred to Bacchus?

There stands a lone and melancholy tree,  
 Whose aged branches to the midnight blast  
 Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,  
 Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be ex-  
 haled,

And weeping wreath it round thy poet's tomb.  
 Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,  
 Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers  
 Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit:  
 These with stopp'd nostril and glove-guarded  
 hand

Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine  
 The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility.<sup>1</sup>

1796.

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.\*

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION

OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN

INDIVIDUAL MIND.



RIEND of the wise! and teacher of  
 the good!

Into my heart have I received that  
 lay

<sup>1</sup> *Then in, &c.*] Landor might have written these concluding lines, which, we regret to say, Coleridge, according to Cottle, was very proud of.

\* In the edition of 1817—"To a Gentleman." "The Prelude" was written, 1799-1805, and dedicated to Coleridge. Mrs. Wordsworth, who published it in 1850, after

More than historic, that prophetic lay  
 Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
 Of the foundations and the building up  
 Of a Human Spirit, thou hast dared to tell  
 What may be told, to the understanding mind  
 Revealable; and what within the mind,

Wordsworth's death, observes in her preface—"Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in 'Sibylline Leaves.'"

Wordsworth left Germany in the sixth week of 1799. "Abroad" can hardly refer to Germany. Was a portion of the poem sent to Coleridge in Italy? He would read the first five books before he went there. Or should Mrs. Wordsworth's "while he was abroad" be "before he went abroad"?

In any case, the date of Coleridge's poem is 1806.

The last eight books of "The Prelude" were written in 1805, when Coleridge was at Malta. The sixth (of the fourteen) was begun during his outward voyage.

"Four years and thirty, told this very week,"

says Wordsworth, in the opening of it. Wordsworth was born April 7, 1770, and Coleridge sailed on April 2, 1804.

May we add here, from the sixth book, a few lines?—

"Far art thou wander'd now in search of health,  
 And milder breezes,—melancholy lot!  
 But thou art with us, with us in the past,  
 The present, with us in the times to come.  
 There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,  
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay,  
 No absence scarcely can there be for those  
 Who love as we do. Speed thee well! divide  
 With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,  
 Receive it daily, as a joy of ours;  
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift  
 Of gale Etesian, or of tender thoughts!"



By vital breathings secret as the soul  
 Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
 Thoughts all too deep for words !—

Theme hard as high !

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears,  
 (The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth,)  
 Of tides obedient to external force,  
 And currents self-determined, as might seem,  
 Or by some inner power ; of moments awful,  
 Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,  
 When power stream'd from thee, and thy soul  
 received

The light reflected, as a light bestow'd ;  
 Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,  
 Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
 Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens  
 Native or outland, lakes and famous hills !  
 Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
 Were rising ; or by secret mountain-streams,  
 The guides and the companions of thy way !

Of more than fancy, of the social sense  
 Distending wide, and man beloved as man,  
 Where France in all her towns lay vibrating,  
 Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst  
 Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no  
 cloud

Is visible, or shadow on the main.  
 For thou wert there, thine own brows gar-  
 landed,

Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,  
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant,  
 When from the general heart of human kind

Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity !  
 — Of that dear hope afflicted and struck down,  
 So summon'd homeward, thenceforth calm and  
     sure  
 From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute  
     self,  
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to look  
 Far on,—herself a glory to behold,  
 The Angel of the vision ! Then (last strain)  
 Of duty, chosen laws controlling choice,  
 Action and joy !—An Orphic song indeed,  
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,  
 To their own music chanted !

O great Bard !

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,  
 With stedfast eye I view'd thee in the choir  
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great  
 Have all one age, and from one visible space  
 Shed influence ! They, both in power and act,  
 Are permanent, and Time is not with them,  
 Save as it worketh for them, they in it.  
 Nor less a sacred roll than those of old,  
 And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame,  
 Among the archives of mankind, thy work  
 Makes audible a linked lay of truth,  
 Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,  
 Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes !  
 Ah ! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn,  
 The pulses of my being beat anew :  
 And even as life returns upon the drown'd,  
 Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains,—  
 Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe  
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart ;

And fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of  
 hope ;  
 And hope that scarce would know itself from  
 fear ;  
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,  
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain ;  
 And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,  
 And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all  
 Commune with thee had open'd out ;—but  
 flowers  
 Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,  
 In the same coffin, for the self-same grave !

That way no more ! and ill beseems it me,  
 Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,  
 Singing of glory, and futurity,  
 To wander back on such unhealthful road,  
 Plucking the poisons of self-harm ! And ill  
 Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths  
 Strew'd before thy advancing !

Nor do thou,  
 Sage Bard ! impair the memory of that hour  
 Of thy communion with my nobler mind  
 By pity or grief, already felt too long !  
 Nor let my words import more blame than  
 needs.

The tumult rose and ceased : for peace is nigh,  
 Where wisdom's voice has found a listening  
 heart.

Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,  
 The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours  
 Already on the wing !

Eve following eve,  
 Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of  
 home  
 Is sweetest ! moments for their own sake hail'd,  
 And more desired, more precious for thy song,  
 In silence listening, like a devout child,  
 My soul lay passive, by thy various strain  
 Driven, as in surges now beneath the stars,  
 With momentary stars of my own birth,  
 Fair constellated foam,<sup>1</sup> still darting off  
 Into the darkness ; now a tranquil sea,  
 Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when—O Friend ! my comforter and  
 guide !  
 Strong in thyself, and powerful to give  
 strength !—  
 Thy long sustained song finally closed,  
 And thy deep voice<sup>2</sup> had ceased,—yet thou thy-  
 self  
 Wert still before my eyes, and round us both  
 That happy vision of beloved faces,—  
 Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close

<sup>1</sup> *Fair, &c.*] “A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.”—Coleridge, in *The Friend*.

<sup>2</sup> “There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, &c. &c.”—*Hazlitt*. Compare Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare, &c.*, p. 62, note.

I sate, my being blended in one thought,  
 (Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)  
 Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound;—  
 And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

## THE NIGHTINGALE;

A CONVERSATION POEM. WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798.



O cloud, no relic of the sunken day  
 Distinguishes the West, no long thin  
 slip  
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling  
 hues.

Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!  
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,  
 But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,  
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,—  
 A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,  
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall  
 find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
 And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,  
 "Most musical, most melancholy"<sup>1</sup> bird!

<sup>1</sup> "*Most musical, most melancholy.*" This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton:

A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!  
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
 But some night-wandering man, whose heart  
     was pierced  
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
 (And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with  
     himself,  
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
 Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,  
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.  
 And many a poet echoes the conceit;  
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme,  
 When he had better far have stretch'd his  
     limbs  
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,  
 By sun or moon-light, to the influxes  
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements  
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song

a charge than which none could be more painful to him, except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible.—C.

The quotation occurs, without any qualifying note, in the poem *To the Nightingale* in our first division,—a poem which Coleridge afterwards cancelled.

Charles James Fox writes to Wordsworth in 1801, acknowledging a copy of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which *The Nightingale* appeared,—“*The Nightingale* I understand to be Mr. Coleridge's, who combats, I think, very successfully, the mistaken prejudice of the nightingale's note being melancholy.”

Hartley Coleridge has still his doubts,—though “jolly” is out of the question :—

“Oh nightingale! what doth she ail?  
 And is she sad or jolly?  
 For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
 So like to melancholy.”

And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame  
 Should share in Nature's immortality,  
 A venerable thing ! and so his song  
 Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself  
 Be loved like Nature ! But 'twill not be so ;  
 And youths and maidens most poetical,  
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring  
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still  
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs  
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister !<sup>1</sup> we have  
 learnt

A different lore : we may not thus profane  
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
 And joyance ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale  
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,  
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
 As he were fearful that an April night  
 Would be too short for him to utter forth  
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
 Of all its music !

And I know a grove<sup>2</sup>  
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,  
 Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so  
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,  
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,

<sup>1</sup> *My friend, &c.*] Doubtless, Wordsworth and his sister. Coleridge was at Nether Stowey in April, 1798. And see further,—“ now for our dear homes.”

<sup>2</sup> *Grove.*] We have Alfoxden described here, and Dora Wordsworth below, under a thin disguise.

Thin grass and king-cups grow within the  
paths.

But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
So many nightingales ; and far and near,  
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each other's song,  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than  
all ;

Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That should you close your eyes, you might  
almost

Forget it was not day ! On moon-lit bushes,  
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,  
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,  
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright  
and full,

Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the  
shade

Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home  
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve  
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate  
To something more than Nature in the grove)  
Glides through the pathways ; she knows all  
their notes,

That gentle Maid ! and oft a moment's space,  
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,  
Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moon  
Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky  
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds



Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
 As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
 A hundred airy harps ! And she hath watch'd  
 Many a Nightingale perch'd<sup>1</sup> giddily  
 On blossomy twig still swinging from the  
     breeze,  
 And to that motion tune his wanton song  
 Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.!

Farewell, O Warbler ! till to-morrow eve,  
 And you, my friends ! farewell, a short fare-  
     well !

We have been loitering long and pleasantly,  
 And now for our dear homes.—That strain  
     again ?

Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who, capable of no articulate sound,<sup>3</sup>  
 Mars all things with his imitative lisp,  
 How he would place his hand beside his ear,  
 His little hand, the small forefinger up,  
 And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise  
 To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows  
     well

The evening-star ; and once, when he awoke  
 In most distressful mood (some inward pain  
 Had made up that strange thing, an infant's  
     dream,)

<sup>1</sup> *Perch'd.*] So, editions of 1828 and 1834. It may be a misprint for "perch," as Macmillan's edition prints, but it is doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> *My dear babe.*] Hartley Coleridge, born September, 1796.

<sup>3</sup> *Capable of, &c.*] Yet he was eighteen months old in April, 1798.

I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,  
 And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,  
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,  
 While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd  
     tears,  
 Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam!—Well!  
 It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven  
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow  
     up  
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night  
 He may associate joy!—Once more, farewell,  
 Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends!  
     farewell.

### FROST AT MIDNIGHT.\*



HE frost performs its secret ministry,  
 Unhelp'd by any wind. The owlet's  
     cry  
 Came loud—and hark, again! loud  
     as before.

The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,  
 Have left me to that solitude, which suits  
 Abstruser musings; save that at my side  
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.  
 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs  
 And vexes meditation with its strange  
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,

\* First printed in 1798, and dated *February*. See note to *France: an Ode*.

This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and  
wood,

With all the numberless goings on of life,  
Inaudible as dreams ! The thin blue flame  
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not ;  
Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate,  
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.  
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature  
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,  
Making it a companionable form,  
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling spirit  
By its own moods interprets, every where  
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,  
And makes a toy of thought.

But O ! how oft,  
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,  
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,  
To watch that fluttering stranger !<sup>1</sup> and as oft,  
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt  
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-  
tower,  
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang  
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,  
So sweetly, that they stirr'd and haunted me  
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear  
Most like articulate sounds of things to come !  
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt  
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my  
dreams !  
And so I brooded all the following morn,

<sup>1</sup> *Stranger.*] The popular name for the film of soot, supposed to announce someone's arrival.

Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye  
 Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book :  
 Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd  
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leap'd up,  
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,  
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,<sup>1</sup>  
 My play-mate when ' we both were clothed  
 alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,  
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep  
 calm,

Fill up the interspersed vacancies  
 And momentary pauses of the thought !  
 My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart  
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,  
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,  
 And in far other scenes ! For I was rear'd  
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,  
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.  
 But thou,<sup>2</sup> my babe ! shalt wander like a  
 breeze

By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,

<sup>1</sup> *Sister.*] See " Additional Early Poems."

<sup>2</sup> *But thou, &c.*] " There is a single line in one of his father's poems", says Wordsworth, speaking of Hartley Coleridge, (1850), " which I consider explains the after life of the son." In his poem, *To H. C., Six Years Old*, Wordsworth had long before sung—

" O thou ! whose fancies from afar are brought ;  
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
 And fittest to unutterable thought  
 The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol ; "

Which image in their bulk both lakes and  
shores

And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and  
hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible  
Of that eternal language, which thy God  
Utters, who from eternity doth teach  
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.  
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould  
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,  
Whether the summer clothe the general earth  
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing  
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch  
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch  
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-  
drops fall,

Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
Or if the secret ministry of frost<sup>1</sup>  
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

and Hartley himself says, in the sonnet in which he dedicates, in 1833, his poems to his father,—

“The prayer was heard: I wander’d like a breeze,  
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,  
And gather’d there the shapes and phantasies  
Which, &c.”

<sup>1</sup> *Secret ministry.*] As in the first line.



#### IV. THE THREE GRAVES.\*

##### 'A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE.

[The author has published the following humble fragment, encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator; and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At all events, it is not presented as Poetry, and it is in no way connected with the Author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must have been supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows.

Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen her bosom-friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance,

\* First printed in *The Friend* in 1809. The statement that it was composed "somewhat more than twelve years ago" puts its composition in the Nether-Stowey period.

The poem is worthy to take its place by the side of *The Ancient Mariner*. It lacks the able revision by which that poem so much profited, and it is incomplete; but there is, we think, no poem of Coleridge cleverer than this.

which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes and intentions to Mary's mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another daughter (the father died in their infancy) retaining, for the greater part, her personal attractions and comeliness of appearance; but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have my daughter." From this time all their wooing passed under the mother's eye; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her future son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the tale are positive facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistaking her increasing fondness for motherly affection: she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent emotion,—“O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you.” The Lover's eyes were now opened: and thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect of the horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense of the guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a curse both on him and on her own child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh and her mother's blasphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran up stairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her

mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the tale begins.

I was not led to choose this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination, from an idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the Oby witchcraft on the negroes in the West-Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting anecdotes of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to), and I conceived the design of showing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

The Tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country church-yard, to a traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were grave-stones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual : on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, "The Mercy of God is infinite." 1818.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1818.] So, edition of 1834. Nothing can be made of the date. We thought at first it might be a misprint for 1808, and the note have been written then, appearing, as it did, in *The Friend*, in 1809; but the original copy of the note, in the South Kensington Museum, in Coleridge's hand, is dated "Monday night, August 28th," and August 28 fell on a Monday in 1809. Strange as it may seem, we incline to think it a slip of the editor's, who, remembering that the poem had appeared in *The Friend* (though only in the first edition, 1809), carelessly appended 1818, the date of the second.

And why does Sara Coleridge (*Biog. Lit.*) fix 1805 or 6 as the date of the composition of the poem? She merely subtracts "more than twelve" (see previous note) from her husband's 1818, quite unheedful of the fact that Coleridge was abroad in 1805 and in most of 1806.



## PART III.



HE grapes upon the Vicar's wall  
 Were ripe as ripe could be ;  
 And yellow leaves in sun and wind  
 Were falling from the tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane  
 Still swung the spikes of corn :  
 Dear Lord ! it seems but yesterday—  
 Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,  
 There leads from Edward's door  
 A mossy track, all over-bough'd,  
 For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track  
 The bride and bridegroom went ;  
 Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,  
 Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the church-yard came,  
 I've heard poor Mary say,  
 As soon as she stepp'd into the sun,  
 Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar join'd their hands,  
 Her limbs did creep and freeze ;

But when they pray'd, she thought she saw  
Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they return'd ;—  
I saw poor Mary's back,  
Just as she stepp'd beneath the boughs  
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track  
The married maiden set:  
That moment,—I have heard her say,—  
She wish'd she could forget.

The shade o'er-flush'd her limbs with  
heat ;—  
Then came a chill like death !  
And when the merry bells rang out,  
They seem'd to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest mother's curse  
No child could ever thrive :  
A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive.

So five months pass'd : the mother still  
Would never heal the strife ;  
But Edward was a loving man,  
And Mary a fond wife.

“ My sister may not visit us,  
My mother says her nay :  
O Edward ! you are all to me ;  
I wish for your sake I could be  
More lifesome and more gay.

“ I’m dull and sad ! indeed, indeed,  
I know I have no reason !  
Perhaps I am not well in health,  
And ’tis a gloomy season.”

’Twas a drizzly time,—no ice, no snow !  
And on the few fine days  
She stirr’d not out, lest she might meet  
Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways  
And weather dark and dreary,  
Trudged every day to Edward’s house,  
And made them all more cheery.

Oh ! Ellen was a faithful friend,  
More dear than any sister !  
As cheerful too as singing lark ;  
And she ne’er left them till ’twas dark,  
And then they always miss’d her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day  
But few to church repair :  
For on that day you know we read  
The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,  
Once, Sir ! he said to me,  
He wish’d that service was clean out <sup>1</sup>  
Of our good liturgy.

<sup>1</sup> *Clean out, &c.*] Coleridge avails himself of the vulgar error that in this service the churchman curses his neighbour.

The mother walk'd into the church ;—  
To Ellen's seat she went :  
Though Ellen always kept her church  
All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her  
With courteous looks and mild :  
Thought she, " what if her heart should  
melt,  
And all be reconciled ! "

The day was scarcely like a day ;—  
The clouds were black outright :  
And many a night, with half a moon,  
I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild ; against the glass  
The rain did beat and bicker ;  
The church-tower swaying over head,  
You scarce could hear the Vicar !

And then and there the mother knelt,  
And audibly she cried ;—  
" Oh ! may a clinging curse consume  
This woman by my side !

" O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,  
Although thou take my life—  
O curse this woman, at whose house  
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

" By night and day, in bed and bower,  
O let her cursed be ! "

So having pray'd, steady and slow,  
 She rose up from her knee,  
 And left the church, nor e'er again  
 The church-door enter'd she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,  
 So pale! I guess'd not why:  
 When she stood up, there plainly was  
 A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all  
 Came round and ask'd her why:  
 Giddy she seem'd, and sure, there was  
 A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepp'd  
 She smiled and told us why:—  
 "It was a wicked woman's curse,"  
 Quoth she, "and what care I?"

She smiled, and smiled, and pass'd it off,  
 Ere from the door she stept;  
 But all agree it would have been  
 Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,  
 This was her constant cry,—  
 "It was a wicked woman's curse:  
 God's good, and what care I?"

There was a hurry in her looks,  
 Her struggles she redoubled:  
 "It was a wicked woman's curse,  
 And why should I be troubled?"

These tears will come,—I dandled her  
When 'twas the merest fairy ;—  
Good creature ! and she hid it all :  
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale : her arms  
Round Ellen's neck she threw ;  
“ O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,  
And now she hath cursed you ! ”

I saw young Edward by himself  
Stalk fast adown the lee,  
He snatch'd a stick from every fence,  
A twig from every tree.

He snapp'd them still with hand or knee,  
And then away they flew !  
As if with his uneasy limbs  
He knew not what to do !

You see, good Sir ! that single hill ?  
His farm lies underneath :  
He heard it there, he heard it all,  
And only gnash'd his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love  
In all his joys and cares :  
And Ellen's name and Mary's name  
Fast-link'd they both together came,  
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers  
He loved them both alike :  
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy  
Upon his heart did strike !

He reach'd his home, and by his looks  
They saw his inward strife:  
And they clung round him with their arms,  
Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,  
So on his breast she bow'd;  
Then frenzy melted into grief,  
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,  
But closelier did she cling,  
And turn'd her face and look'd as if  
She saw some frightful thing.

## PART IV.

To see a man tread over graves,  
I hold it no good mark;  
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,  
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave? The Lord He gives,  
The Lord He takes away:  
O Sir! the child of my old age  
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one  
That was not dug by me,  
I'd rather dance upon 'em all  
Than tread upon these three!

“Aye, Sexton! ’tis a touching tale.”  
You, Sir! are but a lad;  
This month I’m in my seventieth year,  
And still it makes me sad.

And Mary’s sister told it me,  
For three good hours and more;  
Though I had heard it, in the main,  
From Edward’s self before.

Well! it pass’d off! the gentle Ellen  
Did well nigh dote on Mary;  
And she went oftener than before,  
And Mary loved her more and more:  
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,  
To church on Sundays came;  
All seem’d the same: all seem’d so, Sir!  
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!  
But she was seldom cheerful;  
And Edward look’d as if he thought  
That Ellen’s mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself  
Must sing some merry rhyme!  
She could not now be glad for hours,  
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all  
Her soothing words, ’twas plain,  
She had a sore grief of her own,  
A haunting in her brain.



And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!  
And then her wrist she spann'd:  
And once when Mary was down-cast,  
She took her by the hand,  
And gazed upon her, and at first  
She gently press'd her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length  
Did gripe like a convulsion!  
Alas! said she, we ne'er can be  
Made happy by compulsion!

And once her both arms suddenly  
Round Mary's neck she flung,  
And her heart panted, and she felt  
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power  
Had she the words to smother;  
And with a kind of shriek she cried,  
"Oh Christ! you're like your mother!"

So gentle Ellen now no more  
Could make this sad house cheery;  
And Mary's melancholy ways  
Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,  
Though tired in heart and limb:  
He loved no other place, and yet  
Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,  
And nothing in it read;

Then flung it down, and groaning cried,  
"Oh! Heaven! that I were dead."

Mary look'd up into his face,  
And nothing to him said;  
She tried to smile, and on his arm  
Mournfully lean'd her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell  
Upon his knees in prayer:  
"Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,  
It is too great to bear!"

'Twas such a foggy time as makes  
Old sextons, Sir! like me,  
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring  
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,  
They came, we knew not how:  
You look'd about for shade, when scarce  
A leaf was on a bough.

It happen'd then ('twas in the bower  
A furlong up the wood:  
Perhaps you know the place, and yet  
I scarce know how you should),—

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh  
To any pasture-plot;  
But cluster'd near the chattering brook,  
Lone hollies mark'd the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape  
As of an arbour took,—

A close, round arbour ; and it stands  
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still  
With scarlet berries hung,  
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn,  
Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet  
To hear the Sabbath-bell,  
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,  
Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head  
Upon a mossy heap,  
With shut-up senses, Edward lay :  
That brook e'en on a working day  
Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had pass'd a restless night,  
And was not well in health ;  
The women sat down by his side,  
And talk'd as 'twere by stealth.

“ The sun peeps through the close thick leaves,  
See, dearest Ellen ! see !  
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,  
No bigger than your ee ;

“ A tiny sun, and it has got  
A perfect glory, too :  
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,  
Make up a glory, gay and bright,  
Round that small orb, so blue.”

And then they argued of those rays,  
 What colour they might be :  
 Says this, " they're mostly green ;" says that,  
 " They're amber-like to me."

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts  
 Were troubling Edward's rest ;  
 But soon they heard his hard quick pants,  
 And the thumping in his breast.

" A mother, too ! " these self-same words  
 Did Edward mutter plain ;  
 His face was drawn back on itself,  
 With horror and huge pain.

Both groan'd at once, for both knew well  
 What thoughts were in his mind ;  
 When he waked up, and stared like one  
 That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright ; and ere the dream  
 Had had time to depart,  
 " O God, forgive me ! (he exclaimed)  
 I have torn out her heart ! "

Then Ellen shriek'd, and forthwith burst  
 Into ungentle laughter ;  
 And Mary shiver'd, where she sat,  
 And never she smiled after.<sup>1</sup>

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow ! and To-morrow ! and To-morrow !—C.

<sup>1</sup> *After.*] In Coleridge's *rifacimento* of *The Friend* (1818), we read as follows :—" In the homely ballad of *The Three Graves* (published in my *Sibylline Leaves*), I have attempted to exemplify the effect which one painful idea,

vividly impressed on the mind under unusual circumstances, might have in producing an alienation of the understanding; and in the parts hitherto published, I have endeavoured to trace the progress to madness, step by step. But though the main incidents are facts, the detail of the circumstances is of my own invention; that is, not what I knew, but what I conceived likely to have been the case, or at least equivalent to it. In the tale that follows, . . . &c."—See this tale, in *The Friend*, pp. 224-35 (Standard Library Edition).





V. ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS.

DEJECTION.\*

AN ODE.

“Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,  
With the old moon in her arms;<sup>1</sup>  
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!  
We shall have a deadly storm.”

*Ballad of Sir PATRICK SPENCE.*

I.

**W**ELL! if the Bard was weather-wise,  
who made  
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick  
Spence,

This night, so tranquil now, will not go  
hence

Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade

\* “Keswick, April 4, 1802.”—Sara Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii.

<sup>1</sup> *Arms.*] Should be “arm”; and “storm” is pronounced “starm” in the Northern counties.

Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy  
flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,  
Which better far were mute.

For lo! the new moon, winter-bright!

And overspread with phantom light,  
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,  
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread!)

I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling

The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,  
And the slant night-shower driving loud and  
fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst  
they awed,

And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move  
and live!

## II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear,—

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,

To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green<sup>1</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> *Green.*] So, *Fears in Solitude*:—

“The level sunshine glimmers with green light.”

And still I gaze,—and with how blank an  
eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
That give away their motion to the stars;  
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always  
seen;

Yon crescent moon, as fix'd as if it grew  
• In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

## III.

My genial spirits fail;  
And what can these avail,  
To lift the smothering weight from off my  
breast?

It were a vain endeavour,  
Though I should gaze for ever  
On that green light that lingers in the west:  
I may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life, whose fountains are  
within.

## • IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live:  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!  
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,



A light,<sup>1</sup> a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the Earth ;  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

## V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me  
 What this strong music in the soul may be !  
 What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady ! joy that ne'er was given,  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and  
 shower,—

Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower<sup>2</sup>

A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud ;  
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous  
 cloud ;—

We in ourselves rejoice !  
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

<sup>1</sup> *A light.*] See opening of Wordsworth's Ode on *Intimations of Immortality*, for more about this

"Light, that never was on sea or land."

<sup>2</sup> *Dower.*] We have removed a confusing comma :—  
 "Joy, wedding Nature, gives us in dower a new earth,  
 &c."

## VI.

There was a time when, though my path was  
rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :  
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd  
mine.

But now <sup>1</sup> afflictions bow me down to earth :  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,

But oh ! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,

My shaping <sup>2</sup> spirit of Imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient, all I can ;

And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man ;—

This was my sole resource, my only plan :

Till that which suits a part infects the whole,

And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

## VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my  
mind,

Reality's dark dream !

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,

*But now, &c.*] "I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were," &c. &c.—*Table Talk* : July 6, 1833.

<sup>2</sup> *Shaping, &c.*] See *Lines on a Friend who died of a Frenzy Fever*, where Coleridge has previously told us how Heaven endowed him with "a shaping mind."

Which long has raved unnoticed. What a  
 scream  
 Of agony by torture lengthen'd out  
 That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest  
 without,  
 Bare crag, or mountain-tairn,<sup>1</sup> or blasted  
 tree,  
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
 Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,  
 Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
 Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry  
 song,  
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.  
 Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
 Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!  
 What tell'st thou now about?  
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,  
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting  
 wounds:—  
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with  
 the cold!  
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!  
 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
 With groans, and tremulous shudderings,—all  
 is over!  
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep  
 and loud!

<sup>1</sup> *Tairn*.] Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.—C.

A tale of less affright,  
 And temper'd with delight,  
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay ;—  
 'Tis of a little child  
 Upon a lonesome wild,  
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :  
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her  
 mother hear.

## VIII.

- 'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of  
 sleep :  
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !  
 Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,  
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth ;  
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwell-  
 ing,  
 Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping  
 Earth !  
 With light heart may she rise,  
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes ;  
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice :  
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,—  
 Their life the eddy of her living soul !  
 O simple spirit, guided from above,  
 Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,  
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF  
DEVONSHIRE,\*

ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE  
OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!  
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,  
With well strung arm, that first preserved his child,  
Then aim'd<sup>1</sup> the arrow at the tyrant's heart."



PLENDOUR'S fondly foster'd child!  
And did you hail the platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell?

O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,  
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man  
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from  
fear!

Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear,  
Obeisance, praises, soothed your infant heart:  
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,

\* Printed in Dec., 1799.

<sup>1</sup> *Then aimed, &c.*] In *The Annual Anthology*, 1800,  
this line is given differently:—

"Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart."

With many a bright obtrusive form of art,  
 Detain'd your eye from nature : stately vests,  
 That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,  
 Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,  
 Were yours unearn'd by toil ; nor could you see  
 The unenjoying toiler's misery.  
 And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
 You hail'd the chapel and the platform wild,  
     Where once the Austrian fell  
     Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
 Whence learn'd you that heroic measure ?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame  
 All living faculties of bliss :  
 And Genius to your cradle came,  
 His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,  
 And bending low, with godlike kiss  
 Breathed in a more celestial life !  
 But boasts not many a fair compeer  
 A heart as sensitive to joy and fear ?  
 And some, perchance, might wage an equal  
 strife,  
 Some few, to nobler being wrought,  
 Co-rivals <sup>1</sup> in the nobler gift of thought.  
     Yet these delight to celebrate  
     Laurell'd war and plumy state ;  
     Or in verse and music dress  
     Tales of rustic happiness.  
 Pernicious tales ! insidious strains !  
 That steel the rich man's breast,

<sup>1</sup> *Co-rivals.*] So, edition of 1828. The edition of 1834 has "corrivals".

And mock the lot unblest,  
 The sordid vices and the abject pains,  
 Which evermore must be  
 The doom of ignorance and penury !  
 But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
 You hail'd the chapel and the platform wild,  
 Where once the Austrian fell  
 Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
 Whence learn'd you that heroic measure ?

You were a mother ! That most holy name,  
 Which Heaven and Nature bless,  
 I may not vilely prostitute to those  
 Whose infants owe them less  
 Than the poor caterpillar owes  
 Its gaudy parent fly.  
 You were a mother ! at your bosom fed  
 The babes that loved you. You, with laugh-  
 ing eye,  
 Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling  
 read,  
 Which you yourself created. Oh ! delight !  
 A second time to be a mother,  
 Without the mother's bitter groans :  
 Another thought, and yet another,  
 By touch or taste, by looks or tones,  
 O'er the growing sense to roll,  
 The mother of your infant's soul !  
 The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides  
 His chariot-planet round the goal of day,  
 All trembling gazes on the eye of God,  
 A moment turn'd his awful face away ;  
 And as he view'd you, from his aspect sweet

New influences in your being rose,—  
 Blest intuitions and communions fleet  
 With living Nature, in her joys and woes !  
 Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see  
 The shrine of social Liberty !  
 O beautiful ! O Nature's child !  
 'Twas thence you hail'd the platform wild,  
     Where once the Austrian fell  
     Beneath the shaft of Tell !  
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !  
 Thence learn'd you that heroic measure.

#### ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.\*



TRANQUILLITY ! thou better  
     name  
 Than all the family of Fame !  
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age  
 To low intrigue, or factious rage :  
     For oh ! dear child of thoughtful Truth,  
     To thee I gave my early youth,  
 And left the bark, and blest the stedfast shore,  
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with  
     its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,  
 On him but seldom, Power divine,  
 Thy spirit rests ! Satiety  
 And sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,

\* Printed in Dec., 1801.



Mock the tired worldling. Idle hope  
And dire remembrance interlope,  
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind :  
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks  
behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead  
At morning through the accustom'd mead ;  
And in the sultry summer's heat  
Will build me up a mossy seat !  
And when the gust of Autumn crowds  
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,  
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart  
attune,—  
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding  
moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,—  
To thee I dedicate the whole !  
And while within myself I trace  
The greatness of some future race,  
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan  
The present works of present man,—  
A wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile,  
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile !

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND,\*

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE

AUTHOR. COMPOSED IN 1796.



**A** MOUNT, not wearisome and bare  
 and steep,  
 But a green mountain variously  
 up-piled,  
 Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,  
 Or colour'd lichens with slow oozing weep;  
 Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;  
 And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash  
 Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the ash;  
 Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds  
 beguiled,  
 Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;  
 Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,  
 That rustling on the bushy cliff above,  
 With melancholy bleat of anxious love,  
 Made meek enquiry for her wandering lamb:  
 Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to  
 climb,  
 E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness:—

\* This was Charles Lloyd, who accompanied Coleridge to Bristol on Sept. 20, 1796. See *Sonnet composed on a Journey Homeward*. He took up his residence with Coleridge at Bristol at this time, moving with him later to Nether Stowey.

How more than sweet, if some dear friend  
should bless

The adventurous toil, and up the path sub-  
lime

Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape  
round,

Wide and more wide, increasing without bound !

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark  
The berries of the half-uprooted ash  
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's  
dash,—

Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,  
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;  
In social silence now, and now to unlock  
The treasured heart; arm link'd in friendly  
arm,

Save if the one, his muse's witching charm  
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance  
lag;

Till high o'erhead his beckoning friend ap-  
pears,

And from the forehead of the topmost crag

Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears  
That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,

Which latest shall detain the enamour'd  
sight

Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,

Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;

And haply, bason'd in some unsunn'd cleft,

A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,  
Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the  
gale!

Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,

Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the  
 pine,

And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,  
 Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine  
 To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,  
 While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-be-  
 dew'd :

Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the  
 mount,  
 To some low mansion, in some woody dale,  
 Where smiling with blue eye, domestic bliss  
 Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss.

Thus rudely `versed in allegoric lore,  
 The Hill of Knowledge I essay'd to trace;  
 That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,  
 And many a stream, whose warbling waters  
 pour

To glad and fertilize the subject plains;  
 That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,  
 And many a fancy-blest and holy sod

Where Inspiration, his diviner strains  
 Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the  
 rocks

Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks  
 Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,  
 And bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!

O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,  
 Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;

And from the stirring world up-lifted high,  
 (Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,  
 To quiet musings shall attune the mind,  
 And oft the melancholy theme supply,)

There, while the prospect through the gazing  
 eye  
 Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,  
 We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at  
 fame,  
 Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the  
 same,  
 As neighbouring fountains image each the  
 whole :  
 Then when the mind hath drunk its fill of  
 truth,  
 We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,  
 Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.  
 They whom I love shall love thee, honour'd  
 youth !  
 Now may Heaven realize this vision bright !

LINES TO W. L.\*

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

**W**HILE my young cheek retains its  
 healthful hues,  
 And I have many friends who  
 hold me dear ;  
 L—— ! methinks, I would not often hear

\* *W. L.*] W. Linley. Wordsworth remarks of this sonnet,—“As a strain of feeling, and for unity of effect, it is very happily done.”—*Prose Works*, iii. 336. Printed in 1800.

Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose  
 All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,  
 For which my miserable brethren weep !  
 But should uncomforted misfortunes steep  
 My daily bread in tears and bitterness ;  
 And if at death's dread moment I should lie  
 With no beloved face at my bed-side,  
 To fix the last glance of my closing eye,  
 Methinks, such strains, breathed by my  
 angel-guide,  
 Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,  
 Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died !

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF  
 FORTUNE \*,

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND  
 CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.




HENCE that fantastic wantonness of  
 woe,  
 O Youth to partial fortune vainly  
 dear !  
 To plunder'd want's half-shelter'd hovel go,  
 Go, and some hunger-bitten infant hear

\* Probably Lloyd, whom Sara Coleridge describes as  
 "poor only in health and nervous sanity." This poem was  
 published along with the *Ode to the Departing Year*, in  
 1796, or rather 1797. From its position in the text, we  
 gather that we are expected to accept it as a sonnet.

Moan haply in a dying mother's ear :  
 Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood  
 O'er the rank church-yard with sear elm-leaves  
     strew'd,  
 Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer  
     part  
     Was slaughter'd, where o'er his uncoffin'd  
     limbs  
 The flocking flesh-birds scream'd ! Then, while  
     thy heart  
     Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,  
 Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young  
     mind)  
 What nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee  
     heal !  
 O object ! if, to sickly dreams resign'd,  
 All effortless thou leave life's common-weal  
     A prey to tyrants, murderers of mankind.

## SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.\*


 DEAR native brook ! wild streamlet of  
     the West !  
     How many various-fated years  
     have past,  
     What happy, and what mournful hours, since  
     last

\* In the edition of 1797. The substance of it is to be found in *The Watchman* of 1796. See Introduction, § 2.

I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy  
     breast,  
 Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest  
 Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine  
     eyes  
 I never shut amid the sunny ray,  
 But straight with all their tints thy waters  
     rise,  
 Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows  
     grey,  
 And bedded sand that, vein'd with various dyes,  
 Gleam'd through thy bright transparence! On  
     my way,  
 Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled  
 Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest  
     sighs:  
 Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

## SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR  
 HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE  
 BIRTH OF A SON, SEPT. 20,<sup>1</sup> 1796.



FT o'er my brain does that strange  
     fancy roll  
 Which makes the present (while  
     the flash doth last)

<sup>1</sup> *Sept. 20.]* Coleridge was at Birmingham. The title is ambiguous. The intelligence reached him on the 20th, but Hartley Coleridge was born on the 19th.



Seem a mere semblance of some unknown  
 past,  
 Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul  
 Self-question'd in her sleep: and some have  
 said<sup>1</sup>

We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.  
 O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,  
 If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead,  
 (As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear,)  
 I think, that I should struggle to believe  
 Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere  
 Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;  
 Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's  
 quick relieve,  
 While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

## SONNET,

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED HOW I FELT WHEN THE  
 NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.\*



HARLES! my slow heart was only  
 sad, when first  
 I scann'd that face of feeble in-  
 fancy:

For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst  
 All I had been, and all my child might be!

<sup>1</sup> *Have said.*] "Ἦν που ἡμῶν ἡ ψύχη πριν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ εἶδει γενέσθαι.—PLAT. in *Phædon*.—C.


\* Probably Lamb, who mentions the sonnet in Nov., 1796:—"Your last, and in my eye, best sonnet," are his

But when I saw it on its mother's arm,  
 And hanging at her bosom (she the while  
 Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile,)  
 Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm  
 Impress'd a father's kiss : and all beguiled  
 Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,  
 I seem'd to see an angel-form appear—  
 'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild !  
 So for the mother's sake the child was dear,  
 And dearer was the mother for the child.

### THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A ROMAN

CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY.\*

ORMI Jesu ! Mater ridet,  
 Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,  
 Dormi, Jesu ! blandule !  
 Si non dormis, Mater plorat,  
 Inter fila cantans orat,  
 Blande, veni, somnule.

words. Another sonnet on the same subject, enclosed in a letter to Poole, will be found in "Miscellaneous Poems and Fragments." In the edition of 1797.

\* So the date is 1798-9. At least, it was then the Latin lines were copied. They may have been translated later. They do not appear in "The Annual Anthology." The poem was first printed in 1811.

## ENGLISH.

Sleep, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling :  
 Mother sits beside thee smiling :  
     Sleep, my darling, tenderly !  
 If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,  
 Singing as her wheel she turneth :  
     Come, soft slumber, balmily !

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.\*



ITS balmy lips the infant blest  
 Relaxing from its mother's breast,  
 How sweet it heaves the happy  
     sigh  
 Of innocent satiety !

And such my infant's latest sigh !  
 O tell, rude stone ! the passer-by  
 That here the pretty babe doth lie,  
 Death sang to sleep with lullaby.

\* First printed in "Sibylline Leaves," 1817. There is an "Epitaph on an Infant" among the "Earlier", and another among the "Later Poems." The infant of the text *may* be Berkley Coleridge, who died at 9 months old, in Feb., 1799 ; but the poem is hardly serious enough.

Compare Herrick :—

" Here a pretty baby lies,  
 Sung asleep with lullabies :  
 Pray be silent, and not stir  
 Th' easie earth that covers her."

## MELANCHOLY.\*

A FRAGMENT.



STRETCH'D on a moulder'd Abbey's  
 broadest wall,  
 Where ruining ivies propp'd the  
 ruins steep,—  
 Her folded arms wrapping her tatter'd pall,  
 Had Melancholy mused herself to sleep.  
 The fern was press'd beneath her hair,  
 The dark green Adder's Tongue<sup>1</sup> was  
 there;  
 And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,  
 The long lank leaf bow'd fluttering o'er her cheek.  
 That pallid cheek was flush'd: her eager look  
 Beam'd eloquent in slumber! Inly wrought,  
 Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,  
 And her bent forehead work'd with troubled  
 thought.  
 Strange was the dream—<sup>2</sup>

\* First published in the "Morning Chronicle," in the year 1794.—C.

<sup>1</sup> *Adder's Tongue.*] A botanical mistake. The plant I meant is called the Hart's Tongue; but this would unluckily spoil the poetical effect. *Cedat ergo Botanice.*—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Dream.*—] The edition of 1834 ends thus abruptly, omitting the remainder of the verse:—

"that fill'd her soul,  
 Nor did not whispering spirits roll  
 A mystic tumult, and a fateful rhyme  
 Mix'd with wild shapings o' the unborn time.  
 The effect gained by the erasure is evident. We should

## TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.\*

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

## I.



MARK this holy chapel well !  
 The birth-place, this, of William Tell.  
 Here, where stand's God's altar  
 dread,  
 Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

## II.

Here, first, an infant to her breast,  
 Him his loving mother prest ;  
 And kiss'd the babe, and bless'd the day,  
 And pray'd as mothers use to pray.

## III.

“ Vouchsafe him health, O God ! and give  
 The child Thy servant still to live ! ”  
 But God had destined to do more  
 Through him, than through an armed power.

judge the lines finally omitted to have been an after addition, to round off the “ fragment.”

\* First printed in “ Sibylline Leaves.” Other imitations from Stolberg,—*The British Stripling's War-Song*, and *On a Cataract*,—will be found in a later division. The first of these was printed in 1799, and *Tell's Birth-Place* is probably also of the German period. See *Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire*.

## IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,  
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause ;—  
A spirit to His rocks akin,  
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein.

## V.

To Nature and to Holy Writ  
Alone did God the boy commit :  
Where flash'd and roar'd the torrent, oft  
His soul found wings, and soar'd aloft !

## VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase  
Had form'd his limbs to strength and grace :  
On wave and wind the boy would toss,  
Was great, nor knew how great he was !

## VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,  
Made strong by God, his native land  
Would rescue from the shameful yoke  
Of Slavery—the which he broke !

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.\*

## I.



HE Shepherds went their hasty way,  
And found the lowly stable-shed  
Where the Virgin-Mother lay :  
And now they check'd their eager  
tread,  
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,  
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

## II.

They told her how a glorious light,  
Streaming from a heavenly throng,  
Around them shone, suspending night !  
While sweeter than a mother's song,  
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God on high ! and Peace on Earth.

## III.

She listen'd to the tale divine,  
And closer still the Babe she press'd ;  
And while she cried, the Babe is mine !  
The milk rush'd faster to her breast :  
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;  
Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is  
born.

\* Printed in 1799.

## IV.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,  
 Poor, simple, and of low estate!  
 That strife should vanish, battle cease,  
 O why should this thy soul elate?  
 Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,—  
 Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of fame and  
 glory?

## V.

And is not War a youthful king,  
 A stately hero clad in mail?  
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;  
 Him earth's majestic monarchs hail  
 Their friend, their playmate! and his bold  
 bright eye  
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

## VI.

“Tell this in some more courtly scene,  
 To maids and youths in robes of state!  
 I am a woman poor and mean,  
 And therefore is my soul elate.  
 War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,  
 That from the aged father tears his child!

## VII.

“A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
 He kills the sire and starves the son;  
 The husband kills, and from her board  
 Steals all his widow's toil had won;  
 Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away  
 All safety from the night, all comfort from the  
 day.



## VIII.

“ Then wisely is my soul elate,  
 That strife should vanish, battle cease :  
 I'm poor and of a low estate,  
 The Mother of the Prince of Peace.  
 Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn :  
 Peace, Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is  
 born.”

## HUMAN LIFE.\*

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY. A FRAGMENT.



F dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom  
 Swallow up life's brief flash for  
 aye, we fare  
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth  
 and doom,

Whose sound and motion not alone declare,  
 But are their whole of being ! If the breath  
 Be life itself, and not its task and tent,  
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;  
 O Man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,  
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !  
 Surplus of nature's dread activity,  
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finish'd  
 vase,  
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,  
 She form'd with restless hands unconsciously !

\* First printed in "Sibylline Leaves."

Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!

If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,  
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy  
fears,

The counter-weights!—Thy laughter and thy  
tears

Mean but themselves, each fittest to create  
And to repay the other! Why rejoices  
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?  
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's  
hood,

Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,  
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,  
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?  
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou with-  
hold

These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?  
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!  
Thou hast no reason why! Thou can'st have  
none!

Thy being's being is contradiction.

## AN ODE TO THE RAIN.\*

COMPOSED BEFORE DAY-LIGHT, ON THE MORNING AP-  
POINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY,  
BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT VISITOR, WHOM IT WAS  
FEARED THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN.

I.



KNOW it is dark; and though I  
have lain  
Awake, as I guess, an hour or  
twain,

I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes,  
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.

O Rain! that I lie listening to,  
You're but a doleful sound at best:

I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,  
For breaking thus my needful rest!

Yet if, as soon as it is light,  
O Rain! you will but take your flight,  
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,  
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.

But<sup>1</sup> only now, for this one day,  
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

\* First printed in 1817, omitted in 1828 and in 1834,  
and reprinted in the "Literary Remains," 1836.

<sup>1</sup> But, &c.] In the "Remains" these two lines com-  
mence the second verse.

## II.

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,  
 The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!  
 You know, if you know aught, that we,  
 Both night and day, but ill agree:  
 For days, and months, and almost years,<sup>1</sup>  
 Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,  
 Since body of mine,<sup>2</sup> and rainy weather,  
 Have lived on easy terms together.  
 Yet if, as soon as it is light,  
 O Rain! you will but take your flight,  
 Though you should come again to-morrow,  
 And bring with you both pain and sorrow;  
 Though stomach should sicken, and knees  
     should swell,—  
 I'll nothing speak of you but well.  
 But only now for this one day,  
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

## III.

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say  
 You're a good creature in your way:  
 Nay, I could write a book myself,  
 Would fit a parson's lower shelf,

<sup>1</sup> *Almost years.*] Coleridge settled in rain-soddened Keswick about the end of August, 1800. The Lambs visited him in August, 1802. This is "almost years." If we might venture to surmise the friends of verse iv. to have been the Lambs, to whom the description answers well, the date of the poem would be Aug., 1802.

It is right to add that the poem is dated 1809 in the "Remains."

<sup>2</sup> *Since body of mine, &c.*] See similar expressions in *Youth and Age*.

Shewing, how very good you are.—  
 What then? sometimes it must be fair!  
 And if sometimes, why not to-day?  
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

## IV.

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,  
 Take no offence! I'll tell you why.  
 A dear old Friend e'en now is here,  
 And with him came my sister dear;  
 After long absence now first met,  
 Long months by pain and grief beset.  
 We<sup>1</sup> three dear friends! in truth, we groan  
 Impatiently to be alone.  
 We three, you mark! and not one more!  
 The strong wish makes my spirit sore.  
 We have so much to talk about,  
 So many sad things to let out;  
 So many tears in our eye-corners,  
 Sitting like little Jacky Horners,—  
 In short, as soon as it is day,  
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

## V.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!  
 Whenever you shall come again,  
 Be you as dull as e'er you could,  
 (And by the bye 'tis understood,  
 You're not so pleasant, as you're good),  
 Yet, knowing well your worth and place,  
 I'll welcome you with cheerful face;

<sup>1</sup> *We.*] Printed "with" in the "Remains", as also,—  
 but this is of course,—in the edition of 1852.

And though you stay'd a week or more,  
 Were ten times duller than before ;  
 Yet with kind heart, and right good will,  
 I'll sit and listen to you still ;  
 Nor should you go away, dear Rain !  
 Uninvited to remain.  
 But only now, for this one day,  
 Do go, dear Rain ! do go away.

### THE VISIT OF THE GODS.\*

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.



NEVER, believe me,  
 Appear the Immortals,  
 Never alone :  
 Scarce had I welcomed the sor-  
 row-beguiler,  
 Iacchus ! but in came boy Cupid, the smiler ;  
 Lo ! Phœbus, the glorious, descends from his  
 throne !  
 They advance, they float in, the Olympians all !  
 With Divinities fills my  
 Terrestrial hall !

How shall I yield you  
 Due entertainment,  
 Celestial quire ?

\* First printed in 1817.

Me rather, bright guests ! with your wings of  
 upbuoyance,  
 Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of  
 joyance,-  
 That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre !  
 Hah ! we mount ! on their pinions they waft up  
 my soul !

O give me the nectar !  
 O fill me the bowl !

Give him the nectar !  
 Pour out for the poet !  
 Hebe ! pour free !

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,  
 That Styx the detested no more he may view,  
 And like one of us gods may conceit him to be !  
 Thanks, Hebe ! I quaff it ! Io Pæan, I cry !  
 The wine of the Immortals  
 Forbids me to die !

## ELEGY,\*

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE

INSCRIPTIONS.



NEAR the lone pile with ivy over-  
 spread,  
 Fast by the rivulet's sleep-per-  
 suading sound,

\* First printed in 1817.

Where "sleeps the moonlight"<sup>1</sup> on yon verdant bed,—

O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!

And there his spirit most delights to rove:  
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,

And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,

And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,

His manhood blossom'd; till the faithless pride  
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous heaven her guilt pursue!

Where'er with wilder'd steps she wander'd pale,

Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,

Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,

Amid the pomp of affluence she pined;

Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms

Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

<sup>1</sup> *Sleeps, &c.*] We might say of this quotation, as Wordsworth of the acknowledgment of his lines in *The Ancient Mariner*,—"with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded."



Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow  
fraught:  
Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming  
youth,  
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught  
That riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.





## THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.\*

A VISION.

**A**USPICIOUS Reverence!<sup>1</sup> Hush all  
meaner song,  
Ere we the deep prelude strain  
have pour'd  
To the Great Father, only rightful King,  
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!  
To the Will Absolute, the One, the Good!  
The I AM, the Word, the Life, the Living God!

\* The substance of Coleridge's contribution to Southey's *Joan of Arc*, 1st edition,<sup>1</sup>1796. In the editions of 1828 and 1834 the poem is placed after *Religious Musings*, among the "Juvenile Poems,"—its proper position. In fact, but for Coleridge's "anxieties and slothfulness,"—as he himself puts it,—it would have appeared in the edition of 1797, with the title "The Progress of Liberty, or the Visions of the Maid of Orleans." The "anxieties" were probably due to Lamb's pitiless criticisms (see his Letters), which he calls "indirect flattery."

The original version, as it appeared in *Joan of Arc*, will be found in the Appendix to Cottle's "Early Recollections, &c."

<sup>1</sup> *Auspicious Reverence!*] *Favete linguis!*

Such symphony requires best instrument.  
 Seize, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied  
 dome  
 The harp which hangeth high between the  
 shields.  
 Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that  
 Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back  
 Earth's free and stirring spirit that lies en-  
 tranced.

For what is freedom, but the unfetter'd use  
 Of all the powers which God for use had given?  
 But chiefly this, Him first, Him last to view,  
 Through meaner powers and secondary things  
 Effulgent, as through clouds that veil His blaze.  
 For all that meets the bodily sense I deem  
 Symbolical, one mighty alphabet  
 For infant minds; and we in this low world  
 Placed with our backs to bright reality,  
 That we may learn with young unwounded ken  
 The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,  
 Whose latence is the plenitude of all,  
 Thou with retracted beams, and self-eclipse  
 Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves  
 most free  
 When they within this gross and visible sphere  
 Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,  
 Proud in their meanness: and themselves they  
 cheat.  
 With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,  
 Their subtle fluids,<sup>1</sup> impacts, essences,

<sup>1</sup> *Subtle fluids, &c.*] Coleridge judiciously omitted his long original note here, on Hartley's adaptation to the

Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all  
 Those blind omniscients, those almighty slaves,  
 Untenanting creation of its God.

But properties are God : the naked mass  
 (If mass there be, fantastic guess or ghost,)  
 Acts only by its inactivity.  
 Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think  
 That as one body seems the aggregate  
 Of atoms numberless, each organized ;  
 So by a strange and dim similitude  
 Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds  
 Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs  
 With absolute ubiquity of thought  
 (His one eternal self-affirming act !)  
 All his involved Monads, that yet seem  
 With various province and apt agency  
 Each to pursue its own self-centering end.  
 Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine ;  
 Some roll the genial juices through the oak ;  
 Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,  
 And rushing on the storm with whirlwind  
 speed,  
 Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.  
 Thus these pursue their never-varying course,  
 No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,  
 With complex interests weaving human fates,

operation of thought of Newton's theory of an aether,—  
 "a very subtle and elastic fluid" diffused through matter.  
 Compare with this the theories, which preceded the dis-  
 covery of the circulation of the blood ; and read again,  
 from this point of view, the passage in *The Merchant*  
*of Venice* :—

"*Jessica*. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.  
*Lorenzo*. The reason is, *your spirits are attentive.*"

Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,  
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious o'er dark realms  
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,  
And on the rude eye, unconfirm'd for day,  
Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom.  
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head  
The Laplander beholds the far-off sun  
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,  
While yet the stern and solitary night  
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn  
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,  
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake  
Or Balda Zhiok,<sup>1</sup> or the mossy stone  
Of Solfar-Kapper,<sup>2</sup> while the snowy blast  
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,  
Making the poor babe at its mother's back<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Balda Zhiok.*] *i.e.* mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Solfar-Kapper.*] “Capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religio-  
soque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.”—  
LEEMIIUS, *De Lapponibus*.—C.

<sup>3</sup> *Back.*] The Lapland women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle. Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.—“Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo presertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus oblecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lac-

Scream in its scanty cradle ; he the while  
 Wins gentle solace as with upward eye  
 He marks the streamy banners of the North,  
 Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join  
 Who there in floating robes of rosy light  
 Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power  
 That first unsensualizes the dark mind,  
 Giving it new delights ; and bids it swell  
 With wild activity ; and peopling air,  
 By obscure fears of beings invisible,  
 Emancipates it from the grosser thrall  
 Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,  
 Till Superstition with unconscious hand  
 Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not  
 vain,

Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,  
 I deem those legends terrible, with which  
 The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng :  
 Whether of pitying Spirits that make their  
 moan

O'er slaughter'd infants, or that giant bird  
 Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise  
 Is tempest, when the unutterable<sup>1</sup> shape  
 Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters  
 once

That shriek, which never murderer heard, and  
 lived.

Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance  
 Pierces the untravell'd realms of Ocean's bed

*tantem autem infantem, si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.*"—LEEMIUS, *De Lapponibus*.—C.

<sup>1</sup> *Unutterable.*] Jaibme Aibmo.—C.

Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave  
 By mis-shaped prodigies beleagner'd, such  
 As earth ne'er bred, nor air, nor the upper sea :  
 Where dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard  
                   name

With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,  
 And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,  
 Unsleping Silence guards, worn out with fear  
 Lest haply 'scaping on some treacherous blast  
 The fateful word let slip the elements  
 And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,  
 Arm'd with Torngarsuck's<sup>1</sup> power, the Spirit  
                   of Good,

Forces to unchain the foodful progeny  
 Of the Ocean stream ;—thence thro' the realm  
                   of souls,

Where live the innocent, as far from cares  
 As from the storms and overwhelming waves  
 That tumble on the surface of the Deep,  
 Returns with far-heard pant, hotly pursued  
 By the fierce Warders of the sea, once more,  
 Ere by the frost foreclosed, to repossess  
 His fleshly mansion, that had stay'd the while  
 In the dark tent within a cowering group  
 Untenanted.—Wild phantasies ! yet wise,

<sup>1</sup> *Torngarsuck.*] They call the Good Spirit *Torngarsuck*. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless Female ; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an *Angekok* or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over a horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.—See CRANTZ'S *Hist. of Greenland*, vol i. 206.—C.

- On the victorious goodness of high God  
Teaching reliance, and medicinal hope,  
Till from Bethabrah northward heavenly Truth,  
With gradual steps, winning her difficult way,  
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be beings of higher class than Man,  
I deem no nobler province they possess,  
Than by disposal of apt circumstance  
To rear up kingdoms: and the deeds they  
prompt,  
Distinguishing from mortal agency,  
They choose their human ministers from such  
states

As still the Epic song half fears to name,  
Repell'd from all the minstrelsies that strike  
The palace-roof and soothe the monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words  
Witness'd by answering deeds may claim our  
faith)

Held commune with that warrior-maid of France  
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant  
days,

With Wisdom, mother of retired thoughts,  
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to  
mark

The good and evil thing, in human lore  
Undisciplined. For lowly was her birth,  
And Heaven had doom'd her early years to  
toil,

That pure from tyranny's least deed, herself  
Unfear'd by fellow-natures, she might wait  
On the poor labouring man with kindly looks,



And minister refreshment to the tired  
 Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn  
     bench  
 The sweltry man had stretch'd him, and aloft  
 Vacantly watch'd the rudely-pictured board  
 Which on the mulberry-bough with welcome  
     creak  
 Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the  
     Maid  
 Learnt more than schools could teach: Man's  
     shifting mind,  
 His vices and his sorrows! and full oft  
 At tales of cruel wrong and strange distress  
 Had wept and shiver'd. To the tottering old  
 Still as a daughter would she run: she placed  
 His cold limbs at the sunny door, and loved  
 To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,  
 Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons pass'd. The Virgin's form,  
 Active and tall, nor sloth nor luxury  
 Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and  
     broad,  
 Her flexile eye-brows wildly haired and low,  
 And her full eye, now bright, now unillumed,  
 Spake more than Woman's thought: and all  
     her face  
 Was moulded to such features as declared  
 That pity there had oft and strongly work'd,  
 And sometimes indignation. Bold her mien,  
 And like a haughty huntress of the woods  
 She moved: yet sure she was a gentle maid!  
 And in each motion her most innocent soul

Beam'd forth so brightly, that who saw would  
say,

Guilt was a thing impossible in her !  
Nor idly would have said,—for she had lived  
In this bad world, as in a place of tombs,  
And touch'd not the pollutions of the dead.

'Twas the cold season when the rustic's eye  
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields  
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints  
And clouds slow varying their huge imagery ;  
When now, as she was wont, the healthful  
Maid

Had left her pallet ere one beam of day  
Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone,  
Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,  
With dim inexplicable sympathies  
Disquieting the heart, shapes out man's course  
To the predoom'd adventure. Now the ascent  
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top  
The Pilgrim-man, who long since eve had  
watch'd

The alien shine of unconcerning stars,  
Shouts to himself, there first the abbey-lights  
Seen in Neufchatel's vale ; now slopes adown  
The winding sheep-track vale-ward : when,  
behold

In the first entrance of the level road  
An unattended team ! The foremost horse  
Lay with stretch'd limbs ; the others, yet alive,  
But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes  
Hoar with the frozen night dews. Dismally  
The dark-red dawn now glimmer'd ; but its  
gleams

Disclosed no face of man. The maiden paused,  
Then hail'd who might be near. No voice re-  
plied.

From the thwart wain at length there reach'd  
her ear

A sound so feeble that it almost seem'd  
Distant,—and feebly, with slow effort push'd,  
A miserable man crept forth: his limbs  
The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.  
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, mean time,  
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture  
A mother and her children,—lifeless all,  
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marr'd,—  
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!  
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,  
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,  
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand  
Stretch'd on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,

The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.  
He, his head feebly turning, on the group  
Look'd with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke  
The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out an-  
guish.

She shudder'd: but, each vainer pang subdued,  
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse  
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil  
The stiff, cramp'd team forced homeward.

There arrived

Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs,  
And weeps and prays: but the numb power of  
death

Spreads o'er his limbs ; and ere the noon-tide  
hour,  
The hovering spirits of his wife and babes  
Hail him immortal ! Yet amid his pangs,  
With interruptions long from ghastly throes,  
His voice had falter'd out this simple tale.

The village, where he dwelt a husbandman,  
By sudden inroad had been seized and fired  
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife  
And little ones he hurried his escape.  
They saw the neighbouring hamlets flame, they  
heard  
Up roar and shrieks ! and terror-struck drove on  
Through unfrequented roads, a weary way !  
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had  
quench'd  
Their evening hearth-fire : for the alarm had  
spread.  
The air clipp'd keen, the night was fang'd with  
frost,  
And they provisionless ! The weeping wife  
Ill hush'd her children's moans ; and still they  
moan'd,  
Till fright and cold and hunger drank their  
life.  
They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas  
death.  
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,  
Gain'd a sad respite, till beside the base  
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropp'd  
dead.  
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of  
food,

He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,  
Till waken'd by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was  
suffer'd,

Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid  
Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark!  
And now her flush'd tumultuous features shot  
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye  
Of misery fancy-crazed! and now once more  
Naked, and void, and fix'd, and all within  
The unquiet silence of confused thought  
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand  
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul  
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,  
Aside the beacon, up whose smoulder'd stones  
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly,—there,  
Unconscious of the driving element,  
Yea, swallow'd up in the ominous dream, she  
sate,  
Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish  
Breathed from her look! and still with pant  
and sob  
Inly she toil'd to flee, and still subdued,  
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toil'd in troublous ecstasy,  
A horror of great darkness wrapt her round,  
And a voice utter'd forth unearthly tones,  
Calming her soul,—“O Thou of the Most High  
Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven  
Behold expectant ——”

[The following fragments were intended to form part of  
the Poem when finished.]

“Maid beloved of Heaven !

(To her the tutelary Power exclaim'd,)  
 Of Chaos the adventurous progeny  
 Thou seest ; foul missionaries of foul sire,  
 Fierce to regain the losses of that hour  
 When Love rose glittering, and his gorgeous  
 wings

Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise,  
 As what time after long and pestful calms,  
 With slimy shapes and miscreated life  
 Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze  
 Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night  
 A heavy unimaginable moan  
 Sent forth, when she the Protoplast beheld  
 Stand beauteous on confusion's charmed wave.  
 Moaning she fled, and enter'd the Profound  
 That leads with downward windings to the  
 Cave

Of darkness palpable, desert of Death  
 Sunk deep beneath Gehenna's massy roots.  
 There many a dateless age the beldame lurk'd  
 And trembled ; till engender'd by fierce Hate,  
 Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,  
 Shaped like a black cloud mark'd with streaks  
 of fire.

It roused the Hell-Hag : she the dew-damp  
 wiped  
 From off her brow, and through the uncouth  
 maze

Retraced her steps ; but ere she reach'd the  
 mouth

Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,  
 Nor dared re-enter the diminished Gulf.  
 As through the dark vaults of some moulder'd  
 tower,

(Which, fearful to approach, the evening hind  
 Circles at distance in his homeward way,)  
 The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining  
 groan  
 Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice  
 Night murmur'd, and the sound through Chaos  
 went.

Leap'd at her call her hideous-fronted brood!  
 A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth,  
 Since that sad hour, in camps and courts adored,  
 Rebels from God, and tyrants o'er Mankind!"

---

From his obscure haunt  
 Shriek'd Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly dam,  
 Feverish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,  
 As she that creeps from forth her swampy  
 reeds,  
 Ague, the biform hag! when early Spring  
 Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

---

"Even so (the exulting Maiden said)  
 The sainted heralds of good tidings fell,  
 And thus they witness'd God! But now the  
 clouds  
 Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they  
 soar  
 Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing  
 Loud songs of triumph! O ye spirits of God,  
 Hover around my mortal agonies!"  
 She spake, and instantly faint melody

Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,  
 Such measures as, at calmest midnight heard  
 By aged hermit in his holy dream,  
 Foretell and solace death; and now they rise  
 Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice  
 The white-robed<sup>1</sup> multitude of slaughter'd  
 saints

At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant  
 Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony  
 Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense  
 Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:  
 And through a mist, the relic of that trance,  
 Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appear'd,  
 Its high, o'erhanging, white, broad-breasted  
 cliffs

Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain  
 Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon  
 The ploughman following sad his meagre team  
 Turn'd up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones  
 Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there  
 All mingled lay beneath the common earth,  
 Death's gloomy reconcilment! O'er the fields  
 Stepp'd a fair Form, repairing all she might,  
 Her temples olive-wreathed; and where she  
 trod,

<sup>1</sup> *The, &c.*] Revel. vi. 9, 11. "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."—C.



Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.  
 But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,  
 And anxious pleasure beam'd in her faint eye,  
 As she had newly left a couch of pain,  
 Pale convalescent! (yet some time to rule  
 With power exclusive o'er the willing world,  
 That blest prophetic mandate then fulfill'd,  
 Peace be on Earth!) A happy while, but brief,  
 She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,  
 And heal'd the recent harm of chill and blight,  
 And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous  
 grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd  
 hollow :

Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream,)  
 Their reddening shapes, transform'd to warrior-  
 hosts,

Coursed o'er the sky, and battled in mid-air.  
 Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from  
 heaven,

Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,  
 Like hideous features booming on the mist,  
 Wan stains of ominous light! Resign'd, yet  
 sad,

The fair Form bow'd her olive-crowned brow ;  
 Then o'er the plain with oft reverted eye  
 Fled, till a place of tombs she reach'd, and there  
 Within a ruined sepulchre obscure  
 Found hiding-place.

The delegated Maid  
 Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones ex-  
 claim'd ;—

“Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?

The power of Justice, like a name all light,  
Shone from thy brow; but all they, who un-  
blamed

Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.

Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,

Should multitudes against their brethren rush?

Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery?

Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,

As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,

That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek:

And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits.

But boasts the shrine of demon War one charm,

Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,

Dancing around with interwoven arms,

The maniac Suicide and giant Murder

Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,

And know not why the simple peasants crowd

Beneath the chieftains' standard!" Thus the

Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit said:—

“When luxury and lust's exhausted stores

No more can rouse the appetites of kings;

When the low flattery of their reptile lords

Falls flat and heavy on the accustom'd ear;

When eunuchs sing, and fools buffoonery make,

And dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain;

Then War and all its dread vicissitudes

Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts;

Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,

Inspid royalty's keen condiment!

Therefore, uninjured and unprofited,

(Victims at once and executioners,)  
 The congregated husbandmen lay waste  
 The vineyard and the harvest. As along<sup>1</sup>  
 The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,  
 Though hush'd the winds and cloudless the  
     high noon,  
 Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,  
 In sports unwieldy toss his island-bulk,  
 Ocean behind him billows, and before  
 A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.  
 And hence, for times and seasons bloody and  
     dark,  
 Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless  
     War,  
 And War, his strained sinews knit anew,  
 Still violate the unfinish'd works of Peace.  
 But yonder look! for more demands thy  
     view!"  
 He said: and straightway from the opposite  
     isle

<sup>1</sup> *As along, &c.*] The reader must not neglect to observe that the style of this poem follows Milton's. For was not *Joan of Arc* one of "a series of epics"? Was it not mainly the work of Southey, whose poem on *Noah* was to "rank with Milton and Klopstock," as he tells us in one of his *Letters*? "I can scarcely bring myself to believe," writes Lamb to Coleridge, discussing the present composition, "that I am admitted to a familiar correspondence, and all the licence of friendship, with a man who writes blank verse like Milton."

Milton had still another disciple in these days. "When I was travelling in Italy," says Rogers (*Table Talk*, 1856, p. 227), "I made two authors my constant study for versification—Milton and Crowe."

We find Coleridge also acknowledging, in the *Biographia Literaria*, his obligations to "the Lewesdon Hill of Mr. Crowe."

A vapour sail'd, as when a cloud, exhaled  
 From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,  
 Travels the sky for many a trackless league,  
 Till o'er some death-doom'd land, distant in  
     vain,  
 It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the  
     plain,  
 Facing the isle, a brighter cloud arose,  
 And steer'd its course which way the vapour  
     went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might  
     mean.  
 But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter  
     cloud  
 Return'd more bright: along the plain it  
     swept;  
 And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged  
 A dazzling form, broad-bosom'd, bold of eye,  
 And wild her hair, save where with laurels  
     bound.  
 Not more majestic stood the healing god,  
 When from his bow the arrow sped that slew  
 Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant  
     throng,  
 And with them hiss'd the locust-fiends that  
     crawl'd  
 And glitter'd in Corruption's slimy track.  
 Great was their wrath, for short they knew their  
     reign:  
 And such commotion made they, and uproar,  
 As when the mad tornado bellows through  
 The guilty islands of the western main,

What time departing for<sup>1</sup> their native shores,  
 Eboe, or Koromantyn's<sup>2</sup> plain of palms,  
 The infuriate spirits of the murder'd make  
 Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of  
 Heaven.

<sup>1</sup> For.] "From", by an error, in later editions. See Preface to Macmillan's edition, 1880.

<sup>2</sup> Eboe, or, &c.] The Slaves in the West-Indies consider death as a passport to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in the introduction to a Greek Prize-Ode<sup>3</sup> on the Slave-Trade, of which the thoughts are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

Ὁ σκότου πύλας Θάνατε, προλείπων  
 Ἐς γένος σπείδοίς ὑποξευχθὲν Ἄγα·  
 Οὐ ξενισθήσῃ γενῶν σπαραγμοίς,  
 Οὐδ' ὀλολύγμῳ,

Ἄλλὰ καὶ κύκλοισι χοροῖτόποισι,  
 Κ' ἀσμάτων χαρᾶ· φοβερὸς μὲν ἔσσι  
 Ἄλλ' ὁμῶς Ἐλευθερίᾳ συνοικεῖς,  
 Στυγνὴ Τύραννε!

Δασκίους ἐπὶ πτερύγεσσι σῆσι  
 Ἄ! θαλάσσιον καθορῶντες οἶδμα  
 Αἰθεροπλάγκτους ὑπὸ ποσσ' ἀνεῖσι  
 Πατρίδ' ἐπ' αἶαν.

Ἐνθα μὲν Ἔρασαι Ἐρωμενῆσιν  
 Ἀμφὶ πηγῆσιν κιτρίνων ὑπ' ἄλσων,  
 Ὅσσ' ὑπὸ βροτοῖς ἔπαθον βροτοί, τὰ  
 Δεινὰ λέγοντι.

#### LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a race yoked with misery! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of cheeks, nor with funereal ululation, but

<sup>3</sup> Prize-Ode.] This was the Ode by which Coleridge obtained the Gold Medal at Cambridge in his first year. We should have liked to consign to oblivion the Greek text, which Coleridge himself describes as "contemptible."

Warm'd with new influence, the unwholesome  
 plain  
 Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the morn :  
 The sun that rose on freedom, rose in blood !

“ Maiden beloved, and Delegate of Heaven !  
 (To her the tutelary Spirit said,)  
 Soon shall the morning struggle into day,  
 The stormy morning into cloudless noon.  
 Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand ;  
 But this be thy best omen,—Save thy Coun-  
 try ! ”  
 Thus saying, from the answering Maid he  
 pass'd,  
 And with him disappear'd the heavenly Vision.

“ Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !  
 All conscious Presence of the universe !  
 Nature's vast ever-acting Energy !  
 In will, in deed, Impulse of All to All !  
 Whether Thy love with unrefracted ray  
 Beam on the Prophet's purged eye, or if  
 Diseasing realms the enthusiast, wild of  
 thought,  
 Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,  
 Thou both inspiring and predooming both,

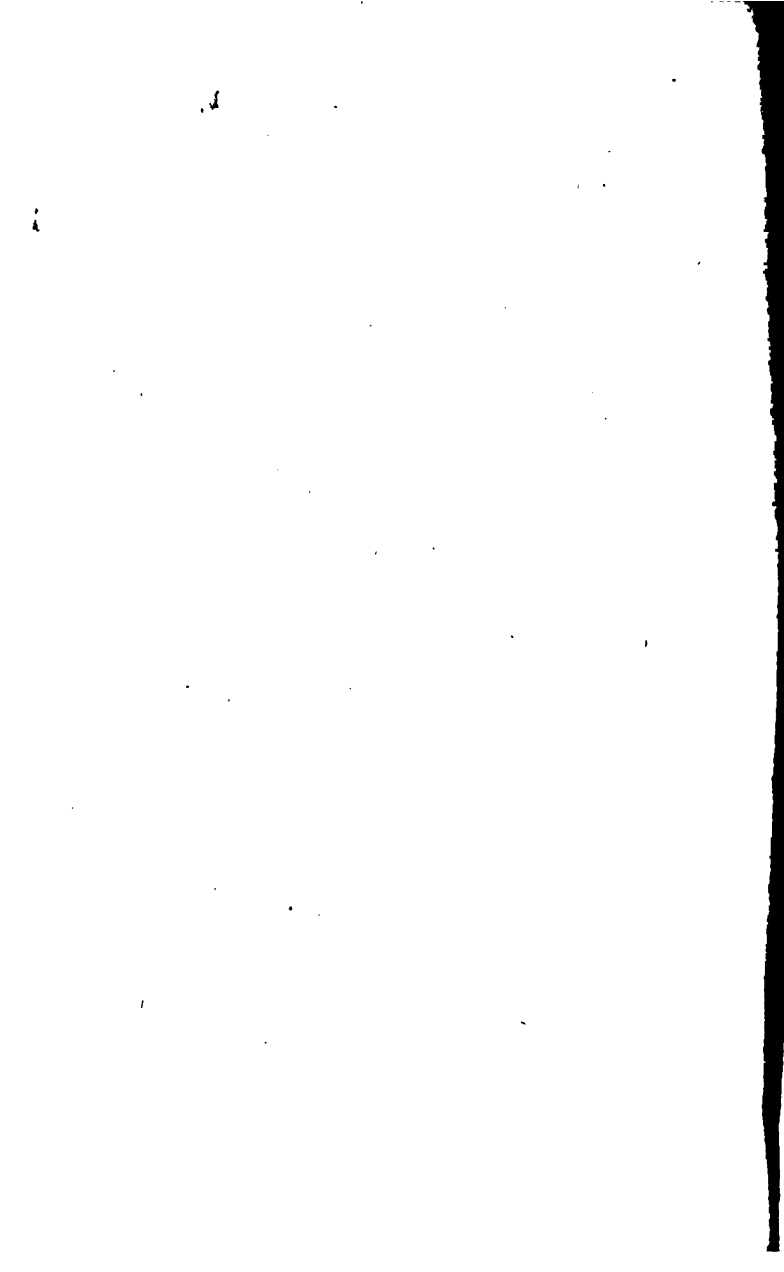
with circling dances, and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with Liberty, stern Genius ! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of fountains beneath citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being men, they had endured from men.—C.

Fit instruments and best, of perfect end :  
Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !”

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And first a landscape rose,  
More wild and waste and desolate than where  
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,  
Howls to her sunder'd cubs with piteous rage  
And savage agony.



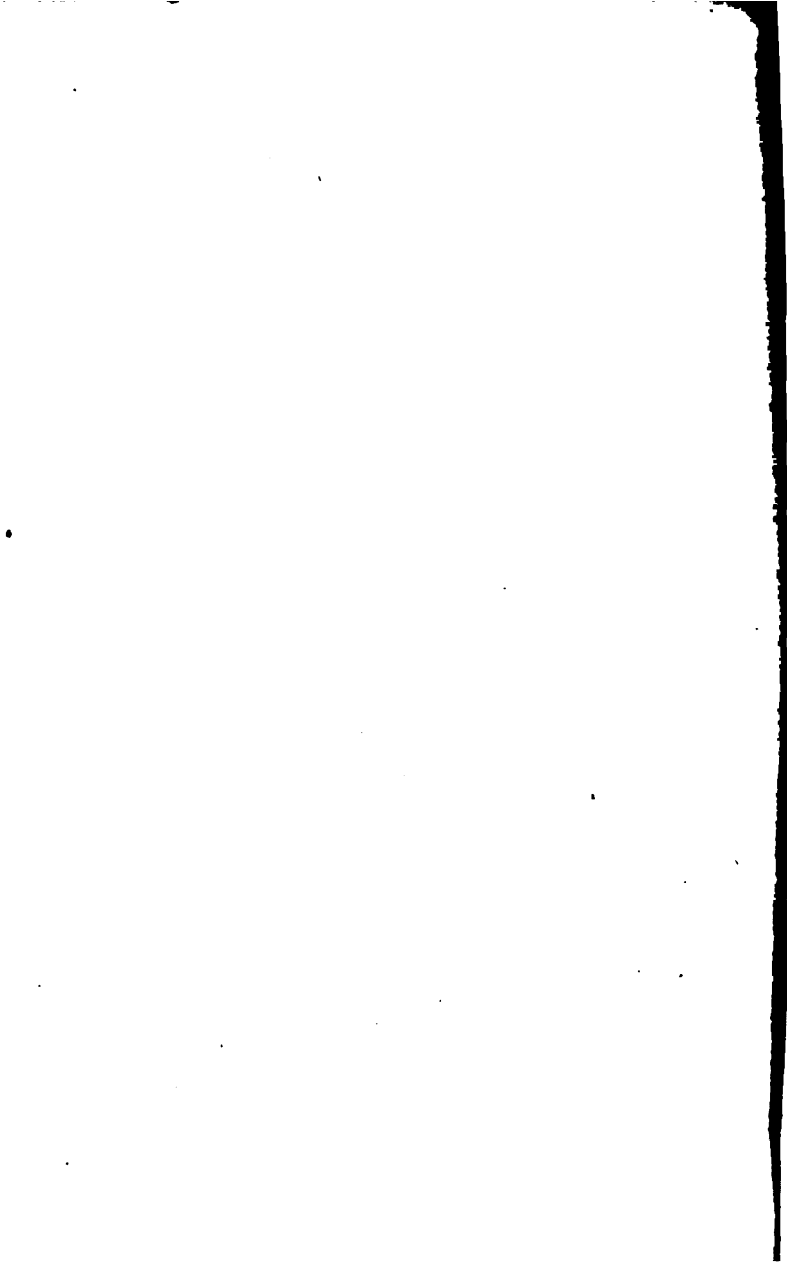






LATER POEMS.







## KUBLA KHAN : OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

### A FRAGMENT.

IN the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lovely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage : " "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines ; if that indeed can be called composition<sup>1</sup> in which all the images rose, up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an

<sup>1</sup> *Composition, &c.*] Coleridge dictated *Zapolya*, walking about his room, as Goethe did his *Autobiography*.

hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter :

“ Then all the charm  
Is broken,—all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape<sup>1</sup> the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes :—  
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.”

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀπριον ἔδιον ἄσω* : but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.—1816.<sup>2</sup>

## KUBLA KHAN.



N Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

<sup>1</sup> *Mis-shape.*] Read “ mis-shapes.” Coleridge is quoting from his own poem, *The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution*. (See p. 51.)

<sup>2</sup> 1816.] This is the date of the publication of *Christabel*, to which *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep* were appended. The *Sibylline Leaves* was already in type, though it was not issued till the following year.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous  
    rills,  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing  
    tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which  
    slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil  
    seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
    breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves ;

Where was heard the mingled measure  
• From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw :  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she play'd,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## SONG.\*

FROM "REMORSE."



EAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
 Lest a blacker charm compel!  
 So shall the midnight breezes swell  
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,  
 In a chapel on the shore,  
 Shall the chaunter,<sup>1</sup> sad and saintly,  
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
 Doleful masses chaunt for thee,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

Hark! the cadence dies away  
 On the quiet moonlight sea:  
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

\* The Tragedy of *Remorse*, in its earliest form, was written in 1797. "But ten days ago," says Coleridge, in the preface of 1813, "I saw the song in the third Act printed and set to music,"—that is, surreptitiously, from the manuscript so long in Sheridan's keeping,—"without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802."

<sup>1</sup> *Chaunter.* } Printed "chaunters," in 1828,—we incline to think, by an error of the printer.

## THE DAY-DREAM.

FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE.\*



If thou wert here, these tears were  
tears of light!

But from as sweet a vision did I  
start

As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!

And though I weep, yet still around my  
heart

A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,  
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,

I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,

Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;

And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,

All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling,—

I know not what,—but had the same been  
stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess

It would have made the loving mother dream  
That she was softly bending down to kiss

Her babe, that something more than babe  
did seem,

A floating presence of its darling father,

And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

\* First printed in 1802. Probably written in Germany.



Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm !  
 As if some bird had taken shelter there ;  
 And lo ! I seem'd to see a woman's form :—  
 Thine, Sara, thine ? O joy, if thine it were !  
 I gazed with stifled breath, and fear'd to stir it,  
 No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit !

And now, when I seem'd sure thy face to see,  
 Thy own dear self in our own quiet home ;  
 There came an elfish laugh, and waken'd me :  
 'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had  
 clomb,  
 And with his bright eyes at my face was  
 peeping.  
 I bless'd him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weeping !

## NAMES.\*



ASK'D my fair one happy day,  
 What I should call her in my lay ;  
 By what sweet name from Rome  
 or Greece ;

Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,  
 Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,  
 Arethusa or Lucrece.

\* Printed in 1799. After Lessing. In the copy Coleridge gave to Cottle, the names are somewhat different. They vary again, to suit the convenience of Archdeacon Wrangham, in his Latin version of the poem, to be found in *Arundines Cami*.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,  
 "Beloved, what are names but air?  
 Choose thou whatever suits the line;  
 Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
 Call me Lalage or Doris,  
 Only, only call me thine."

## SONG.

FROM "THE PICCOLOMINI."\*



HE cloud doth gather, the greenwood  
 roar,  
 The damsel paces along the shore;  
 The billows they tumble with might,  
 with might;

\* "The Piccolomini" was translated in 1800. The song occurs, in Coleridge's version, at the end of Act ii. Sc. 6; in the modern versions of Schiller, it forms Act iii. Sc. 7.

"I found it not in my power," says Coleridge, in a note, "to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the *Alcæic* movement." He accordingly appends the original, and a literal prose translation, as well as a metrical version by Lamb. Coleridge's own version, however, is on the whole sufficiently literal.

We subjoin Lamb's version.—

"The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,  
 The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;  
 Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching:  
 Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,  
 Her eye upward roving:  
 The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,  
 In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;  
 To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,  
 I have partaken of all earth's bliss,  
 Both living and loving."

And she flings out her voice to the darksome  
night;

Her bosom is swelling with sorrow:  
The world it is empty, the heart will die,  
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:  
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!  
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—  
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

### A STRANGER MINSTREL.\*



S late on Skiddaw's mount I lay su-  
pine,  
Midway the ascent, in that repose  
divine

When the soul, centred in the heart's recess,  
Hath quaff'd its fill of Nature's loveliness,  
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay,  
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;

\* To be found in the *Memoirs* of Mrs. Mary Robinson, 1801, and in her *Poetical Works*, 1806. The few variations in the latter must have been Coleridge's own, and we give the later version. Mary Robinson, "famous alike for her beauty and her misfortunes,"—writes, in *The Athenæum*, the editor of Macmillan's edition, who was the first to reprint the poem,—visited the Lakes in 1800, in December of which year she died.

"Parson Este,"—says Rogers, in his *Table Talk*,—"was well acquainted with Mrs. Robinson (the once celebrated *Perdita*), and said that Fox had the greatest difficulty in persuading the Prince of Wales to lend her some assistance, when, towards the close of life, she was in very straitened circumstances. Este saw her funeral, which was attended by a single mourning coach."

Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,  
 Fills up the wrinkles of a silent laugh,—  
 In that sweet mood of sad and humorous  
 thought

A form within me rose, within me wrought  
 With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,—  
 “Thou ancient Skiddaw, by thy helm of cloud,  
 And by thy many-colour'd chasms so deep,  
 And by their shadows that for ever sleep;  
 By yon small flaky mists, that love to creep  
 Along the edges of those spots of light,  
 Those sunny islands on thy smooth green  
 height,

And by yon shepherds with their sheep,  
 And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd,  
 That rush even now with clamour loud  
 Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud,  
 And by this laugh, and by this tear,  
 I would, old Skiddaw, she were here!  
 A lady of sweet song is she,  
 Her soft blue eye was made for thee!  
 O ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,  
 I would, I would that she were here!”

Then ancient Skiddaw, stern and proud,  
 In sullen majesty replying,  
 Thus spake from out his helm of cloud,  
 (His voice was like an echo dying!):—  
 “She dwells, belike, in scenes more fair,  
 And scorns a mount so bleak and bare.”

I only sigh'd when this I heard,  
 Such mournful thoughts within me stirr'd

That all my heart was faint and weak,  
 So sorely was I troubled !  
 No laughter wrinkled on my cheek,  
 But O the tears were doubled !

But ancient Skiddaw green and high  
 Heard and understood my sigh :  
 And now, in tones less stern and rude,  
 As if he wish'd to end the feud,  
 Spake he, the proud response renewing,  
 (His voice was like a monarch wooing) :—

“ Nay, but thou dost not know her might,  
 The pinions of her soul how strong !

But many a stranger in my height  
 Hath sung to me her magic song,  
 Sending forth his ecstasy  
 In her divinest melody,  
 And hence I know her soul is free,  
 She is where'er she wills to be,  
 Unfetter'd by mortality !

Now to the 'haunted beach' can fly,  
 Beside the threshold scourged with waves,  
 Now where the maniac wildly raves,

“ *Pale moon, thou spectre of the sky !* ”  
 No wind that hurries o'er my height  
 Can travel with so swift a flight.

I too, methinks, might merit  
 The presence of her spirit !  
 To me too might belong  
 The honour of her song and witching melody,  
 Which most resembles me,  
 Soft, various and sublime,  
 Exempt from wrongs of Time ! ”

Thus spake the mighty Mount, and I  
 Made answer, with a deep-drawn sigh :—  
 “Thou ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,  
 I would, I would that she were here !”

November, 1800.

### THE MAD MONK.\*



HEARD a voice from Etna's side ;  
 Where, o'er a cavern's mouth,  
 That fronted to the south,  
 A chestnut spread its umbrage wide :  
 A hermit, or a monk, the man might be ;  
 But him I could not see :  
 And thus the music flow'd along,  
 In melody most like to old Sicilian song :—

“There was a time when earth, and sea, and  
 skies,  
 The bright green vale, and forest's dark re-  
 cess,  
 With all things, lay before mine eyes  
 In steady loveliness :<sup>1</sup>

\* Originally printed in 1804, but there is evidence of its existence in 1800. It was given to “Perdita,” before her death, for a volume she contemplated, and which her daughter produced later.

Reprinted, for the first time, in Macmillan's edition.

<sup>1</sup> *There was a time, &c.*] Compare with this stanza the opening lines of Wordsworth's famous Ode, *Intimations of Immortality* :—

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,

But now I feel, on earth's uneasy scene,  
 Such sorrows as will never cease ;—  
 I only ask for peace ;  
 If I must live to know that such a time has  
 been ! ”

A silence then ensued :  
 Till from the cavern came  
 A voice ! it was the same !  
 And thus, in mournful tone, its dreary plaint  
 renewed :—

“ Last night, as o'er the sloping turf I trod,  
 • The smooth green turf, to me a vision gave  
 Beneath mine eyes, the sod—  
 The roof of Rosa's grave !  
 My heart has need with dreams like these to  
 strive,  
 For, when I woke, beneath mine eyes I found  
 The plot of mossy ground,  
 On which we oft have sat when Rosa was  
 alive.—

To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.”

Wordsworth's Ode is dated 1803-6, but portions may have been composed earlier. Coleridge is the more likely to have been the borrower. He would hear Wordsworth recite the lines, would remember them, and afterwards reproduce them by a process of unconscious cerebration.

We must not take Wordsworth too literally. We find him writing in 1804, in *The Prelude*, Book vi.,—

“ Yet for me  
 Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,”—  
 a statement at least as true as the former one.

Why must the rock, and margin of the flood,  
Why must the hills so many flowerets bear,  
Whose colours to a *murder'd* maiden's blood  
Such sad resemblance wear?—

*I struck the wound,*—this hand of mine!  
For oh, thou maid divine,  
I loved to agony!  
The youth whom thou call'd'st thine  
Did never love like me!

Is it the stormy clouds above  
That flash'd so red a gleam  
On yonder downward trickling stream?—  
'Tis not the blood of her I love.—  
The sun torments me from his western bed:  
O, let him cease for ever to diffuse  
Those crimson spectre hues!  
Oh, let me lie in peace, and be for ever dead!”

Here ceased the voice. In deep dismay,  
Down thro' the forest I pursued my way.



## THE PAINS OF SLEEP.\*



RE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 It hath not been my use to pray<sup>1</sup>  
 With moving lips or bended knees;  
 But silently, by slow degrees,

My spirit I to Love compose,  
 In humble trust mine eye-lids close,  
 With reverential resignation,  
 No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
 • Only a sense of supplication ;  
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
 Since in me, round me, every where,  
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud  
 In anguish and in agony,  
 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me :  
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
 Sense of intolerable wrong,  
 And whom I scorn'd, those only strong !  
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
 Still baffled, and yet burning still !  
 Desire, with loathing strangely mix'd,  
 On wild or hateful objects fix'd.  
 Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !

\* Written in 1803.—Mrs. H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> *It hath, &c.*] See the lines *To a Friend, with an Unfinished Poem*, and note to *Kubla Khan*.

And shame and terror over all !  
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
 Which all confused I could not know,  
 Whether I suffer'd, or I did :  
 For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe,  
 My own or others', still the same<sup>1</sup>  
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights pass'd: the night's dismay  
 Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.  
 Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me  
 Distemper's worst calamity.  
 The third night, when my own loud scream  
 Had waked me from the fiendish dream,<sup>2</sup>  
 O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,  
 I wept as I had been a child ;  
 And having thus by tears subdued  
 My anguish to a milder mood,  
 Such punishments, I said, were due  
 To natures deepliest stain'd with sin,—  
 For aye entempesting anew  
 The unfathomable hell within  
 The horror of their deeds to view,  
 To know and loathe, yet wish and do !  
 Such griefs with such men well agree,  
 But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?  
 To be beloved is all I need,  
 And whom I love, I love indeed.

<sup>1</sup> *Same.*] It may be there should be a comma here.

<sup>2</sup> *Fiendish dream.*] " Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may not pass such another night as the last. While I am awake and retain my reasoning powers, the pang is gnawing, but I am, except for a fitful moment or two, tranquil: it is the howling wilderness of sleep that I dread."—C. to Allsop, July 31, 1820.

## ON TAKING LEAVE OF —, 1807.\*



O know, to esteem, to love,—and then  
to part,  
Makes up life's tale to many a feel-  
ing heart!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To know, &c.*] We find these lines, in a slightly different form, written in a presentation volume by Coleridge to a friend:—

“To meet, to know, to love,—and then to part,  
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.”

\* The edition of 1852 still has 1817 in the heading, and supplies a manuscript note by Coleridge to this poem:—  
“To Mary Morgan and Charlotte Brent, Nov., 1817, St. James's Square, Bristol.”

1817 was, however, an error, it is clear, of H. N. Coleridge, in his edition of 1834,—from misreading the note, also misprinted,—for the poem appeared in *The Courier*, in Dec. 1807. We know that Coleridge was in Bristol in the autumn of that year. He had been visiting at Stowey and elsewhere, with his wife and children, and they left him behind in Bristol, returning to Keswick in charge of De Quincey. Of course it is possible that Coleridge himself wrote “1817.”

We subjoin the original version of the poem, as printed in *The Courier*:—

## TO TWO SISTERS :

## A WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!  
Alas! for some abiding-place of love,  
O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,  
Might brood with warming wings!

O for some dear abiding-place of Love,  
 O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,  
 Might brood with warming wings!—O fair as  
                   kind,

Were but one sisterhood with you combined,  
 (Your very image they in shape and mind,)  
 Far rather would I sit in solitude,  
 The forms of memory all my mental food,

O fair! O kind!

Sisters in blood, yet each with each intertwined  
 More close by sisterhood of heart and mind!  
 Me disinherited in form and face  
 By nature, and mishap of outward grace;  
 Who, soul and body, through one guiltless fault  
 Waste daily with the poison of sad thought,  
 Me did you soothe, when solace hoped I none!  
 And as on unthaw'd ice the winter sun,  
 Though stern the frost, though brief the genial day,  
 You bless my heart with many a cheerful ray;  
 For gratitude suspends the heart's despair,  
 Reflecting bright though cold your image there.  
 Nay more! its music by some sweeter strain  
 Makes us live o'er our happiest hours again,  
 Hope re-appearing dim in memory's guise:—  
 Even thus did you call up before mine eyes  
 Two dear, dear Sisters, prized all price above,  
 Sisters, like you, with more than sisters' love;  
 So like you *they*, and so in *you* were seen  
 Their relative statures, tempers, looks, and mien,  
 That oft, dear ladies! you have been to me  
 At once a vision and reality:  
 Sight seem'd a sort of memory, and amaze  
 Mingled a trouble with affection's gaze.

Oft to my eager soul I whisper blame,  
 A Stranger bid it feel the Stranger's shame;—  
 My eager soul, impatient of the name,  
 No strangeness owns, no Stranger's form descries:  
 The chidden heart spreads trembling on the eyes.  
 First-seen I gazed, as I would look you through!  
 My best-beloved regain'd their youth in you,—

And dream of you, sweet sisters, (ah, not mine !)

And only dream of you, (ah dream and pine !)  
Than have the presence, and partake the pride,  
And shine in the eye, of all the world beside !

### A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.



BE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
God grant me grace my prayers to  
say :

O God ! preserve my mother dear  
In strength and health for many a year ;  
And, O ! preserve my father too,  
And may I pay him reverence due ;  
And may I my best thoughts employ

And still I ask, though now familiar grown,  
Are you for *their* sakes dear, or for your own ?

O doubly dear ! may Quiet with you dwell !  
In Grief I love you, yet I love you well !  
Hope long is dead to me ! an orphan's tear  
Love wept despairing o'er his nurse's bier.  
Yet still she flutters o'er her grave's green slope :  
For Love's despair is but the ghost of Hope !

Sweet Sisters ! were you placed around one hearth  
With those, your other selves in shape and worth,  
Far rather would I sit in solitude,  
Fond recollections all my fond heart's food,  
And dream of *you*, sweet Sisters ! (ah ! not mine !)  
And only *dream* of you (ah ! dream and pine !)  
Than boast the presence and partake the pride,  
And shine in the eye, of all the world beside.

To be my parents' hope and joy ;  
 And, O ! preserve my brothers both <sup>1</sup>  
 From evil doings and from sloth,  
 And may we always love each other,  
 Our friends, our father, and our mother :  
 And still, O Lord, to me impart  
 An innocent and grateful heart,  
 That after my last sleep I may  
 Awake to Thy eternal day ! Amen.

### PSYCHE.



THE butterfly the ancient Grecians  
 made  
 The soul's fair emblem,<sup>2</sup> and its only  
 name,—

But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade  
 Of mortal life !—For in this earthly frame  
 Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,

<sup>1</sup> *Brothers both.*] From this we may suppose the prayer written for the use of Sara Coleridge. She was born Dec. 1802. Coleridge went to Malta, April, 1804, and returned to Keswick late in 1806. 1806-9 must include the date. 1808 is the most likely: in this year the child spent some weeks with her father at Wordsworth's, and used to sleep with him. See Introduction, § 1. In her edition of 1852, in fact, Sara Coleridge gives 1808 as the date, and this time may reasonably be trusted.

<sup>2</sup> *Emblem.*] "The fact that, in Greek, Psyche is the common name for the soul and the butterfly, is thus alluded to in the following stanza from an unpublished poem of the author."—Coleridge's note, prefacing the lines, in the *Biographia Literaria*, p. 40.

Manifold motions making little speed,  
And to deform and kill the things whereon we  
feed.


1808.

ALICE DU CLOS : \*

OR THE FORKED TONGUE. A BALLAD.

“One word with two meanings is the traitor’s shield  
and shaft : and a slit tongue be his blazon !”

*Caucasian Proverb.*

“ HE sun is not yet risen,  
But the dawn lies red on the  
dew :  
Lord Julian has stolen from the  
hunters away,  
Is seeking, Lady, for you.  
Put on your dress of green,  
Your buskins and your quiver ;  
Lord Julian is a hasty man,  
Long waiting brook’d he never.

\* There is a singular absence of all clue to the date of this poem. From the execution, we should be content to place it early. In a letter from Coleridge to Cottle in 1796, before the publication of his first volume, we read, “I have written a ballad of three hundred lines.” Could this have been a first draft of *Alice du Clos* ?

We have a curious mis-reading in the text, of “Ellen” for “Alice,” which must have been found so in Coleridge’s manuscript. “Ellen” is a character in *The Three Graves*. Was Coleridge writing or re-writing *Alice du Clos* about the same time that he was engaged on *The Three Graves* ? *The Three Graves* was written in 1797-8, and revised for *The Friend* in 1808 or 1809.

I dare not doubt him, that he means  
 To wed you on a day,  
 Your lord and master for to be,  
 And you his lady gay.  
 O Lady! throw your book aside!  
 I would not that my Lord should chide.”

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight  
 To Alice, child of old Du Clos,  
 As spotless fair, as airy light  
 As that moon-shiny doe,  
 The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral  
 crest!

For ere the lark had left his nest,  
 She in the garden bower below  
 Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,  
 Her face half drooping from the sight,  
 A snow-drop on a tuft of snow!  
 O close your eyes, and strive to see  
 The studious maid, with book on knee,—  
 Ah! earliest-open'd flower;  
 While yet with keen unblunted light  
 The morning star shone opposite  
 The lattice of her bower,—  
 Alone of all the starry host,  
 As if in prideful scorn  
 Of flight and fear he stay'd behind,  
 To brave the advancing morn.

O! Alice could read passing well,  
 And she was conning then  
 Dan Ovid's<sup>1</sup> mazy tale of loves,  
 And gods, and beasts, and men.

<sup>1</sup> *Dan Ovid.*] See note to *The Garden of Boccaccio.*



The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,  
 It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain ;  
 Yet never from the book  
 She raised her head, nor did she deign  
 The knight a single look.

“ Off, traitor friend ! how darest thou fix  
 Thy wanton gaze on me ?  
 And why, against my earnest suit,  
 Does Julian send by thee ?

“ Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure :  
 Fair speed his shafts to-day !  
 I follow here a stronger lure,  
 And chase a gentler prey.”

She said : and with a baleful smile  
 The vassal knight reel'd off,—  
 Like a huge billow from a bark  
 Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,  
 That shouldering sideways in mid plunge,  
 Is traversed by a flash ;

In the mediæval story of *Floire et Blancheflor*, we learn  
 that the two children,

Livres lisoient paieners,—

which one old version particularizes as *Ovideus*,—

Ou oïent parler d'amors ;  
 En cou forment se delitoient,  
 En euvres d'amor qu'il trouvoient :

and further, that

Ensemble lisent et aprenent ;  
 A la joie d'amor entendent :  
 Quant il repairent de l'escole,  
 Li uns baise l'autre et acole.

And staggering onward, leaves the ear  
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien  
A moment; for the scoff was keen,  
And thro' her veins did shiver!  
Then rose and donn'd her dress of green,  
Her buskins and her quiver.

There stands the flowering may-thorn tree!  
From thro' the veiling mist you see  
The black and shadowy stem;—  
Smit by the sun the mist in glee  
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry,—  
Each blossom hath its gem!

With tear-drop glittering to a smile,  
The gay maid on the garden-stile  
Mimics the hunter's shout.  
“Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!  
Go, bring the palfrey out.

“My Julian's out with all his clan,  
And, bonny boy, you wis,  
Lord Julian is a hasty man,  
Who comes late, comes amiss.”

Now Florian was a stripling squire,  
A gallant boy of Spain,  
That toss'd his head in joy and pride,  
Behind his Lady fair to ride,  
But blush'd to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green,—  
And forth they go ; she with her bow,  
Her buskins and her quiver !—  
The squire,—no younger e'er was seen,—  
With restless arm and laughing een,  
He makes his javelin quiver.

And had not Alice<sup>1</sup> stay'd the race,  
And stopp'd to see, a moment's space,  
The whole great globe of light  
Give the last parting kiss-like touch  
To the eastern ridge, it lack'd not much,  
They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane,  
Where Julian waiting stood,  
A neighbour knight prick'd on to join  
The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,  
Tho' with an anger'd mind :  
Betroth'd not wedded to his bride,  
In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride,  
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,  
He look'd around, he look'd above,  
But pretext none could find or frame !  
Alas ! alas ! and well-a-day !  
It grieves me sore to think, to say,  
That names so seldom meet with Love,  
Yet Love wants courage without a name !

<sup>1</sup> *Alice.*] "Ellen," in the edition of 1834, the first in which the poem appears.

Straight from the forest's skirt the trees,  
O'er-branching, made an aisle,  
Where hermit old might pace and chaunt  
As in a minster's pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,  
And from the twilight shade,  
You pass at once into a green,  
A green and lightsome glade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed ;  
Behind him, in a round,  
Stood knight and squire, and menial train ;  
Against the leash the greyhounds strain ;  
The horses paw'd the ground ;

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh  
Spurr'd in upon the sward,  
And mute, without a word, did he  
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turn'd his steed half round.—  
“ What, doth not Alice deign  
To accept your loving convoy, knight ?  
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,  
And joins us on the plain ? ”

With stifled tones the knight replied,  
And look'd askance on either side,—  
“ Nay, let the hunt proceed !—  
The Lady's message that I bear,  
I guess would scantily please your ear,  
And less deserves your heed.

“ You sent betimes. Not yet unbarr'd  
I found the middle door ;—  
Two stirrers only met my eyes,  
Fair Alice, and one more.

“ I came unlook'd for, and, it seem'd,  
In an unwelcome hour ;  
And found the daughter of Du Clos  
Within the latticed bower.

“ But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,  
No great loss, I divine ;  
And idle words will better suit  
A fair maid's lips than mine.”

“ God's wrath ! speak out, man,” Julian cried,  
O'er-master'd by the sudden smart ;—  
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,  
The knight his subtle shift pursued.—  
“ Scowl not at me ; command my skill,  
To lure your hawk back, if you will,  
But not a woman's heart.

“ ‘ Go ! ’ (said she) ‘ tell him,—slow is sure ;  
Fair speed his shafts to-day !  
I follow here a stronger lure,  
And chase a gentler prey.’

“ The game, pardie, was full in sight,  
That then did, if I saw aright,  
The fair dame's eyes engage ;  
For turning, as I took my ways,  
I saw them fix'd with steadfast gaze  
Full on her wanton page.”

The last word of the traitor knight  
It had but enter'd Julian's ear,—  
From two o'erarching oaks between,  
With glistening helm-like cap is seen,  
Borne on in giddy cheer,

A youth, that ill his steed can guide;  
Yet with reverted face doth ride,  
As answering to a voice,  
That seems at once to laugh and chide:—  
“Not mine, dear mistress,” still he cried,  
“’Tis this mad filly's choice.”

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,  
See! see! that face of hope and joy,  
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!  
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,  
A quiver'd Dian to have been,  
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,  
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,  
Sprang on the plighted Maid!  
With fatal aim, and frantic force,  
The shaft was hurl'd!—a lifeless corse,  
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,  
Lies bleeding on the glade.

“THE GOOD MAN’S REWARD.”

I.

COMPLAINT.

**H**OW seldom, friend! a good great  
 man inherits  
 Honour or wealth, with all his  
 worth and pains!  
 It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
 If any man obtain that which he merits,  
 Or any merit that which he obtains.

II.

REPROOF.

**F**OR shame, dear friend, renounce this  
 canting strain!  
 What would'st thou have a good  
 great man obtain?  
 Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?  
 Or throne of corses which his sword had slain?  
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but  
 ends!  
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man?—three treasures, love,  
 and light,  
 And calm thoughts, regular as infants'  
 breath;  
 And three firm friends, more sure than day  
 and night,—  
 Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death!  
 1809.<sup>1</sup>

“THE BLESSED VIRGIN.”

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN OTTFRIED'S METRICAL  
 PARAPHRASE \* OF THE GOSPELS.



HE gave with joy her virgin breast;  
 She hid it not, she bared the breast,  
 Which suckled that divinest babe!  
 Blessed, blessed were the breasts

<sup>1</sup> 1809.] So the “Remains” dates the poem, but the date is merely that of its appearance in “The Friend.”

\* “This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines (at the conclusion of chapter v.) which even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord.”—C., in the *Biographia Literaria*, from which the poem is extracted.

The date, 1810, appended to this poem in the “Remains,” we accept with some misgiving. Coleridge, as he tells us himself, read through Ottfried's Paraphrase at Göttingen, in 1799. It is true he may have returned to it later.



Which the Saviour infant kiss'd !  
 And blessed, blessed was the mother  
 Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,  
 Singing placed him on her lap,  
 Hung o'er him with her looks of love,  
 And soothed him with a lulling motion.  
 Blessed ! for she shelter'd him  
 From the damp and chilling air ;  
 Blessed, blessed ! for she lay  
 With such a babe in one blest bed,  
 Close as babes and mothers lie !  
 Blessed, blessed evermore,  
 With her virgin lips she kiss'd,  
 With her arms, and to her breast,  
 She embraced the babe divine,  
 Her babe divine, the virgin mother !  
 There lives not on this ring of earth  
 A mortal that can sing her praise.  
 Mighty mother, virgin pure,  
 In the darkness and the night  
 For us she bore the heavenly Lord !

## THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL.\*

AN ALLEGORY.

I.



HE too has fitt'd from his secret nest,  
 Hope's last and dearest Child with-  
 out a name !—  
 Has fitt'd from me, like the warmth-  
 less flame,

\* 1806-10 ?

That makes false promise of a place of rest  
 To the tired pilgrim's still believing mind ;—  
 Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,  
 Who having won all guerdons in his sport,  
 Glides out of view, and whither none can find !

## II.

Yes ! He hath flitted from me,—with what  
     aim,  
 Or why, I know not ! 'Twas a home of bliss,  
 And He was innocent, as the pretty shame  
 Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced  
     kiss,  
 From its twy-cluster'd hiding-place of snow !  
 Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow  
 As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's  
     breast,—  
 Her eyes down-gazing o'er her clasped  
     charge ;—  
 Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,  
 That well might glance aside, yet never miss,  
 Where the sweet mark emboss'd so sweet a  
     targe :—  
 Twice wretched he who hath been doubly  
     blest !<sup>1</sup>

## III.

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night  
 He flitted from me,—and has left behind,  
 (As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight,)  
 Of either sex and answerable mind.

<sup>1</sup> *Twice, &c.*] See the Latin words Coleridge wrote when a dragoon :—"Introduction," § 1, and note.

Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame :—

The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight),  
 And Kindness is the gentler sister's name :—  
 Dim likeness now, tho' fair she be and good,  
 Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook ;—  
 But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,  
 And while her face reflected every look,  
 And in reflection kindled,—she became  
 So like Him, that almost she seem'd the same !

## IV.

Ah ! He is gone, and yet will not depart !—  
 Is with me still, yet I from Him exiled !  
 For still there lives within my secret heart  
 The magic image of the magic Child,  
 Which there He made up-grow by his strong  
     art,  
 As in that crystal <sup>1</sup> orb,—wise Meſlin's feat,—  
 The wondrous "World of Glass," wherein in-  
     isled  
 All long'd-for things their beings did repeat ;—  
 And there He left it, like a Sylph beguiled,  
 To live and yearn and languish incomplete !

## V.

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal ?  
 Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise ?—  
 Yes ! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,  
 Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would  
     heal.

<sup>1</sup> *Crystal, &c.*] "Faerie Queen," B. iii., c. 2, s. 19.—C.

Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,  
 But sad compassion and atoning zeal !  
 One pang more blighting-keen than hope be-  
     tray'd !

And this it is my woful hap to feel,  
 When, at her Brother's hest, the twin-born  
     Maid,

With face averted and unsteady eyes,  
 Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on ;  
 And inly shrinking from her own disguise  
 Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.  
 O worse than all ! O pang all pangs above,  
 Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love !

## TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT

WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.\*



AY, dearest Anna ! why so grave ?  
 I said, you had no soul, 'tis true !  
 For what you *are*, you cannot *have* :  
     'Tis I, that *have* one, since I first  
     had *you* !

\* To be found in Southey's *Omniana*, 1812.

## REASON FOR LOVE'S BLINDNESS.\*



HAVE heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind,  
 But this the best of all I hold,—  
 His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part ;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart.

## YOUTH AND AGE.†



VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms stray-  
 ing,  
 Where Hope clung<sup>1</sup> feeding, like a  
 bee,—

Both were mine! Life went a-maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

\* The heading is taken from the index of the edition of 1828. There is no heading in the text of that edition, nor in text or index of the edition of 1834.

<sup>1</sup> *Clung.*] "Clings."—*Bij.*

† In *The Bijou*, 1828. Sara Coleridge fixes 1810 as the date of this poem. The first verse may be of an earlier date, even as early as 1803. For the second even 1810 seems too early. It is early, at thirty-eight, for Coleridge to say—

"I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size :"

When I was young !  
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !  
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !  
 This breathing house<sup>1</sup> not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering<sup>2</sup> sands,  
 How lightly then it flash'd along :—  
 Like those trim skiffs,<sup>3</sup> unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
 When Youth and I lived in't together.<sup>4</sup>

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;

moreover, we learn from Gillman that “*in the latter part of his life, from a lateral curvature in the spine, he shortened gradually from two to three inches.*” (Coleridge's original height was 5 ft. 9½ in.) The third stanza was in part written in 1827, as we gather from a note by Coleridge of that date, but it does not appear in *The Bijou*, nor in the edition of 1828, and must have been completed later.

Perhaps the most exquisite of his lyrical poems, Coleridge tenderly retouched the earlier stanzas of *Youth and Age* as late as 1828. The changes, in fact, are made in the edition of that year. We append some various readings, to illustrate his care and taste.

<sup>1</sup> *Breathing house.*] “House of clay.”—*Bij.*

<sup>2</sup> *Aery cliffs and glittering, &c.*]

“Hill and dale and sounding,” &c.—*Ib.*

<sup>3</sup> *Skiffs.*] “Boats.”—*Ib.*

<sup>4</sup> *Nought cared, &c.*] So in *An Ode to the Rain* :—

“Days and months, and almost years,  
 Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,  
 Since body of mine, and rainy weather,  
 Have lived on easy terms together.”

O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of Friendship, Love,<sup>1</sup> and Liberty,  
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
O Youth ! for years so many<sup>2</sup> and sweet,  
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond<sup>3</sup> conceit,—  
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—  
And thou wert aye a masker bold !  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe, that Thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silvery<sup>4</sup> slips,  
This drooping<sup>5</sup> gait, this alter'd size :  
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought : so think I will  
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful<sup>6</sup> eve !  
Where no hope is, life's a warning<sup>7</sup>  
That only serves to make us grieve,

<sup>1</sup> *Friendship, Love, &c.*] "Beauty, Truth, &c."—*Bij.*

<sup>2</sup> *Many.*] "Merry."—*Ib.* Probably a misprint.

<sup>3</sup> *Fond.*] "False."—*Ib.*

<sup>4</sup> *Silvery.*] Coleridge's hair, like his son Hartley's, turned white prematurely.

<sup>5</sup> *Drooping.*] "Dragging."—*Bij.*

<sup>6</sup> *Mournful.*] We find "dewy" in a note of Coleridge's of 1827, where the line is quoted. See Derwent Coleridge's edition of 1852.

<sup>7</sup> *Warning.*] We cannot understand the force of this word. Compare Mrs. Barbauld's lines :—

"Life ! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :

When we are old :

That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
 That may not rudely be dismiss ;  
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.\*



FAREWELL, sweet Love ! yet blame  
 you not my truth ;  
 More fondly ne'er did mother eye  
 her child

Than I your form : yours were my hopes of  
 youth,

And as you shaped my thoughts, I sigh'd or  
 smiled.

While most were wooing wealth, or gaily  
 swerving

To pleasure's secret haunt, and some apart  
 Stood strong in pride, self-conscious of de-  
 serving,

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time,

Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime

Bid me Good Morning."

\* Printed in 1815. The poem is meant to be a sonnet,  
 after the Shaksperian form.



To you I gave my whole weak wishing heart ;  
 And when I met the maid that realized  
 Your fair creations, and had won her kind-  
 ness,  
 Say but for her if aught on earth I prized !  
 Your dreams alone I dreamt, and caught  
 your blindness.  
 O grief !—but farewell, Love ! I will go play  
 me  
 With thoughts that please me less, and less  
 betray me.

## SONG.

FROM "ZAPOLYA." \*



SUNNY shaft did I behold,  
 From sky to earth it slanted :  
 And poised therein a bird so bold—  
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !  
 He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd,  
 Within that shaft of sunny mist ;  
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
 All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang :—" Adieu ! adieu !  
 Love's dreams prove seldom true.  
 The blossoms, they make no delay :  
 The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.

\* "Zapolya," first printed in 1817, was written in 1815.

Sweet month of May,  
 We must away ;  
 Far, far away !  
 To day ! to day !”

A DAY DREAM.\*



MY eyes make pictures when they  
 are shut :<sup>1</sup>—  
 I see a fountain, large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruin'd hut,  
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
 O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !  
 Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green  
 willow !

A wild-rose roofs the ruin'd shed,  
 And that and summer well agree :

\* Sara Coleridge suggests 1814-16 for the date,—the period when Coleridge resided at Calne. The following poem, *Separation*, she dates 1816.

We are obliged this time to defer to Sara Coleridge's dates. But we do so most reluctantly. How naturally we had dated *Separation* 1810 ! and for *A Day Dream*, we had lovingly built up a theory of 1803, and Greta Hall, and “Asra” being “Sara,” and “Mary” being Mary Lovell ; and “our sister and our friend” being the Southey's, who arrived at Greta Hall, Sept. 1803 ! Thus *A Day Dream* made a third with *Recollections of Love* and *The Happy Husband*. But see Introduction, § 1, and account of Southey's arrival.

<sup>1</sup> *When they are.*] Compare *Remorse*, Act ii. sc. 2 :  
 Appendix :—

“His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them.”

And, lo! where Mary leans her head,  
 Two dear names carved upon the tree!  
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:  
 Our sister and our friend will both be here to-  
 morrow.

'Twas day! But now few, large, and bright,  
 The stars are round the crescent moon!  
 And now it is a dark warm night,  
 The balmiest of the month of June!  
 A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge re-  
 mounting,  
 Shines, and its shadow<sup>1</sup> shines, fit stars for our  
 sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest!  
 For dearly, ASBA! love I thee!  
 This brooding warmth across my breast,  
 This depth of tranquil bliss,—ah me!  
 Fount, tree, and shed, are gone, I know not  
 whither,  
 But in one quiet room we three are still together.

<sup>1</sup> *Shadow.*] He means to say, its "reflection." He uses the word so elsewhere; as, for instance, in *Kubla Khan*,—

"The *shadow* of the dome of pleasure."

"Reflection" is an unpoetical word: so we read in Tennyson,—

"The mellow'd *reflex* of a winter moon."

Longfellow, who is careful with his English, will ring the changes, on kindred words, in *The Bridge*:—

"The moon and its broken *reflection*  
 And its *shadows* shall appear,  
 As the *symbol* of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering *image* here."

The shadows dance upon the wall,  
 By the still dancing fire-flames made ;  
 And now they slumber, moveless all !  
 And now they melt to one deep shade !  
 But not from me shall this mild darkness steal  
 thee :  
 I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart  
 I feel thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play,—  
 'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !  
 But let me check this tender lay,  
 Which none may hear but she and thou !  
 Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,  
 Murmur it to yourselves, yet two beloved women !

## SEPARATION.\*



SWORDED man whose trade is  
 blood,  
 In grief, in anger, and in fear,  
 Thro' jungle, swamp, and torrent  
 flood,  
 I seek the wealth you hold so dear !

The dazzling charm of outward form,  
 The power of gold, the pride of birth,  
 Have taken Woman's heart by storm,—  
 Usurp'd the place of inward worth.

\* See note to *A Day Dream*.

Is not true Love of higher price  
 Than outward form, though fair to see,  
 Wealth's glittering fairy dome of ice,  
 Or echo of proud ancestry?—

O! Asra, Asra! couldst thou see  
 Into the bottom of my heart,  
 There's such a mine of Love for thee,  
 As almost might supply desert!

(This separation is, alas!  
 Too great a punishment to bear;  
 O! take my life, or let me pass  
 That life, that happy life, with her!)

The perils, erst with steadfast eye  
 Encounter'd, now I shrink to see;—  
 Oh! I have heart enough to die,—  
 Not half enough to part from Thee!

#### ISRAEL'S LAMENT.\*

**M**OURN, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!  
 Give utterance to the inward  
 throe!  
 As wails, of her first love forlorn,  
 The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

\* Translation of "A Hebrew Dirge, chanted in the Great Synagogue, St. James's Place, Aldgate, on the day of the funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Char-

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away  
 From Light and Life's ascending Sun!  
 Mourn for the babe, Death's voiceless prey,  
 Earn'd by long pangs and lost ere won.

Mourn the bright Rose that bloom'd and went,  
 Ere half disclosed its vernal hue!  
 Mourn the green bud, so rudely rent,  
 It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal woe  
 With solemn dirge and faltering tongue:  
 For England's Lady is laid low,  
 So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The blossoms on her Tree of Life  
 Shone with the dews of recent bliss:  
 Transplanted in that deadly strife,  
 She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief,  
 Who wails and will not solaced be!  
 Mourn for the childless Father's grief,  
 The wedded Lover's agony!

lotte, by Hyman Hurwitz, Master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate, 1817."

Coleridge, in *Aids to Reflection*, speaks of Hurwitz as "that pious, learned, strong-minded, and single-hearted Jew, an Israelite indeed and without guile." The Princess Charlotte died, Nov. 6, 1817.

An improved version of this translation, considered only as a poem, is to be found in the "Remains," i., 57-8. The 5th verse reads "fruit" for "fruits," the 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th and 12th verses are omitted, and the line dividing the *hymn* from the *dirge* is removed.

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at morn  
To seek and bless the firstling bud  
Of his own Rose, and found the thorn,  
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

O press again that murmuring string !  
Again bewail that princely Sire !  
A destined Queen, a future King,  
He mourns on one funereal pyre.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd,  
Her daughters wail their dear defence ;  
Their fair example, prostrate laid,  
Chaste Love and fervid Innocence.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,  
We will take up a Mourning yearly :  
To wail the blow that crush'd the Rose,  
So dearly prized and loved so dearly.

Long as the fount of Song o'erflows  
Will I the yearly dirge renew :  
Mourn for the firstling of the Rose  
That snapt the stem on which it grew.

The proud shall pass, forgot ; the chill,  
Damp, trickling Vault their only mourner !  
Not so the regal Rose, that still  
Clung to the breast which first had worn her !

---

O Thou, who mark'st the Mourner's path,  
To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend !

A mid the Lightnings of Thy Wrath  
The showers of Consolation send !

Jehovah frowns ! the Islands bow !  
And Prince and People kiss the Rod !—  
Their dread chastizing Judge wert Thou,  
Be Thou their Comforter, O God !

1817.

THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL  
PEOPLE.\*

DIRGE.



OPPRESS'D, confused, with grief and  
pain,  
And inly shrinking from the  
blow,  
In vain I seek the dirgeful strain,  
The wonted words refuse to flow.

\* "A Hebrew Dirge and Hymn, chaunted in the Great Synagogue, St. James's Place, Aldgate, on the Day of the Funeral of King George III. of blessed memory. By Hyman Hurwitz of Highgate. Translated by a Friend."

George III. died, Jan. 22, 1820. It is very probable, from the preceding poem, that Coleridge was the "friend" in this case. Some interesting particulars relating to this poem, supplied by Mr. W. B. Scott, may be found in the *Athenæum*, Jan. 22, 1881. We have ventured to insert it among Coleridge's poems, though the authorship is not absolutely proved. A later and inferior translation, by the Rev. Wm. Smith, "of Bower, Scotland," was published at Thurso, "for the translator," in 1827.



A fear in every face I find,  
Each voice is that of one who grivees;  
And all my Soul, to grief resign'd,  
Reflects the sorrow it receives.

The Day-Star of our glory sets!  
Our King has breathed his latest breath!  
Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,  
As if it own'd the power of death.

Our Crown, our heart's Desire is fled!  
Britannia's glory moults its wing!  
Let us with ashes on our head,  
Raise up a mourning for our King.

Lo! of his beams the Day-Star<sup>1</sup> shorn,  
Sad gleams the Moon through cloudy veil!  
The Stars are dim! Our Nobles mourn;  
The Matrons weep, their Children wail.

No age records a King so just,  
His virtues numerous as his days;  
The Lord Jehovah was his trust,  
And truth with mercy ruled his ways.

His Love was bounded by no Clime;  
Each diverse Race, each distant Clan,  
He govern'd by this truth sublime,  
"God only knows the heart—not man."

<sup>1</sup> *Day-Star.*] "The author, in the spirit of Hebrew Poetry, here represents the Crown, the Peerage, and the Commonalty, by the figurative expression of the Sun, Moon, and Stars."

His word appall'd the sons of pride,  
Iniquity far wing'd her way ;  
Deceit and fraud were scatter'd wide,  
And truth resumed her sacred sway.

He soothed the wretched, and the prey  
From impious tyranny he tore ;  
He stay'd the Usurper's iron sway,  
And bade the Spoiler waste no more.

Thou too, Jeshurun's Daughter ! thou,  
The oppress'd of nations and the scorn !  
Didst hail on his benignant brow  
A safety dawning like the morn.

The scoff of each unfeeling mind,  
Thy doom was hard, and keen thy grief ;  
Beneath his throne peace thou didst find,  
And blest the hand that gave relief.

E'en when a fatal cloud o'erspread  
The moonlight splendour of his sway,  
Yet still the light remain'd, and shed  
Mild radiance on the traveller's way.

But he is gone—the Just ! the Good !  
Nor could a Nation's prayer delay  
The heavenly meed, that long had stood  
His portion in the realms of day.

Beyond the mighty Isle's extent  
The mightier Nation mourns her Chief :  
Him Judah's Daughter shall lament,  
In tears of fervour, love and grief.

Britannia mourns in silent grief;  
 Her heart a prey to inward woe.  
 In vain she strives to find relief,  
 Her pang so great, so great the blow.

Britannia! Sister! woe is me!  
 Full fain would I console thy woe:  
 But ah! how shall I comfort thee,  
 Who need the balm I would bestow?

United then let us repair,  
 As round our common Parent's grave;  
 And pouring out our heart in prayer,  
 Our heavenly Father's mercy crave.

Until Jehovah from His throne  
 Shall heed His suffering people's fears;  
 Shall turn to song the Mourner's groan,  
 To smiles of joy the Nation's tears.

Praise to the Lord! Loud praises sing!  
 And bless Jehovah's righteous hand!  
 Again He bids a George, our King,  
 Dispense His blessings to the Land.

## HYMN.

O throned in Heaven! Sole King of kings,  
 Jehovah! hear Thy Children's prayers and  
 sighs!

Thou Binder of the broken heart! with wings  
 Of healing on Thy people rise!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
 And Peace and Mercy meet  
 Before Thy Judgment seat:  
 Lord, hear us! we entreat!

When angry clouds Thy throne surround,  
E'en from the cloud Thou bid'st Thy mercy  
shine :

And ere Thy righteous vengeance strikes the  
wound,

Thy grace prepares the balm divine !

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet ;

etc.

The Parent tree Thy hand did spare,—

It fell not till the ripen'd fruit was won :

Beneath its shade the Scion flourish'd fair,

And for the Sire Thou gav'st the Son.

etc.

This Thy own Vine, which Thou didst  
rear,

And train up for us from the royal root,

Protect, O Lord ! and to the Nations near

Long let it shelter yield, and fruit.

etc.

Lord, comfort Thou the royal line :

Let Peace and Joy watch round us hand in  
hand :

Our Nobles visit with Thy grace divine,

And banish sorrow from the land !

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet ;

And Peace and Mercy meet

Before Thy Judgment seat ;

Lord, hear us ! we entreat !

## TO NATURE.\*



T may indeed be phantasy when I  
 Essay to draw from all created things  
 Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that  
 closely clings ;  
 And trace in leaves and flowers that round me  
 lie  
 Lessons of love and earnest piety.  
 So let it be ; and if the wide world rings  
 In mock of this belief, [to me] <sup>1</sup> it brings  
 Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.  
 So will I build my altar in the fields,  
 And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,  
 And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower  
 yields  
 Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,  
 Thee only God ! and Thou shalt not despise  
 Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

\* From Allsop's "Letters, &c.," 1836.

<sup>1</sup> *To me.*] The line, as Allsop gives it, is imperfect.  
 We accept the suggestion of the editor of Macmillan's  
 edition.

## FANCY IN NUBIBUS ; \*

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.



! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight  
 skies,  
 To make the shifting clouds be what  
 you please,  
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the  
 mould  
 Of a friend's fancy ; or with head bent low  
 And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold  
 'Twixt crimson banks ; and then, a traveller,  
 go  
 From mount to mount through Cloudland,  
 gorgeous land !  
 Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,  
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possess'd with inward  
 light,  
 Beheld the ILLIAD and the ODYSSEE <sup>1</sup>  
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

\* Printed in 1819.

<sup>1</sup> *Odyssee.*] We can only suggest that Coleridge, pronouncing this word *Odyss-ee*, did not observe the false rhyme.

## DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

**U**NCHANGED within to see all  
 changed without,  
 Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no  
 doubt.

Yet why at others' wanings shouldst thou fret?  
 Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,  
 Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light  
 In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.  
 O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,  
 While, and on whom, thou may'st,—shine on!<sup>1</sup>  
 nor heed

Whether the object by reflected light  
 Return thy radiance or absorb it quite:  
 And tho' thou notest from thy safe recess  
 Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,  
 Love them for what they are; nor love them  
 less,  
 Because to thee they are not what they were.

<sup>1</sup> *Shine on.*] Compare Wordsworth:—

“To the measure of the light vouchsafed,  
 Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.”

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED ON A DAY IN FEBRUARY.<sup>1</sup>

ALL Nature seems at work. Stags<sup>2</sup>  
 leave their lair,—  
 The bees are stirring,—birds are on  
 the wing,—  
 And Winter, slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths  
 blow,  
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar  
 flow.  
 Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye  
 may,  
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams,  
 away!

<sup>1</sup> *A Day in February.*] Feb. 21, 1827.—C. One of the four poems in *The Bijou*. There is a point in the original title, which there is not in the later one, "Lines composed 21st February, 1827," and it is here retained. It was probably carelessly changed, to give the actual date.

<sup>2</sup> *Stags.*] This is almost the solitary instance in which we have departed from the text of 1834. *The Bijou* (very inaccurately printed) reads "slugs,"—a very easy slip for a printer to make. The edition of 1834 also reads "slugs." But the edition of 1828 has "stags," which we have no doubt is the correct reading.



With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I  
 stroll :  
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my  
 soul ?  
 Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
 And hope without an object cannot live.

## SONG.\*



HO' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath,  
 Love is a sword that cuts its sheath,  
 And thro' the clefts itself has made,  
 We spy the flashes of the blade !

But thro' the clefts, itself had made,  
 We likewise see Love's flashing blade  
 By rust consumed or snapt in twain :  
 And only hilt and stump remain.

## PHANTOM OR FACT ?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.



LOVELY form there sate beside my  
 bed,  
 And such a feeding calm its pre-  
 sence shed,  
 A tender love so pure from earthly leaven,

\* This little song appears in the edition of 1828, but somehow slipped out of that of 1834.

That I unnethe<sup>1</sup> the fancy might control,  
 'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven,  
 Wooing its gentle way into my soul !  
 But ah ! the change—It had not stirr'd, and  
 yet—

Alas ! that change how fain would I forget ?  
 That shrinking back, like one that had mistook !  
 That weary, wandering, disavowing look !  
 'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,  
 And still, methought, I knew, it was the same !

## FRIEND.

This riddling tale, to what does it belong ?  
 Is't history ? Vision ? or an idle song ?  
 Or rather say at once, within what space  
 Of time this wild disastrous change took place ?

## AUTHOR.

Call it a moment's work (and such it seems),  
 This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams ;  
 But say, that years matured the silent strife,  
 And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

<sup>1</sup> *Unnethe.*] Not easily. Saxon, *eath*, easy.

"Uneath she may endure the flinty streets,  
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet."

<sup>2</sup> *Hen. VI.* ii. 4.

## PHANTOM.\*



ALL look and likeness caught from  
 earth,  
 All accident of kin and birth,  
 Had pass'd away. There was no  
 trace

Of aught on that illumined face,  
 Upraised beneath the rifted stone,  
 But of one spirit all her own ;—  
 She, she herself, and only she,  
 Shone through her body visibly.

## FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE.†



FAIR is Love's first hope to gentle  
 mind !

As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloud-  
 let peeping ;

And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind,  
 O'er willowy meads and shadow'd waters  
 creeping,


And Ceres' golden fields ;—the sultry hind  
 Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

\* The poem follows the last one, in the edition of 1834. It would seem to be meant as a supplement to it. Sara Coleridge omits it in 1852, and it does not appear in 1828.


† Derwent Coleridge, in the edition of 1852, will have it that the date of this poem is 1788. Coleridge, indeed, in 1827, speaks of it as a "relic" of his "school-boy muse."

How much remains of its earlier form? We leave it where the edition of 1834 places it,—among the Later Poems.

## DESIRE.\*


**HERE** true Love burns Desire is  
 Love's pure flame;  
 It is the reflex of our earthly frame,  
 That takes its meaning from the  
 nobler part,  
 And but translates the language of the heart.

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSITE.


**ER** attachment may differ from yours  
 in degree,  
 Provided they're both of one  
 kind;  
 But Friendship how tender so ever it be  
 Gives no accord to Love, however refined.

Love, that meets not with Love, its true nature  
 revealing,  
 Grows ashamed of itself, and demurs:  
 If you cannot lift hers up to your state of  
 feeling,  
 You must lower down your state to hers.

\* Probably H. N. Coleridge's heading, for Sara Coleridge changes it to "The Love that maketh not ashamed."

## NOT AT HOME.



HAT Jealousy may rule a mind  
 Where Love could never be  
 I know; but ne'er expect to find  
 Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her ee,  
 A swart sour-visaged maid,—  
 But yet Love's own twin-sister she,  
 His house-mate and his shade.

Ask for her and she'll be denied:—  
 What then? they only mean  
 Their mistress has lain down to sleep,  
 And can't just then be seen.

## CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.



SINCE all that beat about in Nature's  
 range,  
 Or veer or vanish; why should'st  
 thou remain

The only constant in a world of change,  
 O yearning thought, that liv'st but in the brain?  
 Call to the hours, that in the distance play,  
 The faery people of the future day,—  
 Fond thought! not one of all that shining  
 swarm

Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling  
 breath,  
 Till when, like strangers sheltering from a  
 storm,  
 Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death !  
 Yet still thou haunt'st me : and though well I  
 see,

She is not thou, and only thou art she,  
 Still, still as though some dear embodied good,  
 Some living love before my eyes there stood,  
 With answering look a ready ear to lend,  
 I mourn to thee and say—" Ah ! loveliest  
 friend !

That this the meed of all my toils might be,  
 To have a home, an English home, and thee !"  
 Vain repetition ! Home and Thou are one.  
 The peacefullest cot the moon shall shine upon,  
 Lull'd by the thrush and waken'd by the lark,  
 Without thee were but a becalmed bark,  
 Whose helmsman on an ocean waste and wide  
 Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.  
 And art thou nothing ? Such thou art, as when  
 The woodman, winding westward up the glen  
 At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's  
 maze

The viewless snow-mist weaves a glistening  
 haze,  
 Sees full before him, gliding without tread,  
 An image<sup>1</sup> with a glory round its head :  
 The enamour'd rustic worships its fair hues,  
 Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues !

<sup>1</sup> *Image.*] This phenomenon, which the author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester

## THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE TREE.

### A LAMENT.

I seem to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew writers, an apologue or Rabbinical tradition to the following purpose :

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed : "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so ! for the man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise." And the word of the Most High answered Satan : "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Treacherous Fiend ! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself."

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a date-tree in a nobleman's

Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the *Aids to Reflection* :—

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius : as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it as a projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre."  
—C. See *Aids to Reflection*, p. 151 (Standard Library Edition).

garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from another date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting; and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the Author at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite metre.

## I.

**B**ENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun  
 the mountain peaks are the thrones  
 of frost, through the absence of ob-  
 jects to reflect the rays. "What  
 no one with us shares, seems scarce our own."  
 The presence of a ONE,

The best beloved, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from  
 within is for the hollow globe with its sus-  
 pended car. Deprive it of this, and all with-  
 out, that would have buoyed it aloft even to  
 the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and  
 crushes it into flatness.

## II.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the  
 lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object  
 presented to the sense; the more exquisite the  
 individual's capacity of joy, and the more



ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

## III.

Imagination, honourable aims;  
 Free commune with the choir that cannot die;  
 Science and song; delight in little things,  
 The buoyant child surviving in the man;  
 Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,  
 With all their voices—O dare I accuse  
 My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,  
 Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!  
 It is her largeness, and her overflow,  
 Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

## IV.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,  
 But timorously beginning to rejoice  
 Like a blind Arab,<sup>1</sup> that from sleep doth start  
 In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.  
 Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!  
 Then melts the bubble into idle air,  
 And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

## V.

The mother with anticipated glee  
 Smiles o'er the child, that, standing by her  
 chair

<sup>1</sup> Arab.] See the next poem but one.

And flattening its round cheek upon her knee,  
 Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare  
 To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet  
     sight  
 She hears her own voice with a new delight;  
 And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes  
     aright,

## VI.

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!  
 But should disease or chance the darling take,  
 What then avail those songs, which sweet of  
     yore  
 Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?  
 Dear maid!<sup>1</sup> no prattler at a mother's knee  
 Was e'er so dearly prized as I prized thee:  
 Why was I made for love and love denied  
     to me?

## THE IMPROVISATORE.\*



ES, yes! that boon, life's richest  
     treat,  
 He had, or fancied that he had;  
 Say, 'twas but in his own conceit,—  
 The fancy made him glad!

<sup>1</sup> *Dear maid.*] We gather from a letter of Coleridge to Allsop—Dec., 1823,—that these lines do not refer to Mrs. Coleridge.

Coleridge quotes the poem in his letter, so that it existed at that date.

\* In the edition of 1828 first appeared *The Improvisatore*; or *John Anderson, my Jo, John*. The page is headed

Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,  
 The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,  
 The fair fulfilment of his poesy,  
 When his young heart first yearn'd for sym-  
 pathy !

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain  
     Unnourish'd wane ;  
 Faith asks her daily bread,  
 And Fancy must be fed.  
 Now so it chanced,—from wet or dry,  
 It boots not how,—I know not why,—  
 She miss'd her wonted food ; and quickly  
 Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.  
 Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,  
 His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow ;  
 Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,  
 Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possess  
 In a belief, gave life a zest,—  
 Uncertain both what it had been,  
 And if by error lost, or luck ;  
 And what it was :—an evergreen  
 Which some insidious blight had struck,  
 Or annual flower, which, past its blow,  
 No vernal spell shall e'er revive ;  
 Uncertain, and afraid to know,  
     Doubts toss'd him to and fro ;

*New Thoughts on Old Subjects.* The piece opens with a drawing-room conversation, of six pages, on friendship and love, and concludes with the poem in the text, which one of the company improvises.

Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,  
 Like babes bewilder'd in the snow,  
 That cling and huddle from the cold  
 In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colours, once his boast,  
 Fading one by one away,  
 Thin and hueless as a ghost,  
 Poor Fancy on her sick-bed lay ;  
 Ill at distance, worse when near,  
 Telling her dreams to jealous Fear !  
 Where was it then, the sociable sprite  
 That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his  
 dish !

Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,  
 Itself a substance by no other right  
 But that it intercepted Reason's light ;  
 It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,  
 A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow !  
 Thank Heaven ! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours !  
 The boon of Heaven's decreeing,  
 While yet in Eden's bowers  
 Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate !  
 The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven  
 agreeing,  
 They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate !  
 Of life's gay summer tide the sovran rose !  
 Late autumn's amaranth, that more fragrant  
 blows  
 When passion's flowers all fall or fade ;  
 If this were ever his, in outward being,  
 Or but his own true love's projected shade,

Now that at length by certain proof he knows,  
 That whether real or a magic show,  
 Whate'er it was, it is no longer so ;  
 Though heart be lonesome, hope laid low,  
 Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:  
 The certainty that struck hope dead,  
 Hath left contentment in her stead:  
 And that is next to best!

## LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISH- MENT.

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE.

**L**IKE a lone Arab,<sup>1</sup> old and blind,  
 Some caravan had left behind,  
 Who sits beside a ruin'd well,  
 Where the shy sand-asps bask  
 and swell ;

And now he hangs his aged head aslant,  
 And listens for a human sound—in vain!  
 And now the aid, which Heaven alone can  
 grant,


Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to  
 gain ;—

Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,  
 Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,  
 With brow low-bent, within my garden-bower,  
 I sate upon the couch of camomile ;

<sup>1</sup> Arab.] See the next poem but one.

And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,  
 Flitted across the idle brain, the while  
 I watch'd the sickly calm with aimless scope,  
 In my own heart; or that indeed a trance  
 Turn'd my eye inward—thee, O genial Hope,  
 Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,  
 Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,  
 With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim,  
 Lie lifeless at my feet!  
 And then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,  
 And stood beside my seat;  
 She bent, and kiss'd her sister's lips,  
 As she was wont to do:—  
 Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath  
 Woke just enough of life in death  
 To make Hope die anew.

## L'ENVOY.\*

 N vain we supplicate the Powers  
 above;  
 There is no resurrection for the love  
 That, nursed in tenderest care, yet  
 fades away  
 In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.

\* The following verse does not appear in the edition of 1834. We find the lines with some variations, in a letter of Coleridge to Allsop, of April, 1824:—

Idly we supplicate the Powers above;  
 There is no resurrection for a love

## LOVE'S BURIAL, PLACE.\*

*Lady.*

F love be dead—*Poet.* And I aver it !  
*Lady.* Tell me, Bard! where love  
 lies buried ?

*Poet.* Love lies buried where 'twas born :  
 Oh, gentle dame ! think it no scorn  
 If, in my fancy, I presume  
 To call thy bosom poor love's tomb,  
 And on that tomb to read the line,—  
 “ Here lies a love that once seem'd mine,  
 But took a chill, as I divine,  
 And died at length of a decline.”

That uneclipsed, unthwarted, wanes away  
 In the chill'd heart by inward self-decay.  
 Poor mimic of the Past ! the love is o'er,  
 That must *resolve* to do what did itself before.

It is clear that the text we adopt is the latest version.


\* Printed in 1833, in the form in which we give it. It is not found in the edition of 1834, but in that of 1828 it appears, in an earlier form, under the title of *The Alienated Mistress: a Madrigal.* (From an *Unfinished Drama.*) It must be a fragment of the “poetical pantomime” Coleridge was contemplating in 1826. See Introduction, § 3.

## "THE HUSBAND.\*

COMPLAINT AND REPLY."

## I.

*Moriens superstiti.*

"HE hour-bell sounds, and I must  
go;  
Death waits—again I hear him  
calling;—

No cowardly desires have I,  
Nor will I shun his face appalling.  
I die in faith and honour rich,—  
But ah! I leave behind my treasure,  
In widowhood and lonely pain;—  
To live were surely then a pleasure!


"My lifeless eyes upon thy face  
Shall never open more to-morrow;  
To-morrow shall thy beauteous eyes  
Be closed to love, and drown'd in sorrow;  
To-morrow death shall freeze this hand,  
And on thy breast, my wedded treasure,  
I never, never more shall live;—  
Alas! I quit a life of pleasure."

\* These poems first appear in the "Remains," 1836.




## II.

*Morienti superstes.*

“ET art thou happier far than she  
 Who feels the widow's love for  
 thee!  
 For while her days are days of  
 weeping,  
 Thou, in peace, in silence sleeping,  
 In some still world, unknown, remote,  
 The mighty parent's care hast found,  
 Without whose tender guardian thought  
 No sparrow falleth to the ground.”

## “WOMAN LOVELY IN GRIEF.”\*

HAT boots to tell how o'er his grave  
 She wept, that would have died to  
 save?  
 Little they know the heart, who  
 deem  
 Her sorrow but an infant's dream,  
 Of transient love begotten ;  
 A passing gale, that as it blows

\* The poem is derived from Allsop's "Letters, &c.,"  
 1836.

Just shakes the ripe drop from the rose,—  
That dies, and is forgotten.

Oh woman! nurse of hopes and fears,  
All lovely in thy spring of years,  
Thy soul in blameless mirth possessing ;  
Most lovely in affliction's tears,  
More lovely still those tears suppressing.

A SOBER STATEMENT OF HUMAN  
LIFE,

OR THE TRUE MEDIUM.\*



CHANCE may win what by mis-  
chance was lost ;  
The net that holds not great, takes  
little fish ;  
In some things all, in all things none are crost ;  
Few all they need, but none have all they  
wish :  
Unmingled joys to no one here befall ;  
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never  
all !

\* An imitation of the manner of certain Elizabethan poets.

## THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

**B**ERE the birth of my life, if I wish'd it  
 or no,  
 No question was ask'd me,—it could  
 not be so!

If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,  
 And to live on be YES; what can NO be? to die.

## NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't return'd as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for  
 the wear?

Think first, what you are! Call to mind what  
 you were!

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,  
 Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.  
 Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?  
 Make out the inventory; inspect, compare!  
 Then die—if die you dare!

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST  
 WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.\*

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

**N**O more 'twixt conscience staggering  
 and the Pope  
 Soon shall I now before my God ap-  
 pear,

\* Printed in 1827, in *The Literary Souvenir*. The editor, A. A. Watts, probably intentionally, has inserted

By him to be acquitted, as I hope ;  
 By him to be condemned, as I fear.

## REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles ! had I stood by thy bed,  
 Be of good cheer, meek soul ! I would have  
 said :

I see a hope spring from that humble fear.  
 All are not strong alike through storms to  
 steer

Right onward. What? though dread of  
 threaten'd death

And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath  
 Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?

That truth, from which, through fear, thou  
 twice didst start,

Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,  
 Or not so vital as to claim thy life :

And myriads had reach'd Heaven, who never  
 knew

Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and  
 true !

Ye who, secure 'mid trophies not your own,  
 Judge him who won them when he stood alone,  
 And proudly talk of recreant Berengare,—

O first the age, and then the man compare !  
 That age how dark ! congenial minds how rare !  
 No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn !  
 No throbbing hearts awaited his return !  
 Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,

immediately before it, two original sonnets by Bowles, on  
 two busts of Milton, *In Youth* and *In Age*.

He only disenchanted from the spell,  
 Like the weak worm that gems the starless  
     night,  
 Moved in the scanty circlet of his light :  
 And was it strange if he withdrew the ray  
 That did but guide the night-birds to their  
     prey ?

The ascending day-star with a bolder eye  
 Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn !  
 Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry  
 The spots and struggles of the timid dawn ;  
 Lest so we tempt the approaching noon to  
     scorn  
 The mists and painted vapours of our morn.

### THE TWO FOUNTS.\*

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY  
 WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A  
 SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN.



WAS my last waking thought, how  
     it could be,  
 That thou, sweet friend, such an-  
     guish should'st endure :  
 When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf,  
     and he  
 Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the  
     cure.

\* Printed in 1827, and in *The Bijou*, 1828.

Methought he fronted me with peering look  
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game  
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book;  
And utter'd praise like one who wish'd to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin  
Two founts there are, of suffering and of cheer!  
That to let forth, and this to keep within!  
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of pleasure only will to all dispense,  
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress  
Choked or turn'd inward, but still issue thence  
Unconquer'd cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,  
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,  
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below  
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly  
bright;—

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,  
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,  
Or e'er they sank to earth in vernal showers,  
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down;—

Even so, Eliza! on that face of thine,  
On that benignant face, whose look alone  
(The soul's transluence through her crystal  
shrine!)  
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,  
But with a silent charm compels the stern

And torturing Genius of the bitter spring,  
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found  
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the fount of pain  
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,  
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain ?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam  
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,  
Had pass'd : yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,<sup>1</sup>  
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream :

Till audibly at length I cried, as though  
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,  
O sweet, sweet sufferer ! if the case be so,  
I pray thee, be less good, less sweet, less wise !

In every look a barbed arrow send,  
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live !  
Do any thing, rather than thus, sweet friend !  
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give !

#### THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.\*



F late, in one of those most weary  
hours,  
When life seems emptied of all  
genial powers,

<sup>1</sup> *Bequile.*] The change in the metre in this verse is probably an oversight.

\* Printed in 1829.

A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known  
 May bless his happy lot, I sate alone ;  
 And, from the numbing spell to win relief,  
 Call'd on the past for thought of glee or grief.  
 In vain ! bereft alike of grief and glee,  
 I sate and cower'd o'er my own vacancy !  
 And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,  
 Which, all else slumbering, seem'd alone to  
 wake ;

O Friend ! long wont to notice yet conceal,  
 And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,  
 I but half saw that quiet hand of thine  
 Place on my desk this exquisite design,  
 Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,  
 The love, the joyance, and the gallantry !  
 An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,  
 Framed in the silent poesy of form.

Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep

Emerging from a mist ; or like a stream  
 Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,

But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's  
 dream,

Gazed by an idle eye with silent might

The picture stole upon my inward sight.

A tremulous warmth<sup>1</sup> crept gradual o'er my  
 chest,

As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Warmth, &c.*] So in *A Day Dream*,—

“ This brooding warmth across my breast.”

<sup>2</sup> *Chest . . . . breast.*] An unfortunate rhyme, to mar these verses, among the easiest and most graceful Coleridge has written. We have had it before in *Christabel*, and also in *The Visionary Hope*.



And one by one (I know not whence) were  
brought

All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my  
thought

In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost  
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost ;  
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,  
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love ;  
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan  
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man !  
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves  
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and  
waves ;

Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,  
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades ;  
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast ;  
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,  
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,  
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day ;  
And many a verse which to myself I sang,  
That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,  
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd ;  
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,  
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,  
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd  
Even in my dawn of thought,—Philosophy ;  
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,  
She bore no other name than Poesy ;  
And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,  
That had but newly left a mother's knee,  
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and  
stone,

As if with elfin playfellows well known,  
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist ! now I can descry  
 Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,  
 And all awake ! And now in fix'd gaze stand,  
 Now wander through the Eden of thy hand ;  
 Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear  
 See fragment shadows of the crossing deer ;  
 And with that serviceable nymph I stoop  
 The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.  
 I see no longer ! I myself am there,  
 Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet  
     share ;  
 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing  
     strings,  
 And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings ;  
 Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells  
 From the high tower, and think that there she  
     dwells.  
 With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,  
 And breathe an air like life, that swells my  
     chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once  
     free,  
 And always fair, rare land of courtesy !  
 O Florence ! with the Tuscan fields and hills,  
 And famous Arno, fed with all their rills ;  
 Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy !  
 Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,  
 The golden corn, the olive, and the vine ;  
 Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,  
 And forests, where beside his leafy hold  
 The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,  
 And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn ;  
 Palladian palace with its storied halls ;

Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;

Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,  
 And Nature makes her happy home with man ;  
 Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed  
 With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,  
 And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,  
 A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn  
 Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn ;—  
 Thine all delights, and every muse is thine ;  
 And more than all, the embrace and intertwine  
 Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance !  
 Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,  
 See ! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees  
 The new-found roll of old Mæonides ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,  
 Peers Ovid's holy book of Love's sweet smart !<sup>2</sup>

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,  
 Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,

<sup>1</sup> *The new-found roll, &c.*] Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Ovid's holy book.*] I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the *Filocolo* of Boccaccio, where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E lora, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne' freddi cuori accendere."—C. Compare note to *Alice Du Clos*.

Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views  
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious  
to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,  
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks  
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes  
The vestal fires, of which her lover grieves,  
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF MISS

BARBOUR, DAUGHTER OF OUR LATE

MINISTER TO ENGLAND.\*



HILD of my muse! in Barbour's  
gentle hand

Go cross the main: thou seek'st no  
foreign land:

'Tis not the clod beneath our feet we name  
Our country. Each heaven-sanction'd tie the  
same,

Laws, manners, language, faith, ancestral blood,  
Domestic honour, awe of womanhood!—


With kindling pride thou wilt rejoice to see  
Britain with elbow-room and doubly free!

Go seek thy countrymen! and if one scar

\* Dated, Grove, Highgate, August, 1829. Printed in the *New York Mirror*, Dec. 19, 1829. See *Athenæum*, May 3, 1884.

Still linger of that fratricidal war,  
 Look to the maid who brings thee from afar ;  
 Be thou the olive leaf and she the dove,  
 And say, I greet thee with a brother's love !

## WATER BALLAD.\*

“ OME hither, gently rowing,  
 Come bear me quickly o'er  
 This stream so brightly flowing  
 To yonder woodland shore.

But vain were my endeavour  
 To pay thee, courteous guide ;  
 Row on, row on, for ever  
 I'd have thee by my side.

Good boatman, prithee haste thee,  
 I seek my father-land.”—  
 ‘ Say, when I there have placed thee,  
 Dare I demand thy hand ? ’

“ A maiden's head can never  
 So hard a point decide ;  
 Row on, row on, for ever  
 I'd have thee by my side.”

The happy bridal over  
 The wanderer ceased to roam,

\* Discovered in *The Athenæum*, 1831, by the editor of Macmillan's edition. This poem is the least like Coleridge of any poem of his we know. It is probably from the German.

For, seated by her lover,  
 The boat became her home.  
 And still they sang together  
 As steering o'er the tide :  
 " Row on through wind and weather  
 For ever by my side."

### WHAT IS LIFE ?



RESEMBLES life what once was  
 deem'd of light,  
 Too ample in itself for human sight ?  
 An absolute self,—an element un-  
 grounded,—  
 All that we see, all colours of all shade  
 By encroach of darkness made ?—  
 Is very life by consciousness unbounded ?  
 And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal  
 breath,  
 A war-embrace of wrestling life and death ?

1829.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE.\*

**N**OW! it is gone.—Our brief hours  
 travel post,  
 Each with its thought or deed, its  
 Why or How :—  
 But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost  
 To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

1830.

## SONG,

EX IMPROVISO, ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE

OF A LADY'S BEAUTY.†

**T**HIS not the lily brow I prize,  
 Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,  
 Enough of lilies and of roses!  
 A thousand-fold more dear to me  
 The gentle look that love discloses,  
 The look that love alone can see.

\* Compare the following contribution of Coleridge to Southey's *Omniana*, 1812 :—

“*Inscription on a Clock in Cheapside.*

‘What now thou do’st, or art about to do,  
 Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue :  
 When hovering o’er the line this hand will tell  
 The last dread moment—’twill be heaven or hell.’

Read for the last two lines—

‘When wavering o’er the dot this hand shall tell  
 The moment that secures thee heaven or hell.’”

† From *The Keepsake*, 1830.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN  
EDUCATION.\*



'ER wayward childhood would'st  
thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy  
faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy  
Graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep  
school.  
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—  
so  
Do these upbear the little world below  
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.  
Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show,  
The straighten'd arms upraised, the palms  
aslope,  
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,  
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.  
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,  
Love too will sink and die.

\* In *The Keepsake*, 1830, with the title,—“The Poet's Answer to a Lady's Question respecting the accomplishments most desirable in an instructress of children.” Sara Coleridge states, that this poem, which did not appear in the edition of 1834, was one of the last, if not the last, of her father's poems. It was not the last.

We disclaim all responsibility for the title, as it stands.



But Love is subtle, and will proof derive  
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive ;  
 And bending o'er, with soul transfusing eyes,  
 And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,  
 Woo's back the fleeting spirit, and half sup-  
 plies:—

Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave  
 to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,  
 When over-task'd at length  
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.  
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,  
 And both supporting does the work of both.

## A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A VIEW

OF SADDLEBACK IN CUMBERLAND.\*



N stern Blencartha's perilous  
 height  
 The winds are tyrannous and  
 strong ;  
 And flashing forth unsteady light  
 From stern Blencartha's skiey height,

\* Written before 1833, as it appears in an *Annual* of that year. Coleridge enjoyed a picture gallery. We find him, in July, 1831, visiting, in company with his son-in-law, an "exhibition of ancient masters at the British Gallery in Pall Mall."—See *Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge*, July 24, 1831.

As loud the torrents throng!  
 Beneath the moon, in gentle weather,  
 They bind the earth and sky together.  
 But oh! the sky and all its forms, how quiet!  
 The things that seek the earth, how full of  
 noise and riot!

### TO THE YOUNG ARTIST,

KAYSER OF KASERWERTH.

**K**AYSER! to whom, as to a second  
 self,  
 Nature, or Nature's next-of-kin, the  
 Elf,

Hight Genius, hath dispensed the happy skill  
 To cheer or soothe the parting friend's Alas!  
 Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,  
 That makes the absent present at our will;  
 And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives  
 Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.

Well hast thou given the thoughtful Poet's face!  
 Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind  
 A more delightful portrait left behind,—  
 Even thy own youthful beauty, and artless  
 grace,  
 Thy natural gladness and eyes bright with glee!  
 Kayser! farewell!  
 Be wise! be happy! and forget not me.

1833.

HUMILITY THE MOTHER OF  
CHARITY.

**B**RAIL creatures are we all! To be  
the best,  
Is but the fewest faults to have :—  
Look thou then to thyself, and leave  
the rest  
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.

ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.\*

“**B**E, rather than be call'd, a child of  
God,”  
Death whisper'd!—with as-  
senting nod,  
Its head upon its mother's breast,  
The Baby bow'd, without demur—  
Of the kingdom of the Blest  
Possessor, not inheritor.

\* Berkley Coleridge did. Was Coleridge, in his old age, musing on the fact?

## "MAN."

—*E cælo descendit γνῶθι σεαυρόν.*—*Juvenal.*

Γνῶθι σεαυρόν!—and is this the prime  
 And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—  
 Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first  
     that trade;—  
 Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.  
 What hast thou, Man, that thou darest call  
     thine own?—  
 What is there in thee, Man, that can be  
     known?—  
 Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,  
 A phantom dim of past and future wrought,  
 Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul,  
     clod,—  
 Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

## "WISE PATIENCE."

*Beareth all things.*—2 Cor. xiii. 7.



GRACIOUSLY I took that which ungently  
     came,  
 And without scorn forgave:—Do  
     thou the same.  
 A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark

Thou would'st not see, were not thine own  
heart dark.

Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for  
sin,

Fear that,—the spark self-kindled from within,  
Which blown upon will blind thee with its  
glare,

Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.

Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,

And soon the ventilated spirit finds

Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,

Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,

A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,

Think it God's message, and in humble pride

With heart of oak replace it;—thine the  
gains;—

Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

### MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.



OD'S child in Christ adopted,—  
Christ my all,—

What that earth boasts were not lost  
cheaply, rather

Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call  
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?—  
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee—  
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.

The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:  
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath  
Of the true life!—Let then earth, sea, and sky

Make war against me ! On my heart I show  
 Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try  
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.—  
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?—  
 Yes ! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

“ S. T. C. ” \*



STOP, Christian passer-by :—Stop,  
 child of God,  
 And read, with gentle breast. Be-  
 neath this sod

A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—  
 O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.—  
 That he who many a year with toil of breath  
 Found death in life, may here find life in death !  
 Mercy for praise,—to be forgiven for fame,—  
 He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou  
 the same.

\* This epitaph, which is not to be seen at Highgate, is dated 9th November, 1833. The endlessly recurring and feeble pleasantry of the initials was never more ill-timed.

In the *Literary Souvenir* for 1827, attached as a note to the poem, *Lines suggested by the last words of Berengarius*, may be found the following Latin epitaph :—

Τό τοι ἘΣΤΗΣΕ τοῦ ἐπιδανούχου Epitaphium testamentarium ἀντόγραφον.

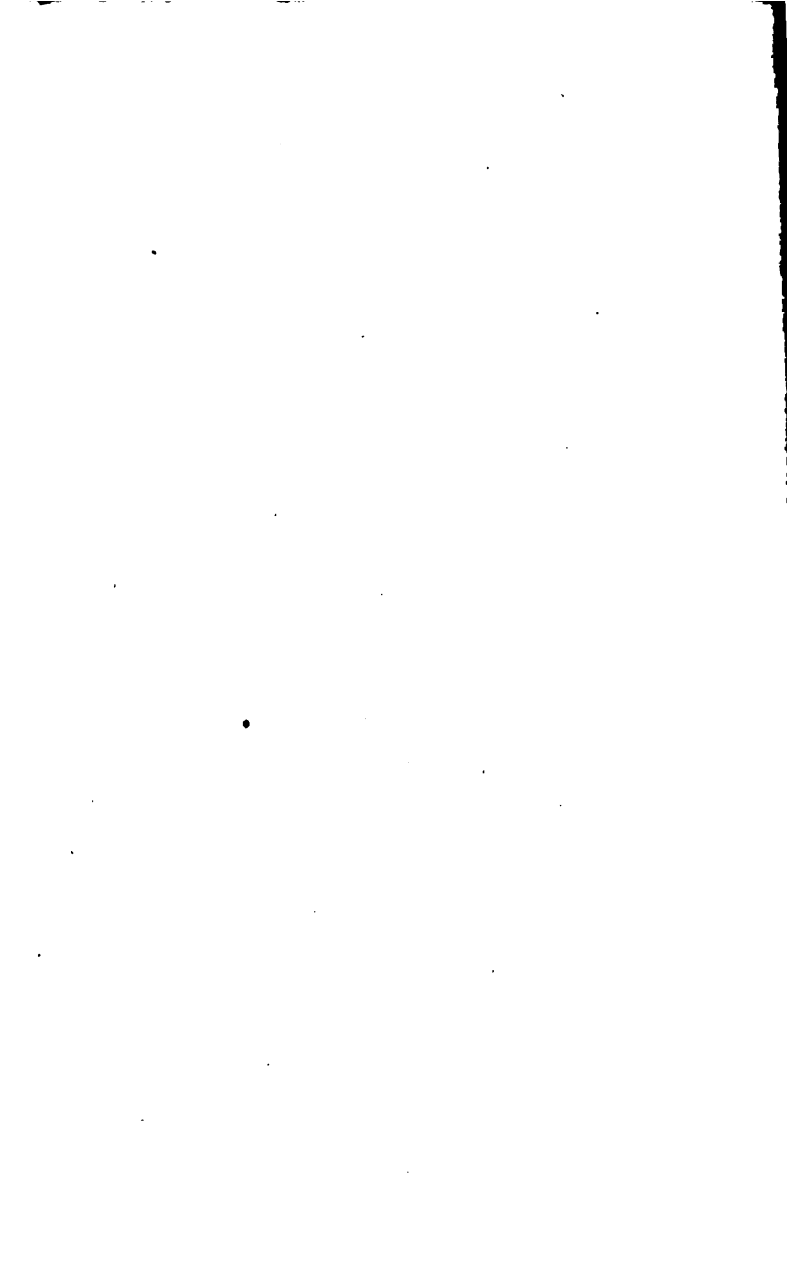
Quæ linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea.  
 Sordes

Do Morti : reddo cætera, Christe ! tibi.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND  
FRAGMENTS.









“THE HUMOUR OF PALLAS.”\*



O great the charms of Mrs. Monday,  
That men grew rude, a kiss to  
gain:  
This so provoked the dame, that one  
day  
[*At Pallas' shrine*] did she complain.

Nor vainly she address'd her prayer,  
Nor vainly to that power applied:  
The goddess bade a length of hair  
In deep recess her muzzle hide:—

“Still persevere! to love be callous!  
For I have your petition heard!  
To snatch a kiss were vain” (cried Pallas),  
“Unless you first should shave your beard.”

\* The following epigram we found in a manuscript note, written by Coleridge in a copy, now in the British Museum, of Southey's *Omniana*, to which Coleridge contributed. He tells us he wrote it “at the age of eighteen,” on his godmother's beard, and that she had “the barbarity” to revenge it by striking him out of her will.

The date of the *Omniana* is 1812, but that of the note would seem to be 1819. See Introductory Note at p. 343 of *The Table Talk and Omniana of S. T. Coleridge* (Standard Library Edition, 1884). The words in a parenthesis are a tentative substitute for words the binder has cut away.

## SONNET

ON RECEIVING A LETTER INFORMING ME OF THE  
BIRTH OF A SON.\*

**W**HEN they did greet me father,  
sudden awe  
Weigh'd down my spirit: I retired  
and knelt

Seeking the throne of grace, but inly felt  
No heavenly visitation upwards draw  
My feeble mind, nor cheering ray impart.  
Ah me! before the Eternal Sire I brought  
The unquiet silence of confused thought  
And hopeless feelings: my o'erwhelmed heart  
Trembled, and vacant tears stream'd down my  
• face.

And now once more, O Lord! to thee I bend,  
Lover of souls! and groan for future grace,  
That ere my babe youth's perilous maze have  
trod,

Thy overshadowing Spirit may descend,  
And he be born again, a child of God!

- Sept. 20, 1796.

\* There is another version of this sonnet in "Sibylline Leaves,"—*To a Friend who asked, &c.* The present version was discovered after Coleridge's death, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Poole, of Nether Stowey.

LINES IN THE ALBUM OF A GERMAN  
STUDENT.\*

**W**E both attended the same College,  
Where sheets of paper we did  
blur many,  
And now we're going to sport our  
knowledge,  
In England I, and you in Germany.

EPIGRAM ON KEPLER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

**N**O mortal spirit yet had clomb so high  
As Kepler;—yet his Country saw  
him die  
For very want! the *Minds* alone he  
fed,  
And so the bodies left him without bread.

\* A fellow student with Coleridge at Göttingen.

## THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIE.

## I.

## INTRODUCTION.\*



LEAVE the lily on its stem ;  
 O leave the rose upon the spray ;  
 O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids !  
 And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough  
 This morn around my harp you twined,  
 Because it fashion'd mournfully  
 Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,  
 A woeful tale of love I sing ;  
 Hark, gentle maidens ! hark, it sighs  
 And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,  
 It sighs and trembles most for thee !  
 O come and hear the cruel wrongs,  
 Befell the Dark Ladie !<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Printed in the *Morning Post*, in Dec., 1799.

<sup>1</sup> Here follows the portion inserted in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, under the title of "Love." See *Sibylline Leaves*.

And now once more a tale of woe,  
A woeful tale of love I sing ;  
For thee, my Genevieve, it sighs,  
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn  
That crazed this bold and lovely knight,  
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,  
Nor rested day nor night !

I promised thee a sister tale  
Of man's perfidious cruelty ;  
Come then and hear what cruel wrong  
Befell the Dark Ladie.

## II.

## THE BALLAD.

**B**ENEATH yon birch with silver bark,  
And boughs so pendulous and fair,  
The brook falls scatter'd down the  
rock ;  
And all is mossy there !

And there upon the moss she sits,  
The Dark Ladie in silent pain ;  
The heavy tear is in her eye,  
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page  
 Up the castled mountain's breast,  
 If he might find the Knight that wears  
 The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,  
 And she had linger'd there all day,  
 Counting moments, dreaming fears :—  
 O wherefore can he stay ?

She hears a rustling o'er the brook,  
 She sees far off a swinging bough !  
 "'Tis He ! 'Tis my betrothed Knight !  
 Lord Falkland, it is Thou !"

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,  
 She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,  
 Her kisses glowing on his cheeks  
 She quenches with her tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

" My friends with rude ungentle words  
 They scoff and bid me fly to thee !  
 O give me shelter in thy breast !  
 O shield and shelter me !

" My Henry, I have given thee much,  
 I gave what I can ne'er recall,  
 I gave my heart, I gave my peace,  
 O Heaven ! I gave thee all."

The Knight made answer to the Maid,  
 While to his heart he held her hand,—  
 " Nine castles hath my noble sire,  
 None statelier in the land.

“ The fairest one shall be my love’s,  
The fairest castle of the nine!  
Wait only till the stars peep out,  
The fairest shall be thine :

“ Wait only till the hand of eve  
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,  
And through the dark we too will steal  
Beneath the twinkling stars ! ”—

“ The dark ? the dark ? No ! not the dark ?  
The twinkling stars ? How, Henry ? How ?  
O God ! ’twas in the eye of noon  
He pledged his sacred vow †

“ And in the eye of noon, my love  
Shall lead me from my mother’s door,  
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white  
Strewing flowers before :

“ But first the nodding minstrels go  
With music meet for lordly bowers,  
The children next in snow-white vests,  
Strewing buds and flowers !

“ And then my love and I shall pace,  
My jet black hair in pearly braids,  
Between our comely bachelors  
And blushing bridal maids.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## HYMN TO THE EARTH.\*

HEXAMETERS.



ARTH! thou mother of numberless  
children, the nurse and the  
mother,

Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest  
be thou! and, blessing, I hymn  
thee!

Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my  
voice shall float on your surges!

Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my  
song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes,—green  
meadows and lake with green island,  
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream  
flowing in brightness,

Thrill'd with thy beauty and love in the wooded  
slope of the mountain,

Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his  
head on thy bosom!

\* Probably written in 1799. It is only a fragment. In a letter to Allsop, in 1821, Coleridge exclaims—"Alas! for the proud time when I had planned, when I had present to my mind, the materials, as well as the scheme, of the hymns entitled Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man." Some such scheme was probably already in Coleridge's mind in 1796, when Lamb writes,—“What progress do you make in your hymns?”



Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft  
through thy tresses,  
Green-hair'd goddess! refresh me; and hark!  
as they hurry or linger,  
Fill the pause of my hárp, or sustain it with  
musical murmurs.  
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and ten-  
derest sadness  
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the  
joy and the heavenly sadness  
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears,  
and the hymn of thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children,  
the nurse and the mother,  
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the sun,  
the rejoicer!  
Guardian and friend of the moon, O Earth,  
whom the comets forget not,  
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round  
and again they behold thee!  
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest  
birth of creation?)  
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down  
upon thee enamour'd!  
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great mother  
and goddess,  
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy  
lap was ungirdled,  
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he  
woo'd thee and won thee!  
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the  
blushes of morning!

Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of  
 thy self-retention:  
 Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thy-  
 self at thy centre!  
 Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden re-  
 silience; and forthwith  
 Myriad myriads of lives teem'd forth from the  
 mighty embracement.  
 Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impell'd by  
 thousand-fold instincts,  
 Fill'd, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers  
 sang on their channels;  
 Laugh'd on their shores the hoarse seas; the  
 yearning ocean swell'd upward;  
 Young life low'd through the meadows, the  
 woods, and the echoing mountains,  
 Wander'd bleating in valleys, and warbled on  
 blossoming branches.

WRITTEN DURING A TEMPORARY  
 BLINDNESS,\*

IN THE YEAR 1799.



WHAT a life is the eye! what  
 a strange and inscrutable es-  
 sence!

Him, that is utterly blind, nor  
 glimpses the fire that warms  
 him;

\* These lines formed a portion of an attempt at hexameters, sent by Coleridge from Ratzeburg to Wordsworth

Him that never beheld the swelling breast of  
 his mother ;  
 Him that smiled in his gladness as a babe that  
 smiles in its slumber ;

at Goslar, in the winter of 1798-9. We must quote the whole :—

“ When I was ill and wakeful, I composed some English hexameters :—

William, my teacher, my friend! Dear William and dear  
 Dorothea!  
 Smooth out the folds of my letter, and place it on desk or  
 on table;  
 Place it on table or desk; and your right hands loosely  
 half-closing,  
 Gently sustain them in air, and extending the digit di-  
 dactic,  
 Rest it a moment on each of the forks of the five-forked  
 left hand,  
 Twice on the breadth of the thumb, and once on the tip of  
 each finger;  
 Read with a nod of the head in a humouring recitative;  
 And, as I live, you will see my hexameters hopping before  
 you.  
 This is a galloping measure, a hop, and a trot, and a  
 gallop!  
 All my hexameters fly, like stags pursued by the stag-  
 hounds,  
 Breathless and panting, and ready to drop, yet flying still  
 onwards.  
 I would full fain pull in my hard-mouth'd runaway  
 hunter;  
 But our English spondeans are clumsy yet impotent curb-  
 reins;  
 And so, to make him go slowly, no way have I left but to  
 lame him.

William, my head and my heart! Dear Poet that feelest  
 and thinkest!  
 Dorothy, eager of soul, my most affectionate sister!  
 Many a mile, O! many a wearisome mile are ye distant,

Even for him it exists! It moves and stirs in  
its prison!

Lives with a separate life: and—"Is it a  
spirit?" he murmurs:

"Sure, it has thoughts of its own, and to see is  
only a language!"

Long, long, comfortless roads, with no one eye that doth  
know us.

O! it is all too far to send to you mockeries idle:  
Yea, and I feel it not right! But O! my friends, my  
beloved!

Feverish and wakeful I lie,—I am weary of feeling and  
thinking.

Every thought is worn *down*,—I am weary, yet cannot be  
vacant.

Five long hours have I toss'd, rheumatic heats, dry and  
flushing,

Gnawing behind in my head, and wandering and throbbing  
about me,

Busy and tiresome, my friends, as the beat of the boding  
night-spider.

"I forget the beginning of the line:—

. . . . my eyes are a burden,  
Now unwillingly closed, now open and aching with dark-  
ness.

O! what a life . . . .

*(Here follow the lines in the text.)*

"There was a great deal more, which I have forgotten,  
as I never wrote it down. No doubt, much better might  
be written; but these will still give you some idea of them.  
The last line which I wrote I remember, and write it for  
the truth of the sentiment, scarcely less true in company  
than in pain and solitude:—

William, my head and my heart! Dear William and dear  
Dorothea!

You have all in each other; but I am lonely, and want  
you."—*Wordsworth's Memoirs*, i. 139-41.

## MOHAMMED.\*

**U**TTER the song, O my soul! the flight  
 and return of Mohammed,  
 Prophet and priest, who scatter'd  
 abroad both evil and blessing,  
 Huge wasteful empires founded and hallow'd  
 slow persecution,  
 Soul-withering, but crush'd the blasphemous  
 rites of the Pagan  
 And idolatrous Christians.—For veiling the  
 Gospel of Jesus,  
 They, the best corrupting, had made it worse  
 than the vilest.  
 Wherefore Heaven decreed the enthusiast war-  
 rior of Mecca,  
 Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil  
 from goodness.  
 Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the  
 fane of the idol;—  
 Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid,—  
 the people with mad shouts  
 Thundering now, and now with saddest ulula-  
 tion,  
 Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the  
 ruinous river

\* Another fragment of 1799. Southey and Coleridge planned to write together in hexameters a long poem on the subject. These lines were probably the beginning—not a promising one—and the end of it.

Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar  
 bewilder'd,  
 Rushes dividuous all,—all rushing impetuous  
 onward.

### THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER

DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.\*



STRONGLY it bears us along in  
 swelling and limitless billows,  
 Nothing before and nothing behind  
 but the sky and the ocean.

### THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE

DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.



IN the hexameter rises the fountain's  
 silvery column ;  
 In the pentameter aye falling in  
 melody back.

\* Translated from Schiller, as well as the succeeding couplet.

## CATULLIAN HENDECASYLLABLES.\*



HEAR, my beloved, an old Milesian  
story!—

High, and embosom'd in congregated  
laurels,

Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy headland;  
In the dim distance amid the skiey billows  
Rose a fair island; the god of flocks had  
placed<sup>1</sup> it.

From the far shores of the bleak resounding  
island

Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating,  
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy head-  
land,

Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes  
Up to the groves of the high embosom'd temple.

There, in a thicket of dedicated roses,

Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,

Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,

\* Hendecasyllabics—of *twelve* syllables,—also from the German,—from Mathisson's *Milesisches Märchen*,—and of 1799, according to Sara Coleridge.

Coleridge, in the copy he gave to Cottle, calls them, in fact, Dodecasyllables, and describes the line as consisting “of two dactyles, and three trochees; the two dactyles first, and the trochees following.”

May we add that they are singularly feeble.

<sup>1</sup> *Placed.*] The version which Cottle gives reads “bless'd”, which we are not sure is not the right reading. The edition of 1834 has many other variations from Cottle's version; one, in the last line but one,—“mighty sailor”,—we have discarded, in favour of Cottle's text.

Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-  
 boat,  
 And with invisible pilotage to guide it  
 Over the dusk wave, until the nightly sailor  
 Shivering with ecstasy sank upon her bosom.

THE BRITISH STRIPLING'S WAR-  
 SONG.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.\*



YES, noble old Warrior! this heart  
 has beat high,  
 Since you told of the deeds which  
 our countrymen wrought ;  
 O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,  
 And I too will fight as my forefathers fought.

Despise not my youth, for my spirit is steel'd,  
 And I know there is strength in the grasp  
 of my hand ;  
 Yea, as firm as thyself would I march to the  
 field,  
 And as proudly would die for my dear native  
 land.

In the sports of my childhood I mimick'd the  
 fight,  
 The sound of a trumpet suspended my breath ;

\* Published in the *Morning Post*, in 1799. There is a  
 version, apparently earlier, in the *Remains*, vol. i. 276.



And my fancy still wander'd by day and by  
night,  
Amid battle and tumult, 'mid conquest and  
death.

My own shout of onset, when the <sup>1</sup> Armies  
advance,  
How oft it awakes me from visions of glory ;  
When I meant to have leapt on the Hero of  
France  
And have dash'd him to earth, pale and  
breathless and gory.

As late thro' the city, with banners all  
streaming,  
To the music of trumpets the Warriors flew  
by,—  
With helmet and scimitar naked and gleaming,  
On their proud-trampling, thunder-hoof'd  
steeds did they fly,—

I sped to yon heath that is lonely and bare,  
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulse in  
alarm ;  
And I hurl'd the mock-lance thro' the object-  
less air,  
And in open-eyed dream proved the strength  
of my arm.

<sup>1</sup> *The.*] This word has crept into the text, or we should write "th", which is harsh. The line in the *Remains* does not help us :—

"My own eager shout in the heat of my trance."

Yes, noble old Warrior! this heart has beat  
 high,  
 Since you told of the deeds that our country-  
 men wrought;  
 O lend me the sabre that hung by thy thigh,  
 And I too will fight as my forefathers  
 fought!

## ON A CATARACT

FROM A CAVERN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN

PRECIPICE.\*

STROPHE.

**U**NPERISHING youth!  
 Thou leapest from forth  
 The cell of thy hidden nativity;  
 Never mortal saw  
 The cradle of the strong one;  
 Never mortal heard  
 The gathering of his voices;

\* Also imitated from Stolberg. The original consists of eleven lines only. It is fair to Coleridge to supply a literal rendering:—

“Immortal Youth,  
 That streamest forth  
 From the rock-cleft,  
 No mortal has seen  
 The cradle of the Strong-one,

The deep-murmur'd charm of the son of the  
rock,

That is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless  
fountain.

There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil  
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;

It embosoms the roses of dawn,

It entangles the shafts of the noon,

And into the bed of its stillness

The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,

That the son of the rock, that the nursling of  
heaven,

May be born in a holy twilight!

## ANTISTROPHE.

The wild goat in awe

Looks up and beholds

Above thee the cliff inaccessible;

Thou at once full-born

Maddenest in thy joyance,

Whirlest, shatter'st, splitt'st,

Life invulnerable.

No ear heard

The lisp of the Noble-one in the bubbling source.

Thee the sun clothes

With rays of glory,

The hovering clouds of the spraylike flood

Are painted with colours of the heaven-bow."

See a third translation from Stolberg,—*Tell's Birth-Place*,—in "Sibylline Leaves."

## FROM THE GERMAN.\*

**K**NOW'ST thou the land where the  
 pale citrons grow,  
 The golden fruits in darker foliage  
 glow?

Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue  
 sky,

Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high !  
 Know'st thou it well, that land, beloved friend ?  
 Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend !

## WESTPHALIAN SONG.†

The following is an almost literal translation of a very old and very favourite song among the Westphalian Boors. The turn at the end is the same with one of Mr. Dibdin's excellent songs, and the air to which it is sung by the Boors is remarkably sweet and lively.

**W**HEN thou to my true-love comest,  
 Greet her from me kindly ;  
 When she asks thee how I fare ?  
 Say folks in Heaven fare finely.

\* The first verse of Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*.


It is strange, but this fragment is the only trace of Goethe to be found Coleridge's poems. A similar observation may be made of Italy, if we except *The Garden of Boccaccio*. In the *Table Talk*, Coleridge says,—“In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent,” and under date Feb. 16th, 1833, of the same, will be found some remarks upon *Faust*. Goethe's death, in 1832, would make him at this time the subject of conversation.

† Printed in 1802.

When she asks, "What! Is he sick?"  
 Say, dead!—and when for sorrow  
 She begins to sob and cry,  
 Say, I come to-morrow.

### THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.\*

#### I.

 FROM his brimstone bed at break of  
 day  
 A-walking the Devil is gone,  
 To visit his snug little farm the  
 Earth,  
 And see how his stock goes on.

\* Of this poem, which, with the *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, first appeared in the *Morning Post*, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 9th, and 16th stanzas were dictated by Mr. Southey. . .

If any one should ask, who General ——— meant, the Author begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed anything but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.—C. 1834.

The poem appeared in the *Morning Post* in 1799. Byron fancied he could improve upon it. He wrote a poem of some 250 lines, called "The Devil's Drive," "the notion of which," he says, "I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'" Of the noble lord's production, Moore remarks, in his *Life of Byron*,—"Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Professor Porson."

## II.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
 And he went over the plain,  
 And backward and forward he switch'd his long  
 tail,  
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

## III.

And how then was the Devil drest?  
 Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:  
 His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
 And there was a hole<sup>1</sup> where the tail came  
 through.

## IV.

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper,  
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable;  
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind  
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

## V.

He saw an Apothecary on a white horse  
 Ride by on his vocations!  
 And the Devil thought of his old friend  
 Death in the Revelations.

## VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
 A cottage of gentility;

<sup>1</sup> *Hole.*] Southey, in his *Omniana*, 1812, writes,—“ All painters represent the devil with a tail, and in one of the prints to the Dutch translation of Bunyan's *Holy War*, it may be seen in what manner his breeches-maker accommodates it.”

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.

## VII.

He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop,—  
Quoth he, "We are both of one college!  
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once,  
Hard by<sup>1</sup> the tree of knowledge."

## VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with  
tide,  
A pig with vast celerity;

<sup>1</sup> *Hard by, &c.*]

And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit,  
Of vegetable gold (query, paper-money), and next  
to Life

Our Death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by.—

\* \* \* \*

So clomb this first grand thief —  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life  
Sat like a cormorant.—*Par. Lost*, IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of various readings obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for 'Life' Cod. quid. habent 'Trade.' Though indeed the trade, *i.e.* the bibliopolic, so called *kár' ἐξόχην*, may be regarded as Life sensu eminentiori; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, 'Ay! that's what I call Life now!'—This 'Life, our Death,' is thus<sup>1</sup> happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—*Sic nos non nobis mellificamus apes.*—C.

<sup>1</sup> The last two lines of this note, which we would fain have omitted, are doubtless a wilful perversion of the meaning of Milton.

And the Devil look'd wise, as he saw how the  
 while  
 It cut its own throat. "There," quoth he  
 with a smile,  
 "Goes England's commercial prosperity."

## IX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw  
 A solitary cell ;  
 And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a  
 hint  
 For improving his prisons in Hell.

## X.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice  
 Fetter <sup>1</sup> a troublesome blade ;  
 "Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers move,  
 If a man be but used to his trade."

## XI.

He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a man  
 With but little expedition,  
 Which put him in mind of the long debate  
 On the Slave-trade abolition.

## XII.

He saw an old acquaintance  
 As he pass'd by a Methodist meeting ;—  
 She holds a consecrated key,  
 And the Devil nods her a greeting.

<sup>1</sup> *Fetter.*] In the edition of 1834 we have "unfetter."



## XIII.

She turn'd up her nose, and said,  
"Avaunt! my name's Religion,"  
And she look'd to Mr. —  
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

## XIV.

He saw a certain minister  
(A minister to his mind)  
Go up into a certain House,  
With a majority behind.

## XV.

The Devil quoted Genesis,  
Like a very learned clerk,  
How "Noah and his creeping things  
Went up into the Ark."

## XVI.

He took from the poor,  
And he gave to the rich,  
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,  
For he was not afraid of the —

## XVII.

General ———'s burning face  
He saw with consternation,  
And back to hell his way did he take,  
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake  
It was General Conflagration.

## TALLEYRAND TO LORD GRENVILLE.

A METRICAL EPISTLE.\*

*Saxa, et robora, corneasque fibras,  
Mollit dulciloquâ canorus arte.*

SIDON. APOL.

**M**Y Lord! though your Lordship repel  
 deviation  
 From forms long establish'd, yet  
 with high consideration  
 I plead for the honour to hope that no blame  
 Will attach, should this letter begin with my  
 name.  
 I dared not presume on your Lordship to  
 bounce,  
 But thought it more exquisite first to announce!  
 My Lord! I've the honour to be Talleyrand,  
 And the letter's from me! you'll not draw  
 back your hand,  
 Nor yet take it up by the rim in dismay,  
 As boys pick up ha'pence on April fool-day.  
 I'm no Jacobin foul, or red-hot Cordelier,  
 That your Lordship's *ungauntleted* fingers  
 need fear  
 An infection or burn! Believe me, 'tis true,  
 With a scorn like your own I look down on the  
 crew  
 That bawl and hold up to the mob's detestation

\* Printed in the *Morning Post*, Jan., 1800.

The most delicate wish for a silent persuasion.  
*A form long-establish'd* these Terrorists call  
 Bribes, perjury, theft, and the devil and all !  
 And yet spite of all that the Moralist<sup>1</sup> prates,  
 'Tis the keystone and cement of civilized States.  
 Those American *Reps!*<sup>2</sup> And i' faith, they  
 were serious !  
 It shock'd us at Paris, like something mys-  
 terious,  
 That men who've a Congress—But no more  
 of't ! I'm proud  
 To have stood so distinct from the Jacobin  
 crowd.

My Lord ! though the vulgar in wonder be  
 lost at

My transfigurations, and name me Apostate,  
 Such a meaningless nickname, which never in-  
 censed me,

*Cannot* prejudice you or your Cousin against  
 me :

I'm Ex-bishop. What then ? Burke himself  
 would agree

That I left not the Church—'twas the Church  
 that left me.

My titles prelatie I loved and retain'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Moralist.*] This sarcasm on the writings of moralists is, in general, extremely just ; but had Talleyrand continued long enough in England, he might have found an honourable exception in the second volume of Dr. Paley's *Moral Philosophy* ; in which both *Secret Influence*, and all the other *Established Forms*, are justified and placed in their true light.—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Reps.*] A fashionable abbreviation in the higher circles for Republicans. Thus *Mob* was originally the *Mobility*.—C.

As long as what *I* meant by Prelate remain'd:  
 And tho' Mitres no longer will pass in our  
     mart,  
 I'm episcopal still to the core of my heart.  
 No time from my name this my motto shall  
     sever:  
 'Twill be *Non sine pulvere palma*<sup>1</sup> for ever!

Your goodness, my Lord, I conceive as ex-  
     cessive,  
 Or I dared not present you a scroll so digres-  
     sive;  
 And in truth with my pen thro' and thro' I  
     should strike it;  
 But I hear that your Lordship's own style is  
     just like it.  
 Dear my Lord, we are right: for what charms  
     can be show'd  
 In a thing that goes straight like an old Roman  
     road?  
 The tortoise crawls straight, the hare doubles  
     about;  
 And the true line of beauty still winds in and  
     out.  
 It argues, my Lord! of fine thoughts such  
     a brood in us  
 To split and divide into heads multitudinous,  
 While charms that surprise (it can ne'er be  
     denied us)  
 Sprout forth from each head, like the ears from  
     King Midas.

<sup>1</sup> *Palma non sine pulvere.*] In plain English, an itching palm, not without the yellow dust.—C.

Were a genius of rank, like a commonplace  
dunce,  
Compell'd to drive on to the main point at  
once,  
What a plentiful vintage of initiations  
Would Noble Lords lose in your Lordship's  
orations.  
My fancy transports me ! As mute as a mouse,  
And as fleet as a pigeon, I'm borne to the  
House  
Where all those who *are* Lords, from father to  
son,  
Discuss the affairs of all those who are none.  
I behold you, my Lord ! of your feelings quite  
full,  
'Fore the woolsack arise, like a sack full of  
wool ;  
You rise on each Anti-Grenvillian member,  
Short, thick and blustrous, like a day in  
November ;—  
Short in person, I mean : for the length of your  
speeches  
Fame herself, that most famous reporter, ne'er  
reaches :  
Lo ! Patience beholds you condemn her brief  
reign,  
And Time, that all-panting toil'd after in  
vain,  
(Like the Beldam who raced for a smock with  
her grandchild,)  
Drops and cries :—' Were such lungs e'er as-  
sign'd to a man-child ?'  
Your strokes at her vitals pale Truth has con-  
fess'd,

And Zeal<sup>1</sup> unresisted entempests your breast !  
 Though some noble Lords may be wishing to  
     sup,  
 Your merit self-conscious, my Lord, *keeps*  
     *you up,*  
 Unextinguish'd and swoln, as a balloon of paper  
 Keeps aloft by the smoke of its own farthing  
     taper.  
 Ye SIXTEENS<sup>2</sup> of Scotland, your snuffs ye must  
     trim ;  
 Your Gemines, fix'd stars of England ! grow  
     dim,  
 And but for *a form long establish'd*, no doubt,  
 Twinkling faster and faster, ye all would *go out*.

*Apropos*, my dear Lord ! a ridiculous blunder  
 Of some of our Journalists caused us some  
     wonder :

<sup>1</sup> *And Zeal, &c.*] An evident plagiarism of the ex-Bishop's from Dr. Johnson :—

“ Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :  
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,  
 And unresisting Passion storm'd the breast.”—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Sixteens.*] Certain candles go by the name of *sixteens*. This explains the whole ; the Scotch Peers are destined to burn out,—and so are candles ! The English are perpetual, and are therefore styled Fixed Stars ! The word *Gemines* is, we confess, still obscure to us ; though we venture to suggest that it may perhaps be a metaphor (daringly sublime) for the two eyes which noble Lords do in general possess. It is certainly used by the poet Fletcher in this sense, in the 31st stanza of his *Purple Island* :—

“ What ! shall I then need seek a patron out,  
 Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,  
 To fence my song against the vulgar rout,  
 And shine upon me with her *gemines* ? ”—C.

It was said that in aspect malignant and sinister  
In the Isle of Great Britain a great Foreign  
Minister

Turn'd as pale as a journeyman miller's frock  
coat is

On observing a star that appear'd in BOOTES!  
When the whole truth was this (O those  
ignorant brutes!)

Your Lordship had made his appearance in  
boots.

You, my Lord, with your star, sat in boots, and  
the Spanish

Ambassador thereupon thought fit to vanish.  
But perhaps, dear my Lord, among other worse  
crimes,

The whole was no more than a lie of *The Times*.  
It is monstrous, my Lord! in a civilized state  
That such Newspaper rogues should have  
license to prate.

Indeed printing in general,—but for the taxes,—  
Is in theory false and pernicious in praxis!

You and I, and your Cousin, and Abbé Sièyes,  
And all the great Statesmen that live in these  
days,

Are agreed that no nation secure is from  
violence

Unless all who must think are maintain'd all  
in silence.

This printing, my Lord—but 'tis useless to  
mention

What we both of us think—'twas a cursed in-  
vention,

And Germany might have been honestly  
prouder

Had she left it alone, and found out only  
powder.

My Lord! when I think of our labours and  
cares

Who rule the Department of Foreign Affairs,  
And how with their libels these journalists  
bore us,

Though rage I acknowledge than scorn less de-  
corous;

Yet their presses and types I could shiver in  
splinters,

Those Printers' black devils! those devils of  
Printers!

In case of a peace—but perhaps it were better  
To proceed to the absolute point of my letter:  
For the deep wounds of France, Bonaparte, my  
master,

Has found out a new sort of *basilicon* plaister.  
But your time, my dear Lord! is your nation's  
best treasure,

I've intruded already too long on your leisure;  
If so, I entreat you with penitent sorrow  
To pause, and resume the remainder to-morrow.

•



THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE  
TOMBSTONE.\*



HE Devil believes that the Lord  
will come,  
Stealing a march without beat  
of drum,  
About the same time that he came last,  
On an old Christmas-day in a snowy blast :  
Till he bids the trump sound neither body nor  
soul stirs,  
For the dead men's heads have slipt under their  
bolsters.

Oh! ho! brother Bard, in our churchyard  
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green ;  
Save one alone, and that's of stone,  
And under it lies a Counsellor keen.

\* Printed in 1800. In the edition of 1834 Coleridge adds the following note :—" See the apology for the *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter* . . . . This is the first time the author ever published these lines. He would have been glad had they perished ; but they have now been printed repeatedly in magazines, and he is told that the verses will not perish. Here, therefore, they are owned, with the hope that they will be taken, as assuredly they were composed, in mere sport."

The sight of Sir James Mackintosh in Grasmere churchyard, it is said, suggested this poem. It is right Sir James should be heard :—" S. T. C. trusted to his ingenuity to atone for his ignorance."

'Twould be a square tomb, if it were not too long,  
 And 'tis fenced round with irons sharp, spear-  
 like, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip,  
 With a waxy face, and a blubber lip,  
 And a black tooth in front, to show in part  
 What was the colour of his whole heart.

    This Counsellor sweet,  
     This Scotchman complete,  
 (The Devil scotch him for a snake !)  
 I trust he lies in his grave awake.

    On the sixth of January,  
 When all around is white with snow  
 As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy ;  
     Brother Bard, ho ! ho !  
     Believe it, or no,  
 On that stone tomb to you I'll show  
 Two round spaces void of snow.  
 I swear by our Knight and his forefathers' souls,  
 That in size and shape they are just like the  
     holes

    In the house of privity  
     Of that ancient family.  
 On those two places void of snow,  
 There have sat in the night for an hour or so,  
 Before sunrise, and after cock-crow,  
 (He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,  
 All to the tune of the wind in their horns),  
     The Devil and his Grannam,  
     With a snow-blast to fan 'em ;  
 Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow ;  
 For they are cock-sure of the fellow below !



## EPIGRAMS PRINTED IN 1800.\*

### I.

#### THE BAPTIST IN IRELAND.



WOULD the Baptist come again  
And preach aloud with might and  
main

Repentance to our viperous race !  
But should this miracle take place,  
I hope, ere Irish ground he treads,  
He'll lay in a good stock of heads !

### II.

#### OCCASIONED BY THE FORMER.



HOLD of all our viperous race  
The greedy creeping things in place  
Most vile, most venomous ; and then  
The United Irishmen !

\* In Southey's "Annual Anthology," vol. ii., without any signature. We have relegated eight out of seventeen of these epigrams to our last division.

To come on earth should John determine,  
 Imprimis, we'll excuse his sermon.  
 Without a word the good old Dervis  
 Might work incalculable service,  
 At once from tyranny and riot  
 Save laws, lives, liberties, and moneys,  
 If sticking to his ancient diet  
 He'd but eat up our *locusts*<sup>1</sup> and *wild honeys*!

## III.

ON A READER OF HIS OWN  
 VERSES.\*

**H**OARSE MÆVIUS reads his hobbling  
 verse  
 To all, and at all times;  
 And deems them both divinely  
 smooth,  
 His voice, as well as rhymes.

But folks say,—“ Mævius is no ass ! ”  
 But Mævius makes it clear  
 That he's a monster of an ass,  
 An ass without an ear.

<sup>1</sup> *Locusts.*] The “ creeping things in place.”

\* From the German, according to Cottle. The epigram appears in the “ Remains ” (where for “ deems ” we have “ finds ”) with the date, 1797,—which should be 1799, no doubt.

## IV.

## "HOW THE LIAR CHEATS US." \*

**I**F the guilt of all lying consists in de-  
ceit,  
Lie on,—'tis your duty, sweet  
youth!

For believe me, then only we find you a cheat,  
When you cunningly tell us the truth.

## V.

## "GILES'S HOPE."

**W**HAT? rise again with *all* one's  
bones?  
Quoth Giles, I hope you fib:  
I trusted, when I went to Heaven,  
To go without my rib.

\* Cottle says, from the German.

## VI,

## ON A BAD SINGER.\*



WANS sing before they die:—'twere  
no bad thing,  
Should certain persons die before  
they sing.

## VII.

## "REJOINDER AND REPLY." †



JOKE (cries Jack) without a sting:—  
*Post obitum* can no man sing.  
And true, if Jack don't mend his  
manners,  
And quit the atheistic banners,  
*Post obitum* will Jack run foul  
Of such folks as can only howl.

\* This epigram, but not the rejoinder, appears in the edition of 1834.

† Headed in the "Anthology,"—"occasioned by the last."

## VIII.

## "AN ANALOGY."



OW be ruled liked a Frenchman the  
 Briton is loth,  
 Yet in truth a *direct tory* governs  
 them both.

1798.<sup>1</sup>

## IX.

## ON A VERY UGLY WOMAN.



OW happy for us mortals 'twere,  
 Had Eve been such a woman!  
 The Devil ne'er had tempted her,  
 And she had tempted no man.

<sup>1</sup> 1798.] We need not suppose the epigram to have been written at this date.



## TO A CRITIC\*

WHO QUOTED AN ISOLATED PASSAGE, AND THEN  
DECLARED IT UNINTELLIGIBLE.

**M**OST candid critic, what if I,  
By way of joke, pluck out your eye,  
And holding up the fragment cry,  
“Ha! ha! that men such fools  
should be!

Behold this shapeless mass!—and he  
Who own'd it, dreamt that it could see!”  
The joke were mighty analytic,  
But should you like it, candid critic?

\* Printed in 1801, as also the four following poems.



## SONG

TO BE SUNG BY THE LOVERS OF ALL THE NOBLE

LIQUORS COMPRISED UNDER THE

NAME OF ALE.

A.



E drinkers of Stingo and Nappy so  
 free,  
 Are the Gods on Olympus so happy  
 [as] we?

B.

They cannot be so happy!  
 For why? they drink no Nappy.

A.


But what if Nectar in their lingo  
 Is but another name for Stingo?

B.

Why, then we and the Gods are equally blest,  
 And Olympan an Ale-house as good as the best!

## DRINKING VERSUS THINKING;

OR, A SONG AGAINST THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

 Y Merry men all, that drink with  
 glee  
 This fanciful Philosophy,  
 Pray tell me what good is it?  
 If *ancient Nick* should come and take  
 The same across the Stygian Lake,  
 I guess we ne'er should miss it.

Away, each pale, self-brooding spark,  
 That goes truth-hunting in the dark,  
 Away from our carousing!  
 To Pallas we resign such fowls—  
 Grave birds of wisdom! ye're but owls,  
 And all your trade but *mousing*!

My Merry men all, here's punch and wine,  
 And spicy bishop, drink divine!  
 Let's live while we are able.  
 While Mirth and Sense sit, hand in glove,  
 This Don Philosophy we'll shove  
 Dead drunk beneath the table!

## THE WILLS OF THE WISP.

A SAPPHIC.

*Vix ea nostra voco.*

**D**UNATIC Witch-fires! Ghosts of  
 Light and Motion!  
 Fearless I see you weave your wan-  
 ton dances

Near me, far off me; you, that tempt the  
 traveller

Onward and onward;

Wooring, retreating, till the swamp beneath him  
 Groans—and 'tis dark!—This woman's wile—  
 I know it!

Learnt it from thee, from *thy* perfidious glances!  
 Black-eyed Rebecca!

## JOB'S LUCK.

**S**LY Beelzebub took all occasions  
 To try Job's constancy and patience;  
 He took his honours, took his health,  
 He took his children, took his wealth,

His camels, horses, asses, cows;—  
 And the sly Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,  
 And loves to disappoint the Devil,  
 Had predetermined to restore  
 Twofold all Job had before,  
 His children, camels, horses, cows;—  
 Short-sighted Devil, not to take his spouse !

“NIL NISI BONUM DE MORTUIS.” \*



AN excellent adage commands that we  
 should  
 Relate of the dead that alone which  
 is good ;  
 But of the great lord who here lies in lead  
 We know nothing good but that he is dead.

\* Printed in 1809.



## EPIGRAMS PRINTED IN 1802.\*

### I.

#### “WHAT AN EPIGRAM IS.”



WHAT is an Epigram? a dwarfish  
whole,—  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

### II.

#### HOW THE LIAR CHEATED HIM- SELF.




CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie  
would stick,  
And taught at length his memory  
the same trick.

\* In the *Morning Post*.

Believing thus what he so oft repeats,  
 He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor  
 youth,  
 That now himself and no one else he cheats,  
 Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

## III.

## "POSSESSOR OR POSSESSED."


N evil spirit's on thee, friend! of  
 late,—  
 Ev'n from the hour thou camest to  
 thy estate.  
 Thy mirth all gone, thy kindness, thy discretion,  
 The estate has proved to thee a most complete  
 possession.  
 Shame, shame, old friend! would'st thou be  
 truly blest,  
 Be thy wealth's lord, not slave! *possessor*, not  
*possess'd*.

## IV.

## TO ONE WHO PUBLISHED IN PRINT

WHAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM

BY MY FIRESIDE.

WO things hast thou made known to  
 half the nation,  
 My secrets and my want of penetra-  
 tion:

For O! far more than all which thou hast  
 penn'd,  
 It shames me to have call'd a wretch like thee  
 my friend!

## V.

## "SCANDAL."

*"Obscuri sub luce maligna."*—VIRG.



SCARCE any scandal, but has a  
 handle;  
 In truth most falsehoods have  
 their rise;  
 Truth first unlocks Pandora's box,  
 And out there fly a host of lies.  
 Malignant light, by cloudy night,  
 To precipices it decoys one!  
 One nectar-drop from Jove's own shop  
 Will flavour a whole cup of poison.

## VI.

## "CASTLES IN THE AIR."



LD Harpy jeers at castles in the air,  
 And thanks his stars, whenever  
 Edmund speaks,  
 That such a dupe as that is not his  
 heir.

But know, old Harpy! that these fancy  
 freaks,  
 Though vain and light, as floating gossamer,  
 Always amuse, and sometimes mend the heart :  
 A young man's idlest hopes are still his  
 pleasures,  
 And fetch a higher price in Wisdom's mart  
 Than all the unenjoying Miser's treasures.

## VII.

## TO A VAIN YOUNG LADY.



**D**IDST thou think less of thy dear self,  
 Far more would others think of thee !  
 Sweet Anne ! the knowledge of thy  
 wealth  
 Reduces thee to poverty.  
 Boon Nature gave wit, beauty, health,  
 On thee as on her darling pitching ;  
 Couldst thou forget thou'rt thus enrich'd,  
 That moment would'st thou become rich in !  
 And wert thou not so self-bewitch'd,  
 Sweet Anne ! thou wert, indeed, bewitching.



## VIII.

## "AURELIA ANSWERED."



FROM me, Aurelia! you desired  
 Your proper praise to know;  
 Well! you're the Fair by all ad-  
 mired—  
 Some twenty years ago.

## IX.

## FOR A HOUSE-DOG'S COLLAR.



WHEN thieves come, I bark; when  
 gallants, I am still;—  
 So perform both my master's and  
 mistress's will.

## X.

## EPITAPH ON A MERCENARY MISER.



POOR benighted Pedlar knock'd  
 One night at Sell-all's door,  
 The same who saved old Sell-all's  
 life—

'Twas but the year before!  
 And Sell-all rose and let him in,  
 Not utterly unwilling,

But first he bargain'd with the man,  
 And took his only shilling!  
 That night he dreamt he'd given away his self,  
 Walk'd in his sleep, and sleeping hung himself!  
 And now his soul and body rest below;  
 And here they say his punishment and fate is  
 To lie awake and every hour to know  
 How many people read his tombstone GRATIS.

## XI.

"CLOTHES."



EACH Bond-street buck conceits, un-  
 happy elf!  
 He shows his clothes! Alas! he  
 shows *himself*.  
 O that they knew, these overdrest self-lovers,  
 What hides the body oft the mind discovers.

## XII.

## ON THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE

THAT IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE THE SUN  
 IS FEMININE AND THE MOON  
 MASCULINE.



O UR English poets, bad and good,  
 agree  
 To make the Sun a male, the Moon  
 a she.

He drives HIS dazzling diligence on high,  
 In verse, as constantly as in the sky ;  
 And cheap as blackberries <sup>1</sup> our sonnets show  
 The Moon, Heaven's huntress, with HER silver  
 bow ;

By which they'd teach us, if I guess aright,  
 Man rules the day, and woman rules the night.  
 In Germany they just reverse the thing ;  
 The Sun becomes a queen, the Moon a king.  
 Now, that the Sun should represent the women,  
 The Moon the men, to me seem'd mighty  
 humming ;

And when I first read German, made me stare.  
 Surely it is not that the wives are there  
 As common as the Sun to lord and loon,  
 And all their husbands *horned* as the Moon ?

## XIII.

## SPOTS IN THE SUN.

**M**Y father confessor is strict and holy,  
*Mi Fili*, still he cries, *peccare noli*.  
 And yet how oft I find the pious man,  
 At Annette's door, the lovely cour-  
 tesan !

Her soul's deformity the good man wins  
 And not her charms ! he comes to hear her sins !  
 Good father ! I would fain not do thee wrong ;  
 But ah ! I fear that they who oft and long

<sup>1</sup> *Blackberries.*] Compare Falstaff's—"if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries."—*Henry IV. Part I. Act ii. s. 4.*

Stand gazing at the sun, to count each spot,  
*Must* sometimes find the sun itself too hot.

## XIV.

## "A TALKER."



WHEN Surface talks of other people's  
 worth,  
 He has the weakest memory on  
 earth !

And when his own good deeds he deigns to  
 mention,  
 His *memory* still is no whit better grown ;  
 But then he makes up for it, all will own,  
 By a prodigious talent of *invention*.

## XV.

## TO MY CANDLE.



GOOD Candle, thou that with thy  
 brother, Fire,  
 Art my best friend and comforter  
 at night,  
 Just snuff'd, thou look'st as if thou didst desire  
 That I on thee an epigram should write.  
 Dear Candle, burnt down to a finger-joint,  
 Thy own flame is an epigram of sight ;  
 'Tis *short*, and *pointed*, and *all over* light,  
 Yet gives *most* light and burns the keenest at  
 the point.



### THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.\*

**W**HERE is the grave of Sir Arthur  
O'Kellyn ?  
Where may the grave of that good  
man be ?—

By the side of a spring, on the breast of Hel-  
vellyn,

Under the twigs of a young birch tree !  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,  
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—  
The Knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust ;—  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

\* Quoted in *Ivanhoe* in 1820. Dated by Sara Coleridge 1802.

## METRICAL FEET.\*

## LESSON FOR A BOY.



RŌCHĒE trips frōm lōng tō shōrt;  
 From long to long in solemn sort  
 Slōw Spōndēe stālks; strōng fōot!  
 yet ill able

Evēr tō<sup>1</sup> cōme ūp with Dāctyl trīsŷllāblē.

Īambics mārch frōm shōrt tō lōng;—

With ā leāp ānd ā bōund thē swift Ānāpæsts  
 thrōng;

One syllable long, with one short at each side,

Āmphībrāchŷs hāstes with ā stātelŷ stride;—

Fīrst ānd lāst bēing lōng, mīddlē shōrt, Āmphī-  
 mācer

Strīkes hīs thūndērīng hōofs līke ā prōūd high-  
 brēd Rācer.


If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,

\* The edition of 1852 gives 1807 as the date, which is probably correct, or Derwent Coleridge would have changed it.

<sup>1</sup> *Ever to, &c.*] “Come up with and Dactyl tri are certainly remarkable specimens of dactyls. And to think that the second syllable is short in *apaests throng*,—a diphthong before six consonants!

And delight in the things of earth, water, and  
 skies ;  
 Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres  
 to show it,  
 With sound sense in his brains, may make  
 Derwent a poet,—  
 May crown him with fame, and must win him  
 the love  
 Of his father on earth and his Father above.  
     My dear, dear child !  
 Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not  
 from its whole ridge  
 See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T.  
 COLERIDGE.

## LIMBO.

 IS a strange place, this Limbo!—  
     not a place,  
 Yet name it so ;—where Time and  
     weary Space,  
 Fetter'd from flight, with night-mare sense of  
     fleeing,  
 Strive for their last crepuscular half-being ;—  
 Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny  
     hands,  
 Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,  
 Not mark'd by flit of Shades,—unmeaning they  
 As moonlight on the dial of the day !  
 But that is lovely—looks like human Time,—

An old man with a steady look sublime,  
 That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;  
 But he is blind—a statue hath such eyes;—  
 Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance,  
 Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,  
 With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and  
 high,

He gazes still,—his eyeless face all eye!  
 As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,  
 His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!  
 Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb,—  
 He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze  
 on him!

No such sweet sights doth Limbo den im-  
 mure,  
 Wall'd round, and made a spirit-jail secure,  
 By the mere horror of blank Nought-at-all,  
 Whose circumambience doth these ghosts en-  
 thral.

A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,  
 Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;  
 Hell knows a fear far worse,  
 A fear—a future state ;—'tis positive Negation!

### NE PLUS ULTRA.



SOLE Positive of Night!  
 Antipathist of Light!  
 Fate's only essence! primal  
 scorpion rod!—  
 The one permitted opposite of God!—  
 Condensed blackness and abysmal storm



Compacted to one sceptre  
 Arms the Grasp enorm,—  
 The Interceptor,—  
 The Substance that still casts the shadow  
 Death!—  
 The Dragon foul and fell,—  
 The unrevealable,  
 And hidden one, whose breath  
 Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell!—  
 Ah! sole despair  
 Of both the eternities in Heaven!  
 Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer,  
 The all-compassionate!  
 Save to the Lampads Seven  
 Reveal'd to none of all the Angelic State,  
 Save to the Lampads Seven  
 That watch the throne of Heaven!

## SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM;

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN POET AND FRIEND,

*Found Written on the Blank Leaf at the beginning of  
Butler's Book of the Church.*

POET.



NOTE the moods and feelings men  
 betray,  
 And heed them more than aught  
 they do or say;  
 The lingering ghosts of many a secret deed

II.

A A

Still-born or haply strangled in its birth ;  
 These best reveal the smooth man's inward  
 creed !  
 These mark the spot where lies the treasure  
 Worth !

——, made up of impudence and trick,  
 With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick,  
 Rome's brazen serpent,—boldly dares discuss  
 The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss !  
 And with grim triumph and a truculent glee  
 Absolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy,  
 That made an empire's plighted faith a lie,  
 And fix'd a broad stare on the Devil's eye,—  
 (Pleased with the guilt, yet envy-stung at  
 heart,  
 To stand out-master'd in his own black art !)  
 Yet ——

FRIEND.

Enough of —— ! we're agreed,  
 Who now defends would then have done the  
 deed.  
 But who not feels persuasion's gentle sway,  
 Who but must meet the proffer'd hand half way,  
 When courteous ——

POET (*aside*).

(Rome's smooth go-between !)

FRIEND.

Laments the advice that sour'd a milky  
 queen,—  
 (For "bloody" all enlighten'd men confess

An antiquated error of the press :)  
 Who rapt by zeal beyond her sex's bounds,  
 With actual cautory staunch'd the Church's  
     wounds !  
 And tho' he deems, that with too broad a blur  
 We damn the French and Irish massacre,  
 Yet blames them both—and thinks the Pope  
     might err !  
 What think you now ? Boots it with spear and  
     shield  
 Against such gentle foes to take the field  
 Whose beckoning hands the mild Caduceus  
     wield ?

POET.

What think I now ? Even what I thought  
     before ;—  
 What —— boasts though —— may deplore,  
 Still I repeat ;—words lead me not astray,  
 When the shown feeling points a different way.  
 Smooth —— can say grace at slander's feast,  
 And bless each haut-gout cook'd by monk or  
     priest ;  
 Leaves the full lie on ——'s gong to swell,  
 Content with half-truths that do just as well ;  
 But duly decks his mitred comrade's flanks,  
 And with him shares the Irish nation's thanks !

So much for you, my friend ! who own a  
     Church,  
 And would not leave your mother in the lurch !  
 But when a Liberal asks me what I think,—  
 Scared by the blood and soot of Cobbett's ink,  
 And Jeffrey's glairy phlegm and Connor's foam,

In search of some safe parable I roam :—  
An emblem sometimes may comprise a tome!

Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire's  
mood,  
I see a tiger lapping kitten's food :  
And who shall blame him that he purrs applause,  
When brother Brindle pleads the good old  
cause ;  
And frisks his pretty tail, and half unsheathes  
his claws !  
Yet not the less, for modern lights unapt,  
I trust the bolts and cross-bars of the laws  
More than the Protestant milk all newly lapt,  
Impearling a tame wild-cat's whisker'd jaws !

## LINES

TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.



WHAT though the chilly wide-mouth'd  
quacking chorus  
From the rank swamps of murk  
Review-land croak :  
So was it, neighbour, in the times before us,  
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,  
Romp'd with the Graces ; and each tickled  
Muse  
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom bards call  
divine,

Was married to—at least, he kept—all nine)  
 Fled, but still with reverted faces ran ;  
 Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,  
 They had allured the audacious Greek to use,  
 Swore they mistook him for their own good man.  
 This Momus,—Aristophanes on earth  
 Men call'd him,—maugre all his wit and worth,  
 Was croak'd and gabbled at. How, then,  
     should you,  
 Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew ?  
 No ! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,  
 “ I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me ! ”

### A CHARACTER.



BIRD, who for his other sins  
 Had lived amongst the Jacobins ;  
 Though like a kitten amid rats,  
 Or callow tit in nest of bats,  
 He much abhorr'd all democrats ;  
 Yet nathless stood in ill report  
 Of wishing ill to Church and Court,  
 Though he'd nor claw, nor tooth, nor sting,  
 And learnt to pipe God save the King ;  
 Though each day did new feathers bring,  
 All swore he had a leathern wing ;  
 Nor polish'd wing, nor feather'd tail,  
 Nor down-clad thigh would aught avail ;  
 And though—his tongue devoid of gall—  
 He civilly assured them all :—  
 “ A bird am I of Phœbus' breed,

And on the sunflower cling and feed ;  
 My name, good sirs, is Thomas Tit ! ”  
 The bats would hail him brother cit,  
 Or, at the furthest, cousin-german.  
 At length, the matter to determine,  
 He publicly denounced the vermin ;  
 He spared the mouse, he praised the owl ;  
 But bats were neither flesh nor fowl.  
 Blood-sucker, vampire, harpy, goul,  
 Came in full clatter from his throat,  
 Till his old nest-mates changed their note  
 To hireling, traitor, and turncoat,—  
 A base apostate who had sold  
 His very teeth and claws for gold ;—  
 And then his feathers !—sharp the jest—  
 No doubt he feather'd well his nest !

A Tit indeed ! ay, tit for tat,—  
 With place and title, brother Bat,  
 We soon shall see how well he'll play  
 Count Goldfinch, or Sir Joseph Jay ! ”

Alas, poor Bird ! and ill-bestarr'd—  
 Or rather let us say, poor Bard !  
 And henceforth quit the allegoric,  
 With metaphor and simile,  
 For simple facts and style historic :—  
 Alas, poor Bard ! no gold had he.  
 Behind another's team he stept,  
 And plough'd and sow'd, while others reapt ;  
 The work was his, but theirs the glory,  
*Sic vos non vobis*, his whole story.  
 Besides, whate'er he wrote or said  
 Came from his heart as well as head ;  
 And though he never left in lurch  
 His king, his country, or his church,


'Twas but to humour his own cynical  
 Contempt of doctrines Jacobinical ;  
 To his own conscience only hearty,  
 'Twas but by chance he served the party ;—  
 The self-same things had said and writ,  
 Had Pitt been Fox, and Fox been Pitt ;  
 Content his own applause to win,  
 Would never dash through thick and thin,  
 And he can make, so say the wise,  
 No claim who makes no sacrifice ;—  
 And Bard still less :—what claim had he,  
 Who swore it vex'd his soul to see  
 So grand a cause, so proud a realm,  
 With Goose and Goody at the helm ;  
 Who long ago had fall'n asunder  
 But for their rivals' <sup>1</sup> baser blunder,  
 The coward whine and Frenchified  
 Slaver and slang of the other side !—

Thus, his own whim his only bribe,  
 Our bard pursued his old A. B. C.,  
 Contented if he could subscribe  
 In fullest sense his name "Εστησε ;  
 ('Tis Punic Greek for ' he hath stood ! ' )  
 Whate'er the men, the cause was good ;  
 And therefore with a right good will,  
 Poor fool, he fights their battles still.  
 Tush ! squeak'd the Bats ;—a mere bravado,  
 To whitewash that base renegado ;  
 'Tis plain, unless you're blind or mad,

<sup>1</sup> *Rivals' baser* ] The apostrophe had slipped down in the edition of 1834, where we find "rivals, baser". To the editor of Macmillan's edition the credit is due of observing this.

His conscience for the bays he barter;—  
 And true it is—as true as sad—  
 These circlets of green baize he had—  
 But then, alas! they were his garters!  
 Ah! silly Bard! unfed, untended,  
 His lamp but glimmer'd in its socket;  
 He lived unhonour'd and unfriended,  
 With scarce a penny in his pocket;—  
 Nay,—tho' he hid it from the many,—  
 With scarce a pocket for his penny!

### THE REPROOF AND REPLY.\*

“IE, Mr. Coleridge!—and can this  
 be you?  
 Break two commandments? and  
 in church time too!  
 Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain,  
 The birth and parentage-recording strain?  
 Confessions shrill, that out-shrill'd mackarel  
 drown,—  
 Fresh from the drop, the youth not yet cut down.  
 Letter to sweet-heart,—the last dying speech,—  
 And didn't all this begin in Sabbath-breach?  
 You, that knew better! In broad open day,  
 Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away?  
 What could possess you? Ah! sweet youth, I  
 fear  
 The chap with horns and tail was at your ear!”

\* Sara Coleridge omits this characteristic poem.



Such sounds of late, accusing fancy brought  
 From fair — to the Poet's thought.  
 Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply:—  
 A bow, a pleading look, a downcast eye,—  
 And then:

“Fair dame! a visionary wight,  
 Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,  
 His thoughts all hovering round the Muses'  
 home,

Long hath it been your poet's wont to roam,  
 And many a morn, on his becharmed sense  
 So rich a stream of music issued thence,  
 He deem'd himself, as it flow'd warbling on,  
 Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!  
 But when, as if to settle the concern,  
 A nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,  
 Guiding the sweet rill from its fontal urn,—  
 Say, can you blame?—No! none that saw and  
 heard

Could blame a bard, that he thus inly stirr'd;  
 A muse beholding in each fervent trait,  
 Took Mary — for Polly Hymnia!  
 Or haply as there stood beside the maid  
 One loftier form in sable stole array'd,  
 If with regretful thought he hail'd in thee  
 —, his long-lost friend, Mol Pomene!  
 But most of you, soft warblings, I complain!  
 'Twas ye that from the bee-hive of my brain  
 Lured the wild fancies forth, a freakish rout,  
 And witch'd the air with dreams turn'd inside  
 out.

Thus all conspired—each power of eye and ear,  
 And this gay month, the enchantress of the year,

To cheat poor me—no conjuror, God wot!  
 And ——'s self accomplice in the plot!  
 Can you then wonder if I went astray?  
 Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they;—  
 All Nature day-dreams in the month of May.  
 And if I pluck'd each flower that sweetest  
 blows,—

Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his nose.  
 Thus, long accustom'd on the twy-fork'd hill,  
 To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;  
 The garden's maze, like No-man's-land, I tread,  
 Nor common law, nor statute in my head;  
 For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,  
 With autocratic hand at once repealing  
 Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!  
 But yet from —— who despairs of grace?  
 There's no spring-gun or man-trap in that face!  
 Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,  
 That look as if they had little else to do:  
 For —— speaks, "Poor youth! he's but a waif!  
 The spoons all right? the hen and chickens  
 safe?"

Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards:—  
 The Eighth Commandment was not made for  
 Bards!"

## WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF

OF AN OLD FOLIO, UNDER THE INSCRIPTION OF A  
FORMER OWNER, "HANNAH SCOLLOCK,  
HER BOOK."



HIS, Hannah Scollock! may have  
been the case;  
Your writing therefore I will not  
erase.

But now this book, once yours, belongs to me,  
The Morning Post's and Courier's S.T.C.;—  
Elsewhere in College, knowledge, wit, and  
scholarage,

To friends and public known as S. T. Coleridge.  
Witness hereto my hand, on Ashly Green,  
One thousand, twice four hundred, and fourteen  
Year of our Lord—and of the month November  
The fifteenth day, if right I do remember.

Nov. 15, 1814.

## MODERN CRITICS.\*



N O private grudge they need, no per-  
sonal spite:  
The *viva sectio* is its own delight!  
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,  
Disinterested thieves of our good name:  
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbours' fame!

\* Printed in 1817.

## "THE POET'S KEN." \*



HE poet in his lone yet genial hour,  
 Gives to his eye a magnifying power;  
 Or rather he emancipates his eyes  
 From the black shapeless accidents  
 of size :—  
 In unctuous cones of kindling coal,  
 Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe's trim  
 bole,  
 His gifted ken can see  
 Phantoms of sublimity.

## THE ALTERNATIVE.



HIS way or that, ye Powers above  
 me!  
 I of my grief were rid,—  
 Did Enna either really love me,  
 Or cease to think she did.

1826.

\* Printed in 1822.

## THE EXCHANGE.

**W**E pledged our hearts, my love and  
 I,—  
 I in my arms the maiden clasp-  
 ing ;  
 I could not tell the reason why,  
 But, oh ! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain ;  
 I went, and shook like any reed !  
 I strove to act the man—in vain !  
 We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

1826.

## " A PATRON."

**G**RANT me a patron, gracious Heaven !  
 whene'er  
 My unwash'd follies call for penance  
 drear :  
 But when more hideous guilt this heart infests,  
 Instead of fiery coals upon my pate,  
 O let a titled patron be my fate ;—  
 That fierce compendium of Egyptian pests  
 Right reverend Dean, right honourable Squire,  
 Lord, Marquis, Earl, Duke, Prince,—or, if  
 aught higher,  
 However proudly nicknamed, he shall be  
 Anathema Maránatha to me !

## A FRAGMENT OF HERACLITUS.



NOT hers  
 To win the sense by words of rhetoric;  
 Lip-blossoms breathing perishable  
 sweets;  
 But by the power of the informing Word  
 Roll sounding onward through a thousand years  
 Her deep prophetic bodements.

## MOLES.\*



THEY shrink in, as Moles  
 (Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground,)  
 Creep back from Light—then listen  
 for its sound;—  
 See but to dread, and dread they know not  
 why—  
 The natural alien of their negative eye.

\* The lines are applied by Coleridge, in a note in *The Friend* (p. 327, Standard Library Edition), to "the partisans of a crass and sensual materialism, the advocates of the nihil nisi ab extra."



MISCELLANEOUS FRAG-  
MENTS.\*

**H**IS own <sup>1</sup> fair countenance, his kingly  
forehead,  
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn  
on his lips,  
The sense, and spirit, and the light divine,  
At the same moment in his steadfast eye  
Where Virtue's native crest, the immortal soul's  
Unconscious meek self-heraldry,—to man  
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.  
He suffer'd, nor complain'd ;—though oft with  
tears  
He mourn'd the oppression of his helpless  
brethren,—  
Yea, with a deeper and yet holier grief  
Mourn'd for the oppressor. In those sabbath  
hours

\* Collected in the "Remains," vol. i., 1836, where some are headed "For the Hymn on the Moon," others "For the Hymn on the Sun." It would have been futile to preserve these headings.

<sup>1</sup> *His own, &c.*] Most of this fragment will be found in *Remorse*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

His solemn grief, like the slow cloud at sunset,  
Was but the veil of purest meditation  
Pierced thro' and saturate with the rays of  
mind.

---

'Twas sweet to know it only possible !  
Some wishes cross'd my mind and dimly cheer'd  
it,  
And one or two poor melancholy pleasures,  
Each in the pale unwarming light of hope  
Silvering its flimsy wing, flew silent by,—  
Moths in the moonbeam !—

---

—Behind the thin  
Grey cloud, that cover'd, but not hid, the sky,  
The round full moon look'd small.

---

The subtle snow in every passing breeze  
Rose curling from the grove like shafts of  
smoke.

---

—On the broad mountain top  
The neighing wild colt races with the wind  
O'er fern and heath-flowers.

---

—Like a mighty giantess  
Seized in sore travail and prodigious birth,



Sick Nature struggled : long and strange her  
 pangs,  
 Her groans were horrible ;—but O, most fair  
 The twins she bore, Equality and Peace.

---

—Terrible and loud,  
 As the strong voice that from the thunder-  
 cloud  
 Speaks to the startled midnight.

---

Such fierce vivacity as fires the eye  
 Of genius fancy-crazed.

---

The mild despairing of a heart resign'd.

---

—The Sun (for now his orb  
 'Gan slowly sink)—  
 Shot half his rays aslant the heath, whose  
 flowers  
 Purpled the mountain's broad and level top.  
 Rich was his bed of clouds, and wide beneath  
 Expecting ocean smiled with dimpled face.

---

In darkness I remain'd ;—the neighbouring  
 clock  
 Told me that now the rising sun at dawn  
 Shone lovely on my garden.

---

—These be staggerers that, made drunk by  
 power,  
 Forget thirst's eager promise, and presume,  
 Dark dreamers ! that the world forgets it too !

—Perish warmth,  
 Unfaithful to its seeming !  
 Old age, ' the shape and messenger of death,'  
 His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door.\*

—God no distance knows,  
 All of the whole possessing.

With skill that never alchemist yet told,  
 Made drossy lead as ductile as pure gold.

Guess at the wound and heal with secret hand.

The broad-breasted rock  
 Glasses his rugged forehead in the sea.

I mix in life, and labour to seem free,  
 With common persons pleased and common  
 things,  
 While every thought and action tends to thee,  
 And every impulse from thy influence  
 springs.

\* Possibly two fragments have slipped together here, in  
 the "Remains."

•

Within these circling hollies, woodbine-clad,—  
Beneath this small blue roof of vernal sky,—  
How warm, how still! Though tears should  
    dim mine eye,  
Yet will my heart for days continue glad,  
For here, my love, thou art, and here am I!

---

Each crime that once estranges from the virtues  
Doth make the memory of their features daily  
More dim and vague, till each coarse counter-  
    feit  
Can have the passport to our confidence  
Sign'd by ourselves. And fitly are they  
    punish'd  
Who prize and seek the honest man but as  
A safer lock to guard dishonest treasures.

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## THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.\*

### PREFATORY NOTE.

A prose composition, one not in metre at least, seems *prima facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another,<sup>1</sup> whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto; I the second: and whichever had done first, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years<sup>2</sup> have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently ori-

\* We have placed this poem at the end of the Division, because of the prose form in which it appears.

<sup>1</sup> *Another.*] Wordsworth at Alfoxden.

<sup>2</sup> *Almost thirty years.*] So the preface was written about 1828,—no doubt, for the edition of 1828.

ginal to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austere pure and simple to imitate the *Death of Abel*?<sup>1</sup> Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when, having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my own manuscript,—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme,—which broke up in a laugh: and the *Ancient Mariner* was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the plan and proposed incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the “Fortunate Isles” of the Muses; and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen.<sup>2</sup>

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,  
That leafy twine his only dress!

<sup>1</sup> *The Death of Abel.*] A celebrated German or rather Swiss poem, written in prose, by Solomon Gesner, and first printed in 1758.

<sup>2</sup> *Specimen.*] In Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, we read —“Let us imagine a poor pilgrim benighted in a wilderness or desert, and pursuing his way in the starless dark with a lantern in his hand. Chance or his happy genius leads him to an oasis or natural garden, such as in the creations of my youthful fancy I supposed Enos the child of Cain to have found.” Coleridge then gives the little poem in a note, with a different reading for the fourth line,—

“In a moonlight wilderness.”

A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,  
 By moonlight, in a wilderness.  
 The moon was bright, the air was free,  
 The fruits and flowers together grew  
 On many a shrub and many a tree:  
 And all put on a gentle hue,  
 Hanging in the shadowy air  
 Like a picture rich and rare.  
 It was a climate where, they say,  
 The night is more beloved than day.  
 But who that beauteous Boy beguiled,  
 That beauteous Boy, to linger here?  
 Alone, by night, a little child,  
 In place so silent and so wild—  
 Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

CANTO II.<sup>1</sup>

LITTLE further, O my father, yet  
 a little further, and we shall come  
 into the open moonlight." Their  
 road was through a forest of fir-  
 trees; at its entrance the trees stood at dis-  
 tances from each other, and the path was  
 broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight  
 shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly  
 to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path  
 winded and became narrow; the sun at high  
 noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined  
 it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos,  
 "but the path under our feet is smooth and

<sup>1</sup> *Canto ii.*] Published in *The Bijou*, 1828. It was re-  
 touched, for the edition of that year. We give the earlier  
 readings.

soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!" And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?"<sup>1</sup> Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-

<sup>1</sup> *I would . . . . at me?*] "Is it because we are not so happy as they? Is it because I groan sometimes even as thou groanest?"—*Bij.*

blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up.” Then Enos spake to his father, “Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher.” And Cain said, “How knowest thou?” and the child answered—“Behold, the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo.” Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood



in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance<sup>1</sup> told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert! but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy

<sup>1</sup> *As the matted . . . . . countenance.*] "Black and matted into loathly curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and"—*Bij.*

mutely of things that then were not ; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered<sup>1</sup> when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock<sup>2</sup> they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing<sup>3</sup> unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Woe, is me! woe, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening whispered,<sup>4</sup> "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet

<sup>1</sup> *The groan which the Earth uttered.*] "The terrible groan the Earth gave."—*Bij.*

<sup>2</sup> *Had reached the rock.*] "Arrived there."—*Ib.*

<sup>3</sup> *Advancing.*] "Coming up."—*Ib.*

<sup>4</sup> *Pallid, . . . . whispered.*] "The face of Cain turned pale; but Enos said."—*Ib.*

voice. O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping<sup>1</sup> softly round the base of the rock, stood<sup>2</sup> before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and face were those of his brother ABEL whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of Soul,<sup>3</sup> the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, 'Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery.' Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said, "The Creator of our

<sup>1</sup> *And, behold! . . . . creeping.] "Enos crept."—Bij.*

<sup>2</sup> *rock, stood.] "Rock, and stood."—Ib.*

<sup>3</sup> *Thus as . . . . soul.] "And ere he had recovered himself from the tumult of his agitation."—Ib.*

father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee ?” Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet ; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him ; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child ; “ I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher ? ” But Cain said, “ Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God ? ” The Shape answered, “ The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God.” Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed ; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. “ Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life,” exclaimed the Shape, “ who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead ; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion.” Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands ; and Cain said in his heart, “ The curse of the Lord is on me ; but who is the God of the dead ? ” and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists be-

hind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outrun Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked<sup>1</sup> slowly back to the rock; and when he reached it<sup>2</sup> the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst,<sup>3</sup> that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "Oh that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the<sup>4</sup> shadows.

<sup>1</sup> *And he walked.*] "And walked."—*Bij.*

<sup>2</sup> *Rock; and when he reached it.*] We have "rocks,"—clearly a misprint,—in all the editions.

<sup>3</sup> *Lovedst.*] "Lovest."—*Bij.* <sup>4</sup> *The.*] "Their."—*Id.*





ADDENDA



[The poems in this division we had at first determined to omit, as unworthy of their author.]





## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.\*

· If Pegasus will let thee only ride him,  
Spurning my clumsy efforts to o'erstride him,  
Some fresh expedient the Muse will try,  
And walk on stilts, although she cannot fly.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have often been surprised that Mathematics, the quintessence of Truth, should have found admirers so few and so languid. Frequent consideration and minute scrutiny have at length unravelled the cause; viz. that though Reason is feasted, Imagination is starved; whilst Reason is luxuriating in its proper Paradise, Imagination is wearily travelling on a dreary desert. To assist Reason by the stimulus of Imagination is the design of the following production. In the execution of it much may be objectionable. The verse (particularly in the introduction of the ode) may be accused of unwarrantable liberties, but

\* We take the heading from the index of the edition of 1834. It does not appear in the text.

Coleridge had just entered Jesus College, and had set to work vigorously—after the manner we see.

they are liberties equally homogeneal with the exactness of Mathematical disquisition, and the boldness of Pindaric daring. I have three strong champions to defend me against the attacks of Criticism: the Novelty, the Difficulty, and the Utility of the work. I may justly plume myself that I first have drawn the nymph Mathesis from the visionary caves of abstracted idea, and caused her to unite with Harmony. The first-born of this Union I now present to you; with interested motives indeed—as I expect to receive in return the more valuable offspring of your Muse.

Thine ever,

March 31, 1791.

S. T. C.

To the Rev. G. C.

This is now—this was erst,  
Proposition the first—and Problem the first.

I.



N a given finite line  
Which must no way incline;  
To describe an equi—  
—lateral Tri—  
—A, N, G, L, E.  
Now let A. B.  
Be the given line  
Which must no way incline;  
The great Mathematician  
Makes this Requisition,

That we describe an Equi—  
 —lateral Tri—  
 —angle on it:  
 Aid us, Reason—aid us, Wit!

## II.

From the centre A. at the distance A. B.  
 Describe the circle B. C. D. ;  
 At the distance B. A. from B. the centre  
 The round A. C. E. to describe boldly venture.  
 (Third postulate see.)  
 And from the point C.,  
 In which the circles make a pother  
 Cutting and slashing one another,  
 Bid the straight lines a journeying go,—  
 C. A., C. B., those lines will show,—  
 To the points, which by A. B. are reckon'd,  
 And postulate the second  
 For Authority ye know.  
 A. B. C.  
 Triumphant shall be  
 An Equilateral Triangle,  
 Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

## III.

Because the point A. is the centre  
 Of the circular B. C. D.,  
 And because the point B. is the centre  
 Of the circular A. C. E.,  
 A. C. to A. B. and B. C. to B. A.  
 Harmoniously equal for ever must stay ;  
 Then C. A. and B. C.  
 Both extend the kind hand  
 To the basis, A. B.,

Unambitiously join'd in Equality's Band.  
 But to the same powers, when two powers are  
     equal,  
     My mind forebodes the sequel ;  
 My mind does some celestial impulse teach,  
     And equalizes each to each.  
 Thus C. A. with B. C. strikes the same sure  
     alliance,  
 That C. A. and B. C. had with A. B. before ;  
     And in mutual affiance  
         None attempting to soar  
         Above another,  
         The unanimous three  
     C. A. and B. C. and A. B.  
 All are equal, each to his brother,  
     Preserving the balance of power so true :  
 Ah ! the like would the proud Autocratix<sup>1</sup>  
     do !  
 At taxes impending not Britain would  
     tremble,  
 Nor Prussia struggle her fear to dissemble ;  
     Nor the Mah'met-sprung wight,  
     The great Mussulman,  
     Would stain his Divan  
 With Urine the soft-flowing daughter of Fright.

## IV.

But rein your stallion in, too daring Nine !  
 Should Empires bloat the scientific line?  
 Or with dishevell'd hair all madly do ye run,  
 For transport that your task is done ?  
     For done it is—the cause is tried !  
     And Proposition, gentle maid,


<sup>1</sup> Empress of Russia.

Who soothly ask'd stern Demonstration's aid,  
 Has proved her right, and A. B. C.  
 Of Angles three  
 Is shown to be of equal side;  
 And now our weary steed to rest in fine,  
 'Tis raised upon A. B. the straight, the given  
 line.


## ON A LATE MARRIAGE

BETWEEN AN OLD MAID AND A FRENCH PETIT

MAITRE.\*

HOUGH Miss ——'s match is a subject  
 of mirth,  
 She consider'd the matter full well,  
 And wisely preferr'd leading one ape on earth  
 .To perhaps a whole dozen in hell.


## ON AN AMOROUS DOCTOR.

ROM Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart  
 And left it sticking in Sangrado's heart.  
 No quiet from that moment has he  
 known,


\* Printed, with the next two pieces, in *The Watchman*,  
 1796.

And peaceful sleep has from his eyelids flown.  
 And Opium's force, and what is more, alack!  
 His own orations, cannot bring it back.  
 In short, unless she pities his afflictions,  
 Despair will make him take his own prescriptions.

“BRISTOL WITS.”

 smart pretty fellows in Bristol are  
 numbers, some  
 Who so modish are grown, that they  
 think plain sense cumbersome;  
 And lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,  
 They affect to believe neither God or old  
 Nicholas!

ON DEPUTY —.\*

Y many a booby's vengeance bit,  
 I leave your haunts, ye sons of wit!  
 And swear by Heaven's blessed light  
 That Epigrams no more I'll write.  
 Now hang that \* \* \* \* \* for an ass  
 Thus to thrust in his idiot face,  
 Which, spite of oaths, if e'er I spy,  
 I write an Epigram—or die!

\* Printed in 1798, as also the following.

## TO A WELL-KNOWN MUSICAL CRITIC,

REMARKABLE FOR HIS EARS STICKING

THROUGH HIS HAIR.



——! O ——! of you we complain  
 For exposing those ears to the wind  
 and the rain.

Thy face, a huge whitlow just come to a head,  
 Ill agrees with those ears so raw and so red.

A Musical Critic of old fell a-pouting,  
 When he saw how his asinine honours were  
 sprouting;  
 But he hid 'em quite snug, in a full frizz of  
 hair,  
 And the Barber alone smoked his donkeys rare.

Thy judgment much worse, and thy perkers as  
 ample,  
 O give heed to King Midas, and take his ex-  
 ample.  
 Thus to publish your fate is as useless as  
 wrong—  
 You but prove by your ears what we guess'd  
 from your tongue.

## TO MR. PYE \*

On his *Carmen Seculare* (a title which has by various persons who have heard it, been thus translated, "A Poem an age long").

**Y**OUR Poem must *eternal* be,  
*Eternal!* it can't fail,  
 For 'tis *incomprehensible*,  
 And without head or tail!

## "JACK'S ESTATE." †


**J**ACK drinks fine wines, wears modish  
 clothing,  
 But prithee where lies Jack's estate?  
 In Algebra, for there I found of late  
 A quantity call'd less than nothing.

\* The verse is headed, in the edition of 1834, "To the Author of the *Ancient Mariner*." This may be an intentional touch of humour. It originally appeared, as headed in the text, in the *Morning Post*, in 1800. It was afterwards appropriated, and applied, in ignorance of its author, to Coleridge's poem.


† This, and the next seven epigrams, will be found in the *Bristol Anthology*, vol. ii., 1800. The one on *Rufa* is after Lessing.




## "INFORMATOR."


 AS Dick and I at Charing Cross were  
 walking  
 Whom should we see on t'other side  
 pass by  
 But Informator with a stranger talking,  
 So I exclaim'd, "Lord what a lie!"  
 Quoth Dick—"What, can you hear him?"  
 "Hear him! stuff!"  
 I saw him open his mouth—an't that enough?"

## TO A PROUD PARENT.


 HY babes ne'er greet thee with the  
 father's name;  
 'My Lud!' they lisp. Now whence  
 can this arise?  
 Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame,  
 And will not teach her infant to tell lies.

## "HIPONA."


 IPPONA lets no silly flush  
 Disturb her cheek, nought makes her  
 blush.

Whate'er obscenities you say,  
 She nods and titters frank and gay.  
 O Shame awake one honest flush  
 For this,—that nothing makes her blush.

“RUFAS LAP-DOG.”

**H**Y lap-dog, Rufa, is a dainty beast,  
 It don't surprise me in the least  
 To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.  
 But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,  
 Yes—that surprises me.

“A RHYMSTER.”

**H**EM writes his verses with more speed  
 Than the printer's boy can set 'em;  
 Quite as fast as we can read,  
 And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

“DORIS'S TEA.”

**D**ORIS can find no taste in tea,  
 Green to her drinks like Bohea;  
 Because she makes the tea so small  
 She never tastes the tea at all.

## ON A MODERN DRAMATIST.

**N**OT for the Stage his plays are fit,  
But suit the closet, said a wit.

## “AVARO’S GRAVE.”

**H**ERE comes from old Avaro’s grave  
A deadly stench—why, sure they have  
Immured his *soul* within his grave?

## ON A BAD MAN.\*

**I**F him that in this gorgeous tomb doth  
lie  
This sad brief tale is all that Truth  
can give—

He lived like one who never thought to die,  
He died like one who dared not hope to live!

\* Printed in 1801.

A HINT TO PREMIERS AND FIRST  
CONSULS.\*

FROM AN OLD TRAGEDY, VIZ. AGATHA TO  
KING ARCHELAUS.



THREE truths should make thee often  
think and pause ;  
The first is, that thou govern'st over  
men ;  
The second, that thy power is from the laws ;  
And this the third, that thou must die !—and  
then ?—

“LORD ——.”




HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name.  
Well—but you mean Lord —<sup>1</sup>? Hush!  
we mean the same.

\* Printed in 1802, as also the five following pieces.


<sup>1</sup> *Lord ——.*] The line is decasyllabic, as the first one :  
the lord's name is supposed not to be uttered.

## "ZOILUS."

N vain I praise thee, Zoilus !  
 In vain thou rail'st at me !  
 Me no one credits, Zoilus !  
 And no one credits thee !

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN AUTHOR  
 AND HIS FRIEND.

*Author.*

OME ; your opinion of my manuscript !  
*Friend.* Dear Joe ! I would almost as  
 soon be whipt.

*Author.* But I *will* have it !

*Friend.* If it must be had—(*hesitating*)


You write so ill, I scarce could read the hand—

*Author.* A mere evasion !


*Friend.* And you spell so bad,

That what I read I could not understand.

## Μωροσοφια, OR WISDOM IN FOLLY.


**T**OM SLOTHFUL talks, as slothful Tom  
 beseems,  
 What he shall shortly gain and what  
 be doing,  
 Then drops asleep, and so prolongs his dreams,  
 And thus *enjoys* at once what half the world  
 are *wooing*.

## FROM AN OLD GERMAN POET.


**T**HAT France has put us oft to rout  
 With *powder*, which ourselves found  
 out ;  
 And laughs at us for fools in *print*  
 Of which our genius was the mint ;  
 All this I easily admit,  
 For we have genius, France has wit.  
 But 'tis too bad, that blind and mad  
 To Frenchmen's wives each travelling German  
 goes,  
 Expands his manly vigour by *their* sides,  
 Becomes the father of his country's foes,  
 And turns *their warriors* oft to parricides.

## CHOLERA CURED BEFORE-HAND.\*

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, &c. ; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

**D**AINS ventral, subventral,  
In stomach or entrail,  
Think no longer mere prefaces

For grins, groans, and wry faces ;  
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl !—  
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them  
at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,  
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes ;  
Cry avaunt ! new potato—  
And don't drink, like old Cato.  
Ah ! beware of Dispipsy,  
And don't ye get tipsy !  
For tho' gin and whiskey  
May make you feel frisky,  
They're but crimps to Dispipsy ;  
And nose to tail, with this gipsy  
Comes, black as a porpus,  
The diabolus ipse,  
Call'd Cholery Morpus ;

\* Sara Coleridge had the courage to omit this execrable effusion, but she spared the two which follow.

Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for  
 carrion to feed him,  
 Tho' being a Devil, no one never has seed him !

Ah ! then my dear honies,  
 There's no cure for you  
 For loves nor for monies :—  
 You'll find it too true.  
 Och ! the hallabaloo !  
 Och ! och ! how you'll wail,  
 When the offal-fed vagrant  
 Shall turn you as blue  
 As the gas-light unfragrant,  
 That gushes in jets from beneath his own  
 tail ;—  
 'Till swift as the mail,  
 He at last brings the cramps on,  
 That will twist you like Samson.

So without further blethring,  
 Dear mudlarks ! my brethren !  
 Of all scents and degrees,  
 (Yourselves and your shes)  
 Forswear all cabal, lads,  
 Wakes, unions, and rows,  
 Hot dreams, and cold salads,  
 And don't pig in styes that would suffocate  
 sows !  
 Quit Cobbett's, O'Connell's and Beelzebub's  
 banners,  
 And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands,  
 and manners !



## COLOGNE.

**I**N Köhln, a town of monks and bones,  
 And pavements fang'd with murder-  
 ous stones,  
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches ;  
 I counted two and seventy stenches,  
 All well defined, and several stinks !  
 Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
 The river Rhine, it is well known,  
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;  
 But tell me, Nymphs ! what power divine  
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

## ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE

FROM THE SAME CITY.\*

**A**S I am rhymmer,  
 And now at least a merry one,  
     Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer  
 And the church of St. Geryon  
 Are the two things alone  
 That deserve to be known  
 In the body and soul-stinking town of Cologne.

\* This, and the previous poem, were written during a tour on the Rhine and through Holland and Belgium, with Wordsworth, in 1828.

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.\*

**P**ARRY seeks the Polar ridge ;  
 Rhymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,  
 Author of works, whereof—though  
 not in Dutch—  
 The public little knows—the publisher too  
 much.

## ON AN INSIGNIFICANT.†

**T**HIS Cypher lies beneath this crust—  
 Whom Death created into dust.

## PROFUSE KINDNESS.


*Νήπιοι οὐκ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἤμουν πάντος.—Hesiod.*

**W**HAT a spring-tide of Love to dear  
 friends in a shoal !  
 Half of it to one were worth double  
 the whole !

\* The period 1818-25 includes Parry's earliest attempts to reach the Pole. He had been a fellow-student with Coleridge at Göttingen.


† To be found written, in Coleridge's hand, in the copy of Southey's *Omniana*, in the British Museum, which we have before mentioned. So that it existed in 1819, the year in which Coleridge made his notes. To the dates of the two following poems we have no clue.

## CHARITY IN THOUGHT.

 O praise men as good, and to take them  
 for such,  
 Is a grace, which no soul can mete out  
 to a tittle;—  
 Of which he who has not a little too much,  
 Will by Charity's gauge surely have much  
 too little.

## DISTICH.\*

FROM THE GREEK.

 ACK finding gold left a rope on the  
 ground;  
 Bill missing his gold used the rope,  
 which he found.

\* From "Omnia," the joint production of Coleridge and Southey, in 1812. The lines were merely written to show the power of concise expression the English possesses.

## EPILOGUE TO THE RASH CONJUROR,

AN UNCOMPOSED POEM.\*

**W**E ask and urge—(here ends the story!)  
 All Christian Papishes to pray  
 That this unhappy Conjuror may,  
 Instead of Hell, be but in Purgatory,—  
 For then there's hope;—  
 Long live the Pope!

## SENTIMENTAL. †


**T**HE rose that blushes like the morn  
 Bedecks the valleys low;  
 And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,  
 My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn  
 That breeds disastrous woe;  
 And so dost thou, remorseless corn,  
 On Angelina's toe.

\* Dated 1805 in the "Remains."

† Dated 1825 in the "Remains."


“ A REJOINDER TO LUTHER.”

 HE angel's like a flea,\*  
 The devil is a bore;—”  
 No matter for that ! quoth S. T. C.,  
 I love him the better therefore.

ΕΓΩΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ.†

[The following burlesque on the Fichteian Egoismus may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature.]

*The Categorical Imperative, or the Annunciation of the New Teutonic God, ΕΓΩΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by Querkopf Von Klubstick, Grammarian, and Subrector in Gymnasio. \* \* \* \**

 U! *Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,*  
 (Speak English, friend !) the God Imperativus,  
 Here on this market-cross aloud I cry :  
 I, I, I ! I itself I !

\* Found written in a copy of Luther's "Table Talk" as a witty criticism of the passage of Luther,—“The devils are in woods, in waters, in wildernesses, and in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people.”

“Yes ! heroic swan,” adds Coleridge, “I love thee even when thou gabblest like a goose.”

We do our best to foster a similar feeling towards the annotator.

† From the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817.

The form and the substance, the what and the  
 why,  
 The when and the where, and the low and the  
 high,

The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,  
 I, you, and he, and he, you and I,  
 All souls and all bodies are I itself I!

All I itself I!

(Fools! a truce with this starting!)

All my I! all my I!

He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!"

Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:  
 In robes of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,  
 A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—  
 Then substantive and plural-singular grown,  
 He thus spake on:—"Behold in I alone  
 (For Ethics boast a syntax of their own)  
 Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,  
 In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!  
 I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!  
 Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,  
 The genitive and ablative to boot:  
 The accusative of wrong, the nominative of  
 right,

And in all cases the case absolute!  
 Self-construed, I all other moods decline:  
 Imperative, from nothing we derive us;  
 Yet as a super-postulate of mine,  
 Unconstrued antecedence I assign  
 To X, Y, Z, the God Infinitivus!

## THE BRIDGE STREET COMMITTEE.

AN IMPROMPTU.

**N**ACK STRIPE  
 Eats tripe,  
 It is therefore credible  
 That tripe is edible.  
 And therefore perforce  
 It follows of course  
 That the Devil will gripe  
 All who do not eat tripe.

And as Nick is too slow  
 To fetch 'em below,  
 And Gifford the attorney  
 Won't quicken the journey ;  
 The Bridge-Street Committee  
 That colleague without pity  
 To imprison and hang  
 Carlile and his gang,  
 Is the pride of the city :  
 And 'tis association  
 That alone saves the nation  
 From death and damnation.

## "A BUCK."

**W**HEN Mr. Baker \* heart did pluck—  
 And did a-courting go!  
 And Mr. Baker is a buck;  
 For why? he *needs* the *doe*.

## "REASON." †

**W**HENE'ER the mist that stands 'twixt  
 God and thee  
 Defecates to a pure transparency  
 That intercepts no light and adds no stain,—  
 There Reason is, and then begins her reign!

\* This poem and the previous one are from Allsop's  
 "Letters, &c.", 1836.

"An every buck had his doe,  
 And every, &c. . ."

Sings Bianca, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed*,—a rejoinder to Shakspeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

† From Coleridge's "Constitution of Church and State,"  
 1830.



## " ON DOCTOR DONNE'S POETRY."\*

**W**ITH Donne, whose muse on dromedary  
trots,  
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love  
knots ;  
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,  
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and  
screw.

\* " Added in pencil to the collection of commendatory lines " prefixed to a volume of Donne's poems. See " Remains," vol. i., p. 148.

THE END.

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